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January 15, 1938

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Collier's

THE NATIO WE

Men Without Medals • **By Mar**

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JAN. 15, 1938

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SEE AMERICA'S WINTER PLAYGROUNDS VIA PULLMAN

★ Thrill to cold blue skies and snow-covered slopes. Breathe the crisp sparkling air in King Winter's playgrounds. Turn these grey days into play days. Ski, skate, hike on snowshoes, or just look on. Away with jaded nerves! There's zest and tang in the wine-like air. You'll find yourself with a lumberjack's appetite, and you'll sleep deeply, restfully, waking each morning refreshed, clear-eyed and alert.

America offers scores of winter playgrounds for your selection. Lake Placid, Saranac Lake, Sun Valley, Rainier, Yosemite, Lake Tahoe, Quebec, and the many New England, Michigan and Wisconsin resorts—in fact the whole North Country from coast to coast. Or, if you will, bask beneath the summer suns and laze away the days where all the Southland awaits you. Whatever your mood, your favorite winter resort is reached swiftly, comfortably, ***by that safest of all travel—Pullman.***

And Pullman's courteous service will please you as much as its reasonable cost will surprise you. Your Pullman dollar buys you the safest of all transportation, plus home-like comfort on your journey with room to move around—meet and talk with people—genial because they're as satisfied with Pullman travel as you will be.

Your ticket agent will gladly give you full information about Pullman accommodations and their low cost to your favorite winter resort. Or write

THE PULLMAN COMPANY • CHICAGO

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The connecting door slides open and the two Pullman bedrooms become a spacious private apartment for two to four passengers traveling together. Each bedroom is a complete unit, pleasingly decorated in soft harmonizing colors. Each has a couch for lounging by day, which, with the upper berth, makes two comfortable beds by night. There is hot and cold running water, individual toilet and lavatory, ice water, air conditioning, controlled heat and ventilation.

Two adjoining bedrooms with partition door open

Pullman and Rail—The safe way to go and the sure way to get there

TRAVEL AND SLEEP IN PULLMAN SAFETY AND COMFORT

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So many times a day *In Danger!*

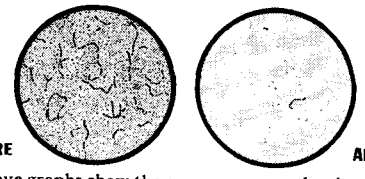
YOU COURT A COLD several times a day. A draft, for example, may reduce body resistance so that germs residing in the throat get the upper hand. Better gargle Listerine.

SOMEONE COUGHS ON YOU—active germs accompanying colds may be carried by droplets through the air, and deposited in your throat to join other dangerous bacteria. Both may attack the tissue. Gargle Listerine.

FEET GET WET—Once more your resistance may be weakened, by wet or cold feet. Germs may continue their attack, invading the mucous membrane. To control them, gargle Listerine.

YOU KISS SOMEONE — Once more you may receive the active germs of the cold victim by direct contact. Thus, you have been exposed to a cold four times in a single day. Better gargle Listerine.

MOUTH GERMS REDUCED 96.7% IN TESTS 15 MINUTES AFTER GARGLING LISTERINE



BEFORE AFTER

The above graphs show the average germ reduction effected by Listerine Antiseptic in repeated tests. Five minutes after gargling, tests showed germs were reduced 94.6% on the average; fifteen minutes after, 96.7%; one hour after, nearly 80% on the average.

THINK what it would mean to you and your family to escape heavy colds and their dangerous after-effects.

And now the delightful Listerine treatment offers you that possibility. Listerine treats a cold for what it is—an acute local infection.

Tests made during a 7-year study of the common cold reveal these remarkable results:

Those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and milder colds than non-garglers. Moreover, the colds reached the danger zone of the lungs less frequently than those of non-users.

The secret of Listerine's success, we believe, must be that it reaches the invisible virus (bacteria) that many authorities say starts a cold, and also kills the mouth-residing "secondary invaders" that complicate a cold. Use Listerine this winter and see for yourself what it does for you.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE *for* COLDS

SEND 10c FOR 20-DAY TRIAL TUBE and BLADE CONTAINER

2½ INCHES HIGH

Offer good in U.S. only

To get you to try Listerine Shaving Cream, we make this unusual bargain offer . . . Used-razor-blade container of genuine porcelain, designed by Esquire Magazine Sculptor, Sam Berman . . . and 20-day trial tube of Listerine Shaving Cream, both for 10¢, which barely covers cost of packing and mailing.

Listerine Shaving Cream is great for tough beards and tender skins. A half-inch billows into a face-full of soothing, beard-wilting lather. Leaves face cool, smooth, and eased.

Send 10¢ in coin to get your 20-day trial tube and porcelain used-blade container. It's a big bargain!

•

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
Dept. 508, St. Louis, Mo.

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WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Next Week

THE things Dick was going to do! The future was limitless, they said. For a man of his power, his ability, his strength—they made quite a point of his strength. Alice was lucky, they said. He would give her the world. That's what he intended to do, too. What he gave her was ten years of nursing, ten years of chasing around the world hunting for health, while his strength ebbed and funds ran low and hope dimmed. It was too much to ask of any woman.

That's what Harold said, and Dick realized he was right. The climax came in a cabin on a mountain top. It is described by Jerome Weidman in "All I Survey."

THE South is proud of its industries. Comparatively speaking, they are new. Many are still in a state of infancy. But they point to a brilliant future in which the South may hope to equal the economic advantages of other sections. But now she feels a plot is being hatched to deprive her of this hope. Senator Pat Harrison eloquently states her case in an article called "The Wages of Dixie."

"YOU talk like a submoron," Pink said to Jean. "In a little do-hickey like this flat, a dog would be too much animal life. This joint is not suitable for dogs, zebras, pythons or caterpillar tractors." And that might have been that if it hadn't been for the institution of "Boss for a Day." On the day when Jean was boss she bought a dog, and when Pinky's turn came he sold him. And the results were very momentous indeed—as Frank Condon proves.

WHAT is this country's outstanding contribution to the art of cookery? In the opinion of the president of the British Food and Wine Society, it is the preparation of sea food. Collier's presents the recipes of an expert, the son of Billy the Oysterman, in "Up from the Sea in Dishes."

JEROME'S shipmates thought he was not quite bright. He'd been hooked into marrying young and, worse still, he was suspected of being a poet. In "Dory O," a story about hand-lining for cod off the Grand Banks, James B. Connolly refutes these libels.

THE Short Short Story is by John Paine. Katharine Roberts, Quentin Reynolds, Jonathan Latimer, Octavus Roy Cohen, Freling Foster and others contribute articles and fiction.

And there you are.

Collier's

January 15, 1938

This Week

SHORT STORIES

WILLIAM MacHARG
Lost Girl. O'Malley in pursuit. Page 12

BUDD WILSON SCHULBERG
Love, Action, Laughter. Hollywood sparks. Page 16

SAX ROHMER
The Mummy That Walked. Cleopatra's understudy. Page 18

JACLAND MARMUR
Deepwater Man. Not the ships but the men who sail them. Page 26

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Coon Dog, by Corey Ford. Page 11

SERIAL STORIES

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
East of Broadway, Part IV. Haggling for fame. Page 20

JONATHAN LATIMER
A Queen's Ransom, Part VII. Preparing the ransom. Page 22

ARTICLES

MARTHA GELLHORN
Men Without Medals. Americans at the Spanish front. Page 9

THOMAS B. MORGAN
Mitch the Magnificent. The farm-boy prime minister. Page 13

KYLE CRICHTON
Lady Longlegs. Charlotte Greenwood aspires to drama. Page 15

FRANK J. TAYLOR
Private Life of an Orchid. Handmaid of romance—the orchid industry. Page 24

VICTOR G. HEISER, M.D.
Preying Guests. Parasites live by their wits. Page 50

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Take with one pinch of salt. Page 6

EDITORIAL
Poor Labor Relations. Page 58

COVER ALAN FOSTER

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art

DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IGOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Any Week

NO ONE can tell us anything about the price of liberty being eternal vigilance. It goes even further: it's the price of peace of mind. Yet strive as we will we seem bound at times to slip up. In W. B. Courtney's "Riding Alaska's Storms" it was written that the airplane fare from Nome, Alaska, to Fairbanks is eight dollars. We don't know how many people began at once to save up eight dollars for this glorious ride but actually the fare is $78. We hope that you are not as cast down by this typographical error as we are.

MISS GEORGIA TWINE of Tulsa, Oklahoma, can tell you how things like that hurt. She says that she wrote to a "well-known column conductor who asks his readers to send in any and all questions, and receive a prompt answer. I wrote," says she, "a very personal question about the doings of my fiancé. This columnist wrote back that I was a fool, using my own enclosed stamp to insult me with. Is this legal?"

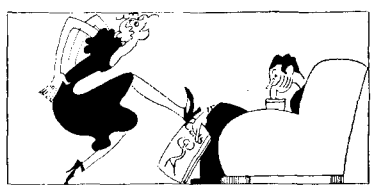
AND Mr. Basil Hall of Savannah, Georgia, advises us that he attended a highly important political conference not long ago. Matters of very first importance were being discussed by heavily perplexed statesmen. None was getting anywhere in particular, being constantly confronted by such barriers as party affiliation, Supreme Court decisions and the Constitution. But presently one member solved everything: "It is high time," cried he, "that we Americans rose above principle."

FOR example, there's our old and generous friend Major Fred Sullens of Jackson, Mississippi. The major is an editor—a brilliant one. He doesn't like what Collier's published about Mississippi—"With Labor Thrown In." "Perhaps it is possible," says the major's editorial, "that we have been doing a bit of chiseling on the federal government. Who isn't chiseling on Uncle Sam whenever a fair opportunity offers?"

IT IS the opinion of Mr. George O. Chassens of Peoria, Illinois, that "a great deal of nonsense is rife in Washington, D. C." Mr. Chassens does not speak from hearsay. "In all government departments," reports Mr. Chassens, "odd-looking people are rushing from office to office with armfuls of papers, everybody getting his neighbor to sign things and put stamps of approval on this and that. In the Interior Department, which seems to have turned itself into a Buddhist temple, I saw half a dozen of these document-rushers collide. Papers were scattered all over the corridor. I managed to retrieve about a dozen. They were all blank except two lithographs of the Hon. Ickes."

WE'VE just received word from a Mr. L. Mayer of Chicago, Illinois, that if we want to "invest a little money in a one hundred used pianos proposition" we can "make a nice legitimate profit." Aside from not knowing what we'd do with a hundred pianos if we had them we have memories of former business deals we failed in. Particularly that time we tried to outwrite a mail-order house about a stove with an unshuttable oven door. That was six years ago. The door still won't shut.

UNLESS we change our ways we are going to lose the friendship and patronage of Mr. Ed Sithway of Knoxville, Tennessee. "If my wife sees it in Collier's," says he, "she loses no time in adopting it. Now she has gone Big Apple on me. Couldn't you publish a nice piece about sitting down of an evening, listening to the radio and reading a good book. I am holding you personally responsible for this Big Apple craze that has rolled into my hitherto quiet home. Your article about the Big Apple has made my life a bedlam. For heaven's sake be calm, can't you?"



"WHY did you print that letter from me about a laundry?" demands Mr. Joe Bekaner of Scranton, Pennsylvania. "Who said you could print a letter from me just because it was a laundry? I did not write you no letter and please print this so everybody will know I don't write no letters to you again and if so I did not write same."

BUT an entirely different gentleman wrote us this one: "Understand," says Mr. W. Wollick of Detroit, Michigan, "that you published a very interesting article." That's all Mr. Wollick had to say.

BUT it's true.

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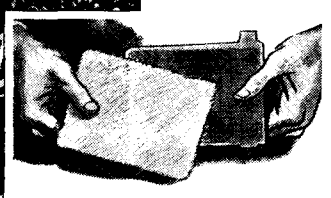
THE ONLY BATTERY IN AMERICA WITH THE POWER-SAVING TOP COVER



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● Specially designed spun glass retainer mats give the Goodrich Kathanode Electro-Pak its amazingly long life. They prevent loss of active power-producing materials from the plates.

Super-Powered for Quick Get-Aways

even in the coldest weather!

MOTORISTS, attention! Here, at last, is a battery that will snap your motor into action like a flash—protect you from battery grief—and save you money in the bargain. This amazing new battery, the Goodrich Kathanode Electro-Pak,* is so packed with power, so revolutionary in design, that Goodrich doesn't hesitate to stand behind it with the strongest, most sensational battery guarantee ever offered.

No matter how long you own your car—regardless of how far you drive it—if the Goodrich Kathanode Electro-Pak you buy fails to give you satisfactory service in that car, The B. F. Goodrich Company will replace it, *without charge*, as clearly stated in the written guarantee.

This remarkable new battery for passenger cars is built with the patented Kathanode construction—famous for its use on airplanes, submarines, battleships and crack trains where battery failure might mean disaster.

What's more, this Goodrich Electro-Pak is the only battery in America with the power-saving Top Cover. This exclusive Top Cover protects all exposed points of the battery—locks out dirt, acid film and corrosion—seals in its amazing super-power.

Put One In Your Car Today

If you want a battery that will whip your motor over quickly and surely even on the coldest days—and give you split-second getaways—have your Goodrich Dealer put a Goodrich Kathanode Electro-Pak in your car today. Remember, it is guaranteed never to cost you a cent for repairs or replacement as long as you own your car.

*Made under the Kathanode Patent

New Car Owners!

Think of it! You can drive your new car 1,000 or 100,000 miles and, as long as you own that car, Goodrich guarantees this top cover battery will never cost you a cent for repairs or replacement.

Isn't that the kind of battery and guarantee your new car deserves? See your Goodrich Tire and Battery Dealer today for a liberal trade-in allowance on your original equipment battery while it's still new! Start your car off right when it's new and it will always start "right off" for you!

Goodrich KATHANODE ***Electro-Pak***

GUARANTEED AS LONG AS YOU OWN YOUR CAR

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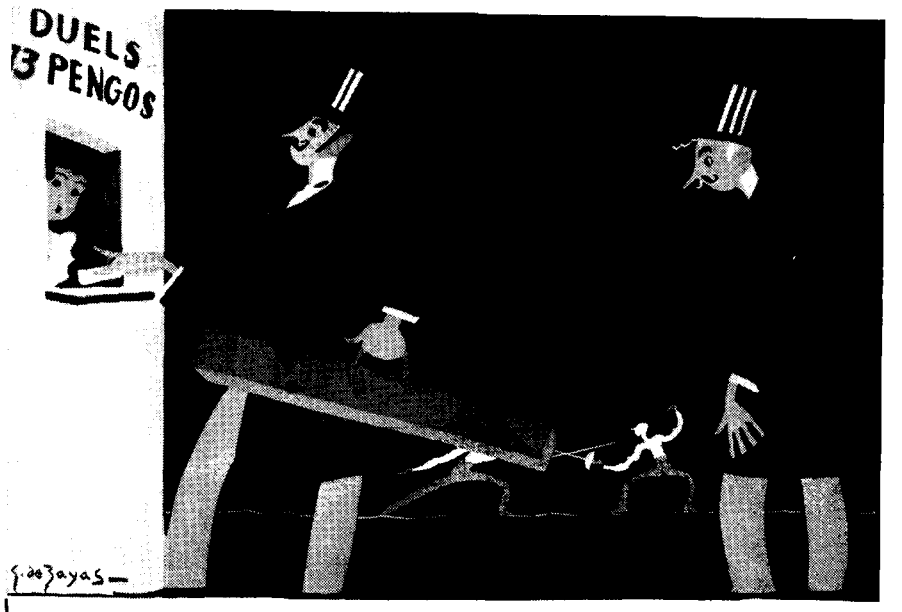


HOW A MAN OF 40 CAN RETIRE IN 15 YEARS

IF you're around 40, you're lucky! If you're younger, so much the better. You can have a steady income guaranteed to you for life starting when you retire, an income that most men at 55 couldn't possibly afford!

By starting now on this simple, definite Plan, and putting in something each year, you make it easy to get a guaranteed monthly income for life when you retire.

$1800 a Year beginning at age 55

Suppose you decide that you want to be able to retire on $150 a month beginning at age 55. Here is what you can get:

1 A check for $150 when you reach 55 and a check for $150 every month thereafter as long as you live.

This important benefit is available alone; but if you are insurable, your Plan can also include:

2 A life income for your wife if you die before retirement age.

3 A monthly disability income for yourself if, before age 55, total disability stops your earning power for six months or more.

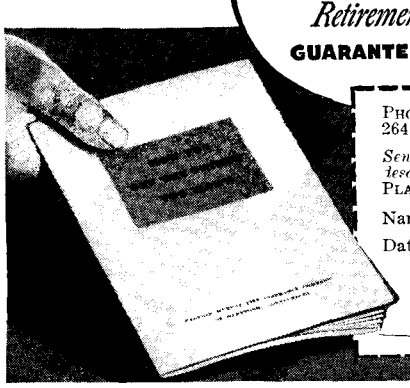
Best of all, the Plan is guaranteed by a company with over half a billion dollars of insurance in force. If you want to retire some day, and are willing to lay aside a portion of your income every month, you can have freedom from money worries. You can have all the joys of recreation or travel when the time comes at which every man wants them most.

The Plan is not limited to men of 40. You may be older or younger. The income is not limited to $150 a month. It can be more or less. And you can retire at any of the following ages: 55, 60, 65, or 70. Similar Plans are available to women.

What does it cost? When we know your exact age, we shall be glad to tell you. In the long run, the Plan will probably cost nothing, because in most cases, every cent and more comes back to you at retirement age.

Write your date of birth in the coupon below and mail it today. You will receive, without cost or obligation, a copy of the interesting illustrated booklet shown below. It tells all about the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Plan. Send for your copy now. The coupon is for your convenience.

ESTABLISHED 1851
PHOENIX MUTUAL
Retirement Income Plan
GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE



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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In several European countries today so many gentlemen still have to settle "affairs of honor" with a sword or pistol that dueling arenas constitute a profitable industry. Of the large number in Budapest, one arena is known to have booked a duel on an average of every 33 hours since it opened its doors in 1897.

When Hirohito became Prince Regent of Japan in 1921, his reign was officially designated as the Period of Light and Peace. And when he succeeded to the throne in 1926, his first rescript laid great stress on his sincere desire for harmony at home and for peace abroad. So Japanese warfare is now known as "chastisement."

About 300 years ago in Europe, fashionable gentlemen had their artificial eyes made of gold or silver. carried nutmegs and small graters so they could flavor their food and drink on any occasion, and wore an outside girdle upon whose hooks they hung keys, purses, daggers, pens, inkholders, beads and even books.

One of the most unusual feats ever performed by any animal is the threading of a needle, which was accomplished recently by Chinee, a chimpanzee in the London zoo.

Countless people have carried foreign bodies in their external ear canals for long periods without knowing it. A wide variety of articles has been found, including beads, buttons, seeds and pebbles. In one recent case a piece of parlor match, one-half inch in length, was accidentally discovered in the ear of a man who estimated, from some notes in a diary, that it had been there for more than thirty years.

Despite the building of thousands of oil-burning and motor vessels during the past twenty years, coal-burning and sailing ships still comprise half of the gross tonnage in the world's mercantile marine. — *By Frank Mack, Cristobal, Canal Zone.*

England is famed for its preservation of historic landmarks. Yet the London home of John Milton, in which he wrote "Paradise Lost," and in which he died in 1674, has a large red and white sign in front of it, advertising an antiseptic wash for false teeth.

In ancient Persia, virtually all men and women owned puppets, which they often proudly carried to the bazaar, the theater and the temple. Even many army officers possessed these dolls and usually took them to war.—*By Carl F. Gulley, Milltown, Montana.*

One of Hollywood's miraculous make-up jobs was done, not long ago, on a horse named Agnes. "Aggie" was about to play a part in a picture when the director decided that her face lacked charm, although she had a fine form and a sweet manner. So she was turned over to a make-up artist who, by lifting her facial muscles, reshaping her eyes and pinning back her ears, made her into a very attractive filly.

Every evening at sundown, beneath the great arch of the Menin Gate Memorial to the Missing at Ypres, Belgium, two civilian buglers sound "Retreat" in honor of the 60,000 British officers and men who died in this region during the World War and whose bodies have never been found.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

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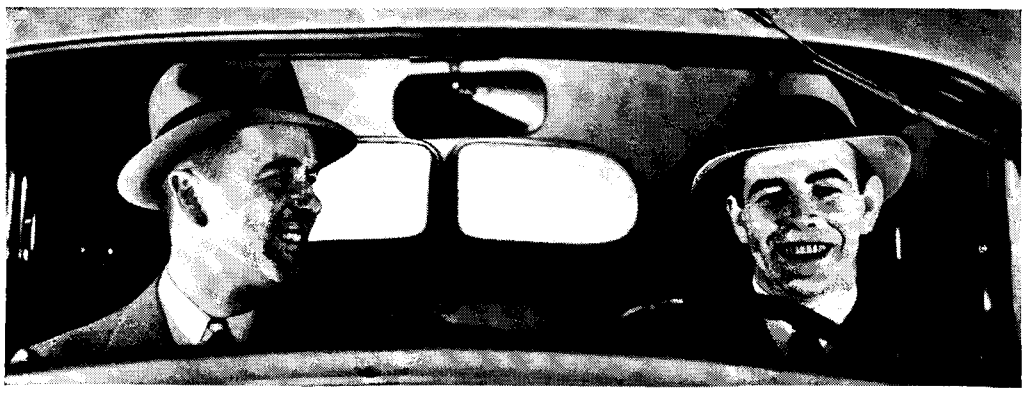
PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

GREAT



NEW VALUE

McCLELLAND BARCLAY noted illustrator, says, "I am moved to praise the smooth, cleanly-flowing lines and beauty of the 1938 Plymouth. Its front-end design and body lines are a beautiful example of car styling."

WHEN you buy a car—do two things: Check *actual prices*, then check what you get!

You'll be amazed at how much Plymouth's LOW PRICE brings you!

Be sure to DRIVE AND RIDE in a new Plymouth...you'll find it a fascinating new experience! FIND OUT how Plymouth's *big* airplane-type shock-absorbers, rubber body mountings and "radio studio" sound-proofing now add to your comfort!

SEE how much safer you are in a Plymouth. LEARN why Plymouth *stands out* in economy.

NOW is the time to get 1938's biggest buy. Check today's low prices... new value...of this big, new Plymouth. See your nearest Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer—*soon!* PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

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PRICES ON ALL MODELS

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BUSINESS MODELS

Coupe, $645; 2-Door Sedan, $685; 4-Door Sedan, $730.

DELUXE MODELS

Coupe, $730; Coupe with Rumble Seat, $770; Convertible Coupe, $850; 2-Door Sedan, $773; 2-Door Touring Sedan, $785; 4-Door Sedan, $803; 4-Door Touring Sedan, $815.

For delivered prices in your locality, see your Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer.

SEE THE 1938 PLYMOUTH

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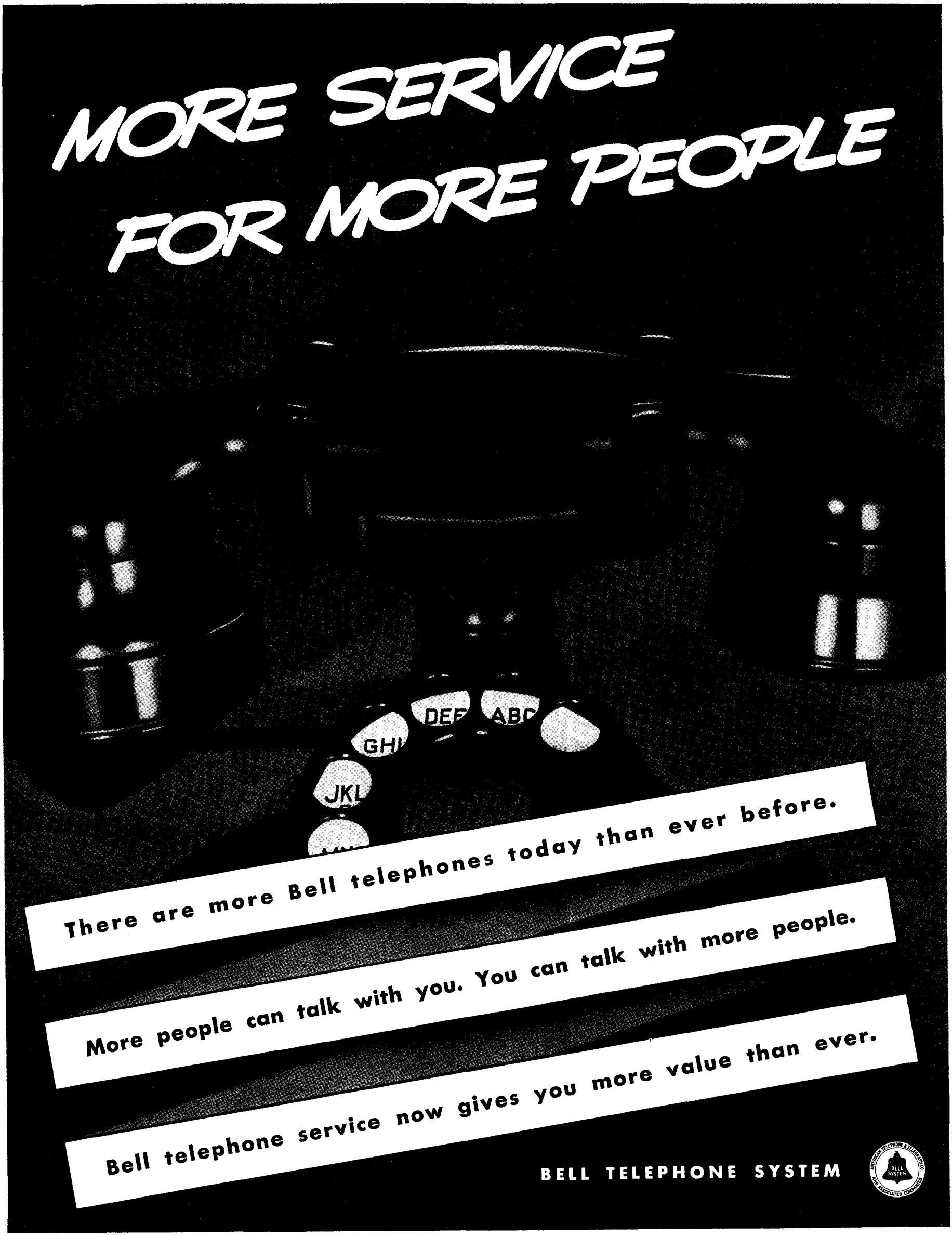

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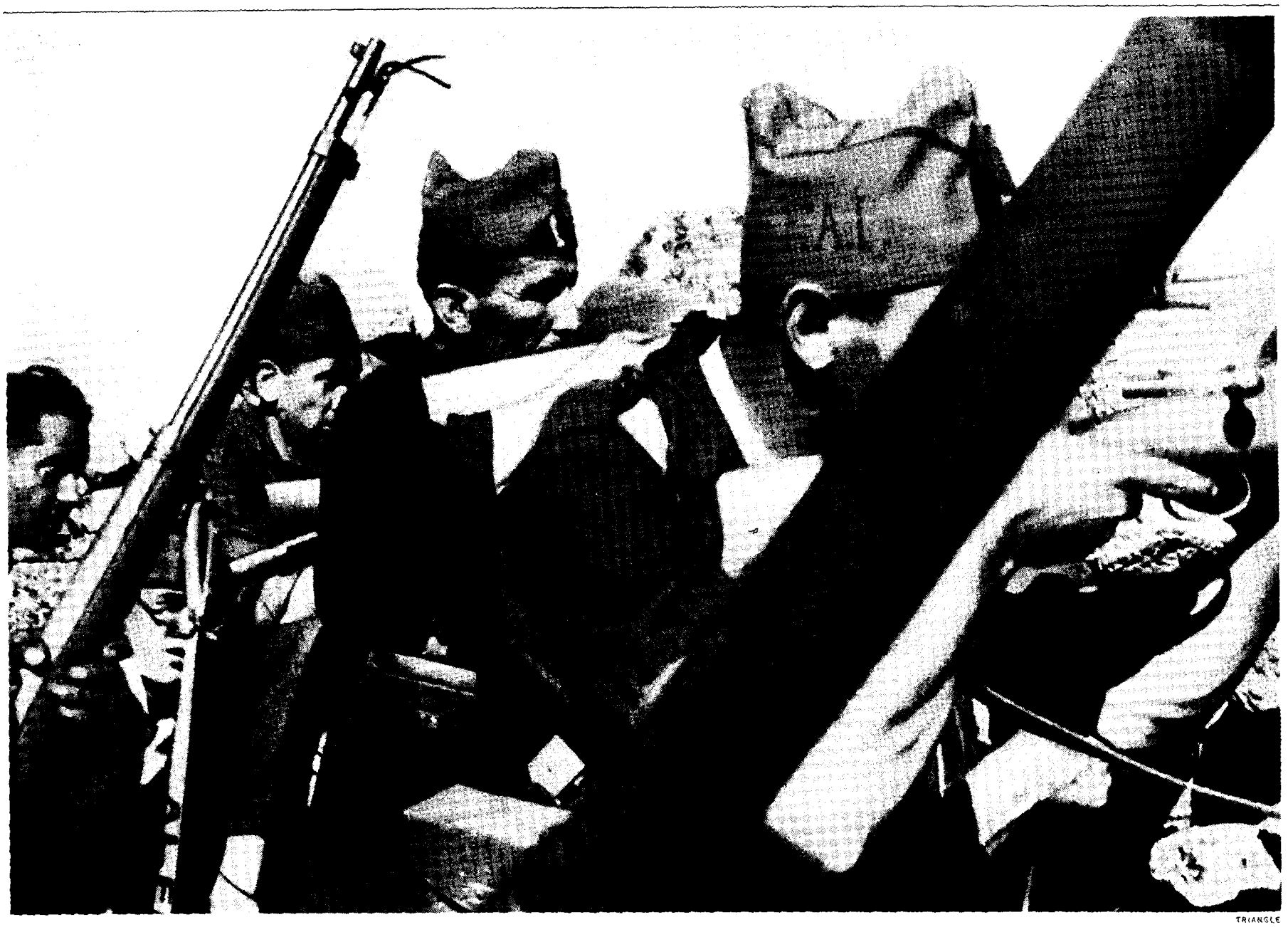

TRIANGLE

Men of the Abraham Lincoln battalion, composed of American volunteers fighting for Loyalist Spain, in the trenches

Men Without Medals

By Martha Gellhorn

THE little soldier with pink cheeks and spectacles and a Brooklyn accent took a hand grenade from his belt and said, "Wanna see how it works?"

I said, "No, pal. I believe you."

He held the small reddish grenade, shaped like a pineapple and harmless-looking, in his hand and admired it.

"Boy," he said, "the stuff you can do with these!"

The other soldiers watched him with amusement. He was nineteen and tough. He had come to Spain with the latest American volunteers, and had been in the line only three weeks.

His friend, with red hair and freckles, also very young, said: "You ought to of seen us at Belchite. Boy!"

I had just come from Belchite, or what was left of it. Once it had been a town, circled by a wall, standing like a gray rock on a gray hill. Around it were the stony highlands of Aragon, with the orange-colored dust blowing. Belchite had caved in under artillery fire and aerial bombardment. You couldn't get through those streets, where the houses had slumped sideways. There were only a few soldiers in Belchite now, cleaning up. They were digging for the dead, under the piles of mortar, bricks and fallen beams. You would pass a high pile of rubbish, and smell suddenly the sharp rotting smell of the dead. Farther on would be a half-decayed carcass of a mule, with flies thick on it. And then a sewing machine, by itself, blown out into the street. These were humble houses, peasants' houses, and when they were blown open there was nothing much to see: small iron-banded trunks, straight chairs, and wooden tables, cooking pots, sometimes a framed lithograph on the wall. The soldiers were working with handkerchiefs over their mouths; it was sunny and quiet, and the whole place was infinitely dead.

The redhead was talking again. "The marines got nothing on us," he said.

The soldier called Sailor said, "Listen to him."

We were sitting in a stream bed, out of the dust. There were twelve of us, and we all had dust in our eyebrows and our teeth, and our hands and clothes were gritty with it. This was about six kilometers out of Belchite, and the American Brigade was resting. The action was over: they had taken Belchite three days before.

I knew Sailor and Andy Anderson. I had seen them in March on the Jarama front. Andy was a farmer from Nebraska, with blue eyes and heavy blond eyelashes, and by now he was a veteran of the Spanish War. Sailor had been a longshoreman on the West Coast, and he too had survived the three big offensives, where many other Americans died. He wore a wide straw hat and chewed a piece of grass, and whatever he told you was always true and exactly as it happened. They were quieter than the others, asking mainly for news of America. But the two little soldiers had just come from Brooklyn, and before that they had just come from high school, and the fact that they were alive was a wonder and an excitement to them.

Andy and Sailor were almost the only survivors of the first American battalion. Some had been killed and some wounded, and some had gone home. They remembered how it was when 450 of them formed the Abraham Lincoln Battalion and were rushed to the front above Morata, in February, to help hold back the Fascists from the main Madrid-Valencia road. They had advanced up Pingarron hill, taking what cover they could in the sparse olive trees, and some of them did not know how to load a rifle and many were killed before they could learn. Andy and Sailor remembered how they held their lines on that smooth, brown ridge, and dug in for the winter; how they built a small cemetery a hundred yards behind the front and put up a wooden marker saying, "These men died that democracy might live." They remembered how cold it was, and they remembered that when spring came they set up ping-pong tables, with the stray bullets cracking over them, and held championship contests with the English Battalion to their right. For the new volunteers, all this was history.

Last spring and summer, more Americans came. They crossed the snow passes of the Pyrenees on foot, in little

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bands. They traveled in fishing boats down the Mediterranean coast to Barcelona. There were those too who drowned when the Ciudad de Barcelona was torpedoed. They knew what they were coming to, and they came anyhow: several thousand of them. Now they were trained troops, with a proud record in Spain. It was a strange thing, walking through that olive grove, bending your head against the dusty wind, and seeing the faces from Mississippi and Ohio and New York and California, and hearing the voices that you'd heard at a baseball game, in the subway, on any campus, in any hamburger joint, anywhere in America.

They said we could find Bob Merriman, the Chief of Staff, down there somewhere. We found him, and he took us to a lean-to, built of reeds, that rattled in the wind. He explained the offensive to us, drawing the plan of it on the dirt of the floor, going over every point carefully as if we were his freshmen class in economics back in California. Forty kilometers march . . . Quinto encircled . . . Belchite surrounded . . . then the fighting in the town itself, from house to house, cutting through the walls and bombing their way forward with hand grenades . . . rushing the cathedral where rebel machine gunners held out to the last, in the tower . . . the dead piled eight feet high in the streets . . . "The boys did well," Merriman said. There was dust on his glasses and he had very white teeth. He was a big man, but shy and stiff, and his voice made you want to call him "Professor." We knew that he had led the assault on Belchite, and that he was wounded six times by fragments from hand grenades, and that he would not stop to be bandaged until the fighting was over.

"This is a fine brigade we've got here," he said. Shock troops, now: you can tell a brigade is fine when they move it from front to front, in trucks, fast, to wherever the danger is. I thought: I'm proud as a goat that the Americans are known in Spain as good men and fine soldiers. That's all there is to it: I'm proud.

The mess truck had come up. And there was Pike the doctor, a small man with bristly red hair and good eyes and a smile. Two lean boys with crew haircuts were sleeping in an ambulance, and the others sat, with their backs to the wind, eating stew. They were all talking again: about the offensive in July at Brunete. That was a show, if you'd only seen that, they said. That was something. They wouldn't forget Brunete. You should have been here, they said, that was really something. . . .

In the Theater of War

In Madrid, the slender trees in the Retiro park are gold, and tall. The sky goes up forever, pale and cool, with shredded pale clouds. As we drove north to Brunete, the wind blew cold off the first snow in the mountains, but later, as we circled to the west and came down into the plain, the sun was warm and the land still tawny with summer. We climbed to an observation post and looked across that curving bowl of land to Brunete. The church spire of Brunete was gray against the hills; far behind it, darkly, you could see the city of Navalcarnero. Through the binoculars, you could see men washing at a stream in a hollow; if you changed the focus you could see the Fascists in Brunete, and see two trucks driving toward Navalcarnero. Nearer you could see what looked like a thin plowed line: the trenches. And all the time, you thought: what was it like in July, with the sun heavy on the plain, and the bombers, going high over the flat treeless land, and the pursuit planes, swooping like black hawks to machine-gun the road, and what was it like, when the Americans stormed that distant golden oblong hill—Mosquito Ridge—going up to meet the fire of machine guns.

We had passed a company at rest, at the base of the observation hill. Their band was practicing some new music with more energy than accuracy. The other soldiers were playing ball. The plain lay below us, as quiet and beautiful as wheat country in Idaho. We stood above the parapets and admired the view until one of the Spanish officers remarked that if we could see them, they could see us, though it didn't really matter, however. . . .

The idea was to see exactly how the offensive had been, on the ground. It was a fine idea. We set off in two cars, one a camouflaged staff car and one a Ford roadster with a tattered American flag flying from the fender. The road to Villanueva de la Cañada was pocked with shell holes, and the cars swerved around them, and the only cover was a thin tree, here and there along the road.

Coming into the village you could see what had happened. It takes a lot of artillery and many bombs to batter a stone village to the ground, to slice the walls off the houses, and blow holes through the roofs. This place was taken in July. It couldn't have been fun on that open plain, surrounding and occupying a village where the houses spouted up, split, crumpled and broke around you.

We bumped past the first shelled houses in Villanueva de la Cañada, and stopped at a house that had at least a door and half a front remaining. And then suddenly, with a sound like a pointed wind, the first shell pounded into the dirt alongside the Quijorna road, a hundred yards away. We stood and watched the round geyser of dirt flying up and then came another, nearer. We leaned against a smashed house and listened to them, lining the road. Then the nose cap blew off a shell and buzzed over our heads like a huge, slow-moving bee. Around here, during the offensive, the rebels had dropped incendiary bombs, and wherever the ground was burned, fields of small purple flowers like crocuses grew afterward. So we looked at the flowers and the sagging houses (with a bird cage hanging jauntily out of a second-floor window, and a pink petticoat draped over a well, and a cartwheel rolled foolishly into the middle of the courtyard, beside a chair with no seat in it) and we decided they could shell the Quijorna road if they wanted to. . . .

But I got a pretty good idea of what it was like in July, when every movement on that plain could be seen, and whatever came you had to take, since there was no cover anywhere.

It was a warm night, with a moon and close stars. We did not hurry, driving through the humped hills, back to Madrid. Always, going back to Madrid, you wonder what has happened. I thought of the last shellings: the one I watched from a penthouse near the park, when the rebel batteries burned along the rim of the sky, and the streets were so misty with lyddite smoke and brick dust that you couldn't see down them, and the explosions sounded like drums, beating over the city, and the whirling scream of the shells twisted out into the air for an hour without stopping. Then the next time, quickly opening the windows so they wouldn't shatter with the concussion, feeling the hotel rock as the building next door was hit again and again, hearing the torn bricks cascade down from the roof, seeing suddenly a flash of flame as a shell hit outside the window in the street, counting the bursts, talking with friends, waiting, laughing, knowing that it had to end sometime, and that you get used to anything. And the morning when the maid brought in an unexploded three-inch shell, pretty as a champagne bottle, that had landed in the hotel somewhere, she thinking it was an amusing souvenir.

City of Beauty and Pain

And then I thought of Petra, the other maid, the small, dark one with a face that curls up with laughter: Petra is fifty-seven but "very agile," she says, and afraid of nothing. I went to see Petra a few days ago, in her neat lightless little house. She was there alone, with a black shawl over her shoulders, and her face this time was soft with grief, because her mother had died, who had to die sometime, being eighty-three. The Junkers, flying at night over Madrid, did not terrify Petra, nor the shells screaming in from any direction to crash anywhere. She could endure the cold and the long months when you never have quite enough to eat. But at last she was frightened of being alone, and she looked smaller and somehow blurred with sorrow.

I thought of the carpenter who carried a picture of his brother in his pocket: his brother was a captain in the army and died in the Casa de Campo. That one was a hero, the carpenter says; it is too bad the way the bravest ones die.

There were many things to remember, not only now but always. Looking down that morning from the heights above Teruel, into a village in no man's land between the lines, and seeing a few soldiers, very leisurely, loading up their donkeys with blankets from the empty houses, for the winter. The two little women, dressed in black, walking fast along a road outside Driebes, walking fast on strong bowed legs, chattering like birds, and eating grapes they had picked in the fields. They were émigrés from Madrid: they had been to Barcelona, and back to Valencia, and then by truck to a village two days' walking north of this one. Now they had their mattresses and their stone water jugs and their pots and pans packed on two donkeys, and they were walking to Driebes where the mother of one of them lived. The oldest one said to me she thought of Madrid with pain: first, she said, for the suffering of the people, and then because of the beauty Madrid had once been. . . .

Even in war, I thought, it is beautiful here. Nothing can spoil the handsome land, and nothing can spoil the feel of

(Continued on page 49)

TRIANGLE

They knew what they were coming to and they came anyway —now they are trained troops with a proud record in Spain

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Coon Dog

By Corey Ford

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE ● ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

I'LL be settin' here, and he'll be settin' there where you're settin' now, and he'll lean forward in his chair and look me smack in the eyes, same's I'm lookin' now at you, and he'll say, "Yes, sir," he'll say, "yes, sir, Sheriff"—they all call me Sheriff—"there ain't a better coon dog anywheres," he'll say, "there ain't a better coon dog in Kankamagus County," he'll tell me, and what's more he'll look me right smack in the eyes when he says it.

And I'll say, "Why, sure, Orion, I guess that's right," because one thing there ain't any sense to argue 'th a man about is about his dog. "Sure, Orion," I'll tell him, because what are you going to say to a man who'll look you right smack in the eyes like that when he knows you seen yourself what happened? "Of course, Orion," I'll say to him, "there ain't another dog anywheres like Zero."

Which that much is true, because if you ever see him you'll know it's Zero, because he's the only dog like him. It ain't so much the way he looks, because what would you expect a dog to look like if you tried to cross an Airedale with an Irish setter which was a cross between a foxhound and a German police? Or it ain't his voice; he's got a voice like the seven forty-eight coming through Ossipee Corners, but it ain't even his voice. It ain't what he is, if he was meant to be just a dog, but a coon dog, pshaw, he don't know coon from my foot.

This Zero, he's a utility dog. He's a kind of a jack-of-all-trades of a dog. He could be a good squirrel dog if he'd stick to squirrels, or else if he'd be satisfied with birds he might be a bird dog. But Zero is the kind of a dog he ain't got any preferences. He likes all of them. He'll bark on possum or rabbit or deer or squirrel or skunk, it don't differ a damn to Zero, and when there ain't anything else to bark on, he'll chase himself around in circles all night until he catches up with himself and finds out who he is.

ONLY you couldn't tell that to Orion Libbey. He's plumb foolish about that dog, and even his wife don't argue 'th him about it any more; she just shouts. I feel sorry for Abbie. Before she married Orion she come from respectable folks with a religious upbringing and indoor plumbing, and why she ever got married with Orion nobody knows. He don't work; he don't even come home; he just stays out all night with his dog. It don't do any good for Abbie to talk to him, either; she's got a tongue like a buzz saw but it don't bother Orion. Like the day Orion was settin' here in the store trying to tell us that Zero was a coon dog, and we was riding him about it, same as we always do, and Abbie come into the store, her eyes blazing, and she marches right over to Orion. "Where was you last night?" she asts him.

"I was out lookin' for coon, dear," he says, looking up at her very mildlike.

"So," she says, "you can't stir yourself enough to go out and look for a job, but you can tromp around all night with that good-for-nothing, flea-bitten pot-likker feist."

Orion's lower lip sort of sticks out a little, but he don't say nothin'.

"Here we got a mortgage falling due," she goes on; "we owe everybody in town; we haven't got enough money to buy our own food, let alone support that great rambling hulk of a dog that never treed a coon in his life."

Orion, he looks down and he begins to fondle Zero's ear between his fingers.

"I'm through with you," Abbie says, or words to that effect. "I'm going back to my folks; I'm quittin' you, Orion Libbey, till you show spunk enough to forget that dog of yours for once and go out and stir yourself and make some money." And with that she whirls around and goes out the door and slams it so hard she puts that crack in the glass you can see there right now. Only Orion, he don't even look up; he just sets there and fondles Zero by the ear and sort of sighs.

"This here dog," he begins again, when his wife has gone, "he's a coon dog . . ."

Orion, he don't come into the store much after that, because we all take to riding him so hard about his dog, but sometimes at night I'll come across him walking along a corn patch in the moonlight, his gun over his arm and Zero padding ahead of him, snuffing at the hedgerows and now and then baying at a chipmunk or else a garter snake or anything else he happened to smell. I was out a lot that fall, account of being depitty sheriff of Kankamagus County, and there was a lot of excitement just then with this fellow Ventner that had broke out of state's prison down to Bradford and stuck up the Stanley Mills at Ashway. I guess you remember him, they had five hundred dollars' reward out onto him and there was a rumor he'd come this way, and we even got a posse out to search for him.

SO THAT was how I happened to be comin' home late one night, taking a short cut acrost Orion's lower field, and all to oncet I heard the dod-blamedest hollering ahead of me, a man and a dog, and then I reconnized Orion's voice. I says to myself, "Well, Zero's finally got him a coon," and I hurried along the path, and there was Orion trying to hold his gun in one hand and hoist himself with the other hand up a big whitewood tree that Zero was barking at the foot of. Orion sees me and he waves.

"Sheriff, you shine your light up here," he says, "while I try to spot his eyes and shoot him out."

I focus my lantrun and we can just make out the coon's eyes, way above us on a high branch.

"Just hold that light onto him," Orion says, lifting his gun.

"Hey, don't shoot," the coon says, "I'll come down."

Orion's jaw drops, and he stands there, staring into the tree.

"I'll come down," the coon says, "if you'll just call off that damned dog."

Well, I rip my own gun out, and I hold it on whatever's up there, and he climbs down and sticks his hands in the air, and he's so scared he's shaking all over and he can't tell me who he is, but I reconnize him from the pictures that of course it's this Ventner we've all been looking for. Orion he's holding onto Zero, and he don't say nothin', and I snap the handcuffs onto the feller and I turn to Orion and I clap him on the back.

"Well, Orion," I says, "I guess you can get Abbie back now, because there's five hundred dollars' reward out onto this man, and it's coming to you account of how you caught him with your dog."

He looks at the man, and he licks his lips, and he looks down at his dog, and he finally says in a low voice: "What dog?"

"Zero," I says, kind of impatient. "He treed him, didn't he?"

"Zero wouldn't tree no man," says Orion, backing a step or two and holding his dog by the collar. "It couldn't've been Zero."

"Come back here, you dern' fool," I says, almost shouting. "You're simply throwin' away five hundred dollars."

"This here dog," Orion insists, lookin' down at his feet, "he's a coon dog. . . ."

And yet he'll set there where you're settin' now, and he'll look me right smack in the eyes, and he'll tell me—"Sheriff," he'll say, "there ain't a better coon dog in Kankamagus County," and I'll say, "Sure, Orion," because you can argue 'th a man about anything else, politics or religion or women, but it don't do any good about his dog.

"Sheriff, you shine your light up here," he says, "while I try to spot his eyes and shoot him out"

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LOST GIRL

By William MacHarg

A COP'S troubles are other people's troubles too," O'Malley said, "and my trouble right now is that motion-picture actress Marva Tuller that has disappeared. This is a Missing Persons Bureau case, but now so many people have got sure that the lady must be dead that us homicide cops are working on it. I guess you know about the case."

"Of course," I said, "and so does everybody else who reads the newspapers. She had only small parts. Then she won a contest for a big part in a big picture and the night before the contract was to be signed she disappeared."

"Right."

"Some people thought it was publicity."

"They don't think that now."

"She was engaged to marry a man named Frederick Surrel and she broke the engagement and didn't see him. He begged her to meet him one last time and she went out in his car with him and no one has seen her since."

"I guess I don't have to tell you nothing."

He had a police description of the girl and a small picture of her. She was quite lovely.

"Well, I got to go round and be a cop," he stated.

We saw the girl who had been Miss Tuller's closest friend. Her name was Miss Purling. We found her posing in a photographer's studio and she didn't have many clothes on.

"Miss Purling, how do you figure this about Miss Tuller?" O'Malley asked her.

"She's dead."

"I guess you don't know that, though."

"I do. Listen: Marva and I had been going together for two years. We posed and we were in choruses and we got extra parts in pictures and did anything we could because we were sure some day we'd get our chance. Well, she got her chance and it was a big one, and nothing but being dead could have stopped her from signing that contract."

HARRY L. TIMMINS

"How do you figure this about Miss Tuller?" O'Malley asked her

"That don't prove nothing, lady. Is this a good picture of her?"

"Yes. The police wanted a picture and I picked one that was the best of her."

"She ever talk to you about that guy Surrel?"

"She told me she was going to marry him. Then afterward she told me she wasn't but she wouldn't tell me why. She wouldn't have married anybody now because she was going to California."

"I hear the first thing this guy Surrel did," O'Malley told me after we left Miss Purling, "was go get himself a lawyer."

WE WENT and saw Surrel. The police report on him said that he was interested in the theater and wrote plays and pictures but nobody produced them. We found him at home. It was a handsome big apartment and another man was with him. They both were about twenty-six years old and were good-looking.

"Another policeman?" the second man inquired.

"That's right."

"You don't have to answer any questions, Fred," the man said to Surrel.

"You this guy's lawyer?" O'Malley asked.

"I don't have to answer that either, but I will. Yes. I live with him and my name is Hern."

"Sure he'll answer. This guy was engaged to that lady. She got a picture contract and broke off with him. He took her out riding and she never come back. The question is, did he knock her off?"

"Certainly not," Surrel replied. "She broke our engagement some time before she got the contract. I admit I tried to get her to reconsider about me and we went for a drive to talk it over."

"Drove where?"

"Out Riverside Drive. Then we drove back again. We had some words about her breaking the engagement and she got out of the car."

"Yeah? Where was this?"

"At Seventy-second street. I never saw her afterward."

We examined Surrel's car. The police had examined it before. There was no sign that anything had happened in it.

"You're stuck, O'Malley," I declared.

"You're telling *me*?"

"Your whole police department's stuck. You can't arrest anybody because you can't even prove there's been a crime. That girl may show up any day, if not in New York, then somewhere else—maybe in California."

"I got no idea she will show up. We'll see where she lived."

IT WAS a small, haphazardly furnished apartment. There were a lot of pictures of Miss Tuller. There had been letters, some of them from men, but the police had taken those. The letters hadn't helped them any.

There was some jewelry and O'Malley examined it carefully.

"Nobody bumped her off for her jewelry," he remarked, "because this stuff ain't worth it."

He took some of the pictures, and we went back to headquarters. I saw him every day after that but he said there was nothing new about the case.

"I guess we found everybody that ever went with that girl," he told me, "but if one of 'em wanted to get rid of her we got no proof of it."

The next morning's papers said the police were prepared to make an arrest. I found O'Malley.

"Whom are you going to arrest?" I asked.

"Why, nobody. Us cops have to say things like that sometimes just because we don't know nothing else to say."

"Then you're incompetent," I told him. "I have been analyzing this case and it is entirely simple. It's certain that girl was murdered, and you have found only one man who had an opportunity and a motive. Surrel was the last person with her and he admits they quarreled. You should arrest him."

"You're good. But we can't arrest nobody till we know what happened to the girl."

"You make me sick!" I shouted.

He was going to the precinct station and I asked him why.

"Well, we all been running our legs off asking questions of these people, so now we figure they got to come to us."

I went along. A captain of homicide detectives was at the station house and had the use of the precinct captain's office. A huge enlargement of a picture of Miss Tuller was on the desk and a big opal brooch was lying on it. Miss Purling was waiting in an outer room with some other people. There was a man, Feld, who was connected with the picture company, and another one named Millen, who was in the theater business, and a man named Shoener and a couple of girls. Then Surrel and his lawyer came in. Then some more people came in. When they all were there, a cop showed them into the captain's office.

"We are preparing to make an arrest in the Tuller case," the captain of detectives told them. "You people have all made statements, and some of you have told the truth and some of you haven't—you know which. Before we go further I'm going to give any of you who wants it a chance to change your statement. A stenographer has your statements in the next room. You can go in there one by one and look them over and make any changes you wish."

A cop showed Miss Purling into the next room. We waited. After a while Miss Purling came out and went away and Shoener went in. When he came out, one of the girls went in.

"I've things I ought to be attending

(Continued on page 48)

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Mitch the Magnificent

By Thomas B. Morgan

Here's Mitch the Giant Killer. It doesn't matter a whoop who the giant is—C.I.O., power barons, Fascism, government expense—Mitch Hepburn will fight them all. There's nothing light-handed about Mitch. He has slammed his way to the top in Ontario. He is the most adroit politician in Canada. And he has only started

MODELED IN CLAY BY ALAN FOSTER

THE sit-down strike might never have been banned from Ontario today had not the apple shot straight to the immaculate black derby worn correctly, very correctly, on the head of the venerable Sir Adam Beck, twenty-five years ago.

Savage albeit righteous indignation broke out, because the farmers of Elgin County—who had congregated at St. Thomas where this outrage occurred—had been used to holding their breath at mention of Sir Adam Beck, reputed father of cheap electric power in Ontario. Beyond the listening crowd, subdued but unmistakable giggling came from a group of boys perched on barrels and boxes for a better view. To them the act had been performed with consummate success. The elders knew, however, that only one lad in the group could have done such a deed, and he was Mitchell F. Hepburn—Mitch to all the world—gangling sixteen-year-old son of respected William F. Hepburn of St. Thomas.

The occasion for the speech was the successful electric milking of a cow before the very eyes of the Elgin County farmers. It was October 8, 1912, and to insure that the event might be handed down to succeeding generations, the boys of St. Thomas Collegiate School, occupants of the barrels and boxes, were given a holiday to attend the epochal demonstration and hear the prophetic words of the great engineer, apostle of cheap power for the farmers.

While Sir Adam was recovering from the initial shock, assistant engineers recovered the derby hat, brushing off fragments of apple before restoring it to its owner. Then, as a great man should, Sir Adam laughed it off and said, in an effort to bring everything back to normal, that he had once been a boy, too. And that finished the demonstration.

But even the reconciling humor of Sir Adam did not appease the fury of Professor V. K. Greer, skimpy instructor in mathematics at the school, who had been entrusted with the boys' good behavior on this educational junket. He went straight for Mitch. But as he approached him, a cry left the ranks of the other boys in protest against doing anything to Mitch, for this was once when he was innocent. This added confusion to embarrassment and the boiling, stuttering instructor, in the interests of keeping a façade of decorum, was forced to leave the incident in suspense until he should get his charges back in the classroom.

A Lesson for the Professor

That awful moment came. Professor Greer addressed the class on the baseness of the act and the wanton disloyalty to the school. This preliminary over, he called Mitch out in front of the class.

"Well, Hepburn," he squeaked through his fevered lips, "the first requirement is that you apologize to Sir Adam Beck."

"I tell you I did not throw the apple," said Mitch, steeled for conflict.

"Then, out with it, who did?"

"Why should I tell you?"

"I believe you did it, Hepburn. You will apologize to Sir Adam."

"You still say I did it. I tell you I did not and no apology from me."

"You did it."

With that final accusation burning in his ears, the gangling youth seized the diminutive professor by his coat with both hands, shook him till his head bobbed back and forth like a puppet's and then with one great lunge catapulted him ten feet into the corner.

"Perhaps that will change your mind," he rasped. Then he slammed the schoolhouse door behind him, saying goodby to academic learning forever.

Once outside, his temper began to cool. He had set his heart on preparing for the law and this act was the end of any college course for him. No other school would admit him. He walked over to the Canadian Bank of Commerce and got a job. That was the turning point in his career. From the bank, he learned accounting and accounts and later returned to manage the farm of his grandfather, which had been left to him.

He became a civic figure in St. Thomas and about the countryside. He could argue, acquiring the reputation of being on top of the questions of the day, and could readily take up the battles of the farmers. After fourteen years of this local political and civic effort, the farmers elected him member of Parliament in the Dominion of Canada.

Mitch was only thirty, the youngest man in the House of Commons. He had broken a thirty-five-year tradition because the people of his native district had always sent a Conservative to Ottawa, and he was a Liberal. He was one of those "rampant champions of the common people," a no-quarter enemy of "The Interests" and a "Soak-the-Rich" on

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taxes. He waged a merciless campaign against the "Power Barons" of Montreal, whom he accused of loading heavy rates on the common people of Ontario who were forced to buy Quebec power. That was Mitch's way of calling them "economic royalists."

Five years of "no-quarter" crusading against the barons made him leader of Ontario Liberals and earned him the title of "Moses of the Liberal party."

"I do not want to be a Moses," he protested. "Moses only saw the Promised Land. I want to live there. Stand by me and in a very few years we will have a Liberal administration in Toronto."

Three years after Mitch had assumed the leadership of the Liberal party, it was swept into office in Ontario, and Moses ruled his Promised Land, where his party had not been in power for thirty years. Only thirty-eight, he was appointed prime minister, the youngest man ever to hold the office. That was in 1934.

"I am accused of being young," he told the opponents who attacked his youth. "I cannot refute the charge. But time will be on my side."

On the day that he assumed office the curtain rose and found Mitch ordering the luxurious official limousine of the prime minister back to the garage. That was an expense of $3,600 a year to the people and he would save it.

In the second scene, he stood at his desk proclaiming how he kept his promises and then with one bold flourish of the pen placed his signature to an order reducing his own salary from $12,000 to $10,000 and those of the members of his cabinet from $10,000 to $8,000.

In the next scene, the wiry and youthful Mitch made his first bold step and raised the hair as well as the eyebrows of business and politics alike while waves of applause resounded from "the common people." With dictatorial scowl, he ordered a law through the Ontario legislature declaring null and void the contracts entered into between his province and the Quebec power companies. He now knew he was master of the barons.

Out of His Political Hat

The power companies did not take it lying down. They fought Ontario's "dictator" in the courts, contesting his right to cancel a contract which had several years to run. Mitch won in the lower courts, then lost in the court of appeals. The case has gone to the Supreme Court of Canada for final adjudication.

To lose the case in the Supreme Court will not jostle Mitch off the stage. There he will stay, intending to pass another law bringing all the functions of the commission under the state civil service to complete his legal control of the employees of the commission and prevent any of them from working without his approval.

"I repudiated the contracts with the Quebec power companies," proclaimed Mitch, "in order to supply cheaper power for Ontario. If men like Henry Ferguson, Meighen and Maguire can get behind closed doors and commit us to buy $400,000,000 of Quebec power without any recourse to succeeding legislatures, then democracy is a sham and a farce."

Meanwhile with another totalitarian gesture, Mitch went after the rich concessionaires of timberlands in northern Ontario. These he claimed were just absentee speculators holding the lands for high prices and without development. There must be a reshuffle and a new deal. He wanted the lands worked. He passed a law making a new distribution of the properties and requiring the new concessionaires to develop them within a stipulated time.

Mitch claimed that by this reallocation he helped solve the unemployment problem of Ontario. Under the "old gang," there were but 4,300 men employed while now there were 40,000. Mitch told me that the income derived from the lands before the new shuffle was only $30,000 per annum whereas today the province is collecting over $4,000,000 a year. Next year, he expects to make it $10,000,000.

And the show went on. Mitch passed new laws—a minimum wage law, tax laws, the industrial standards acts and others, but the dramatic moment arrived in April, 1937—the outbreak of the Oshawa automobile strike. This brought Mitch right up to the front of the world stage. Timing it and taking the cue, he successfully gauged the rising action to finish in a truly magnificent climax in which he rescued the outraged province from the "greedy paws" of the C.I.O. and the sit-down strike.

The strike, of course, is history now but Mitch is marching forward. We can look back at it and see how he actually did bring things out of his political hat. The union had been dickering with General Motors for some time but could get nowhere because Harry J. Carmichael, vice-president of General Motors, Ltd., of Canada, admitted no disagreement with his men. Well, C. H. Millard, the union head, said there *was* disagreement and called the strike for 7:01 on the morning of April 6. He ordered the men to report for work and to march out of the plant in a body. The orders were carried out to the letter. There was no disorder and no occupation of the property of General Motors, Ltd., of Canada.

For days, Harry Carmichael would see no representative of the strikers. It was during this period of suspense that Homer Martin, international president of the automobile workers, came to Oshawa from Detroit. Harry Thompson, another American, also arrived at Oshawa, "to rally the Canadian comrades." There was no disorder, no occupation of the plant.

But that was the cue for Mitch to take the play. He wired to Ottawa to the dominion government for a battalion of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. He gave orders that Martin and Thompson were to be arrested and escorted to the border. He proclaimed that Canada and especially Ontario should not be tainted with the footsteps of "foreign agitators" and that while he was prime minister there would never be any C.I.O. or sit-down strike in the province of Ontario.

Mitch Claimed Everything

The dominion government refused to send the battalion on the grounds that there was no threat to public order. Mitch found that he could not touch either Martin or Thompson because the dominion law specifically gives American labor representatives the right to pass back and forth over the border without formality.

Mitch did not like this rebuff from the heads of the dominion government, especially since they were of his own party.

"They've let me down," moaned Mitch, as he prepared to build up the show without soldiers.

"We can't give you a demonstration trip, but this is an idea of the kind of parties you can have" GARRETT PRICE

The province of Ontario liked the idea of smashing the C.I.O. with its sit-down strikes, its radicalism, its Fascism, its Communism and "all that was alien to Canadian soil." The farmers had no use for these wild labor ideas nor did the stolid conservative banks and business houses of Toronto, second city of Canada and the capital of Ontario. Deep-rooted Canadian fervor exulted that the "foreign agitators" would be sent over the border.

And it all served to make Mitch a greater master of Ontario. He could do it without Ottawa anyway.

Dickering started between Ontario's labor conciliator, Louis Fine, and the strikers.

They argued for hours and the strikers got a raise. Then came the problem of the recognition of the union. On this there was a deadlock on both sides. Finally, J. L. Cohen, attorney for the union, dictated a clause stating that the agreement should run currently with that of the United Automobile Workers of America. Both accepted that as a compromise.

When the signatures had all been affixed, Mitch snapped out:

"Now let 'em figure out who won."

Mitch's political enemies claimed that C.I.O. had won because U.A.W.A. was an affiliate. Puritanical Toronto, umpiring unofficially, gave the decision to Mitch no matter what the union or company said. Inhabitants of Toronto the Good might not say he had guts but admitted he did have intestinal fortitude.

Mitch had his victory. He claimed everything. He had defeated John L. Lewis, the C.I.O., the "foreign agitators," Fascism and Communism. He had saved Ontario. It was time for a clarion blast.

"If John L. Lewis," he thundered through Ontario, "has courage enough to come to this province to advocate violence, disorder, bloodshed and other illegal acts, I will order his arrest. He will be held without bail until he gets his just deserts from a Canadian court for the first time in his career."

That got the kudos all along the line. The heroic figure of Mitch in the act of performing an oratorical "They shall not pass" was plastered all over the province he was ruling as truly as any despot.

Sunshine Budgets

While Mitch was basking in all this rampant popularity, he decided that now would be a good time "to appeal to the country." Ontario has the cabinet system which permits the prime minister to call for an election any time he believes it necessary "to go to the country" for approval or disapproval on an issue. Mitch had banished John L. Lewis and the C.I.O., and a better issue for getting votes in Ontario would have tested the genius of a Mark Hanna or a Farley. His cabinet colleagues advised against the election as they had only served three years in office and had two more to go. But Mitch knew his moment. Now was the time to win and get five more years. That was his genius.

This law-and-order issue would ordinarily have been a perfect Tory issue but Mitch had re-created it, fashioned it, decorated it and re-packaged it into something all his very own. It was manufactured, too, in Ontario for the people of Ontario. He had forced the Tories to oppose their own "eternal principles."

Mitch began his campaign in the middle of August. It was the grand tour of a great celebrity.

Advance publicity had billed the star in proportions worthy of his class. His budgets were known as "Sunshine Budgets." Billboards and pages of newspaper advertising had blanketed the province with:

Hepburn's Sunshine Budgets show $9,000,000 surplus.

Hepburn saved the power consumers $4,800,000.

Hepburn uncovered $28,000,000 in hidden taxes.

Hepburn reduced auto licenses by $5.

Hepburn reduced the public debt by $33,000,000.

But, placed as the big drop curtain behind all this and overshadowing the scene, was the rescue of Ontario from John L. Lewis, lawlessness and the C.I.O.

In every town, Mitch would vary the act by telling new jokes, by springing impromptu wisecracks and turning an unfailing humorous angle on the opposition. When anyone heckled with a question, he pounced on it in the language of the farm, the gas station and the corner drugstore.

(Continued on page 28)

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SARRA

Charlotte Greenwood, big box office for a couple of decades but still determined to become an actress

By Kyle Crichton

The story of Charlotte Greenwood, famous for the length of her legs and of her career on the stage

WHEN the news came out of the West that Charlotte Greenwood was back in America doing a legitimate show, there were people who said great heavens and my good gracious and there seemed to be general agreement that by all the laws of the Medes and Persians Miss Greenwood should be home on the front porch knitting.

This grew out of two misapprehensions: (a) that Miss Greenwood was an old lady, which she is not, and (b) that she was strictly a musical-comedy comedienne, which she has ceased being. What everybody remembered was that Miss Greenwood was the lanky blond dame with the long legs and that she used said limbs to walk over chairs, tables and other obstructions.

It is true that she had been cutting such capers since the golden days of So Long Letty and it came as a surprise to find her in this new show playing a straight role and vaulting the furniture not at all. However, it took time for these tidings to spread and there was the further handicap that Miss Greenwood had selected for her reappearance a show named Post Road, which had already run its course in New York and elsewhere and which she had now retitled Leaning on Letty and was prepared to reveal to the carriage trade. In Hollywood the audience came out of respect for the memory of Miss Greenwood and stayed to look at one another in astonishment and to make little startled clucks of the tongue. The best way to show how the lady fared in California is to say that she played thirteen weeks at the El Capitan Theater, which is approximately equivalent to a New York run of nine years.

Before trying Hollywood she had done three weeks at the Geary in San Francisco and after Hollywood she returned to do four weeks at the Alcazar in the same city. Thinking that was enough to prove the point, Miss Greenwood departed for London with her husband, Martin Broones, who was doing Swing Along at the Gaiety. She returned from there at the request of Lee Schubert, who wanted her to play in Chicago with Leaning on Letty. Mr. Schubert based his desire upon the theory that unless Chicago had a legitimate production soon (there was not a single show in town at the moment), whole generations would grow up to believe that Sarah Bernhardt, Eleanor Duse and David Belasco were merely characters in a fairy tale. Greenwood reassembled her company, opened during Thanksgiving week (which is invariably bad) and played for twenty weeks to gross receipts of $300,000. If out of that her net return was less than $150,000, she needs a new cashier.

The girl was born in Philadelphia and named Frances Charlotte Greenwood. Her father was a barber but, when Charlotte was about a year old, her father and mother separated and things became hard for the mother, who took the baby. While she was out working, Charlotte was left with Uncle Jake, who was also a barber. Jake had his barbering to do but he also took his duties as an uncle seriously, with the result that the baby took its sun baths in the front window of Jake's barbershop.

Charlotte is growing at this time at the rate of a foot a year and when she is eleven she is something to gaze upon, being five feet ten inches and weighing hardly anything. Her mother has been working in hotels and has finally risen to be the person who opens hotels for a certain colonel who has a chain of them. At this juncture Charlotte is shipped off to a farm in Phoebus, Virginia, where she is supposed to pick up and begin looking like a human being. She spends two years at Phoebus, walking barefoot and digging up clams with her toes, and she gains nothing thereby.

"You are skinny," says her mother desperately, "and you get worse."

So she comes up to New York, where her mother is working at the Times Square Hotel and not doing so well. Charlotte is now around thirteen and gets no fatter and no shorter. She is, in brief, a sight. In school she reaches the seventh grade and then gives it up. Instead she hounds Max Hoffman (you will remember Gertrude Hoffman, the famous dancer), and he gives her a note on a piece of brown wrapping paper and this is word to Ned Wayburn to put her to work in his new show, the White Cat.

The chorus ladies of that period wore tights and in Charlotte's case it meant that she would need "symmetricals," which were padded tights to give shapes to dames who had no shape, of which she most certainly was one. The symmetricals were excellent but reached only to

(Continued on page 43)

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Love, Action, Laughter

By Budd Wilson Schulberg

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

You may be yesterday's hero to a few—today's has-been to millions. But your girl can make you tomorrow's sensation

"You better get the name," Larry said, "or you'll get a lot more than that"

LARRY MARTIN was a bareback rider in a circus who broke into the movie game in the early days as a double for a Western star who couldn't ride a horse.

The hero would always learn in a very dramatic scene that the damsel was in distress and he would run for his horse and then Larry would carry it on from there—riding to the rescue from every possible angle, all afternoon.

Every girl in the company used to look up when Larry did his stuff. He was a feverish young man with an almost primitive force. He had a strong, sensuous face, a well-trained body and an athletic mind. His agility and eagerness were electrifying. He was violent, he could walk faster than most men run, he was aggressive and nimble-brained; no wonder he climbed the Hollywood ladder two rungs at a time.

Larry spent two months riding to the rescue with the wind in his ears and the dust in his mouth before he caught on to the movie racket. One day he raced over a bump and swallowed too much dust; he coughed and spat and had an inspiration.

"Why must I keep racing through this lousy dust?" Larry asked. "Why don't you shoot lots of cameras at me at once from different angles, and get the whole chase knocked off at one crack?"

THAT was one of the most brilliant things that had been said in Hollywood up to that time. The director shook his head in disgust.

"When I want advice from you," he bellowed, "I'll ask for it."

Larry's suggestion had never been tried before and it was obviously ridiculous. The director told him to keep moving. Those were the days when anybody who knew how to fit a crank into a camera was a cameraman and a director was the guy who could yell the loudest.

Larry was convinced that either he or the picture business would have to go. "This game is nutty," he said. "For a calm, quiet, sensible life, give me a circus any day, you—" and he used a number of terms you won't find in the dictionary.

Just then a little man, who called himself a producer, one of the first to suspect that people would actually pay to see pictures moving on a screen, reached out and drew Larry back into the industry.

The producer told him he had heard his idea.

Larry told him he could take that idea and do with it as his imagination directed.

The producer told him his idea would cut a shooting schedule on a Western in half—he must be a genius or something.

Larry told him he thought he could direct pictures a whole lot better than that straw man behind the megaphone.

The producer said, "Kid, you've got the job. I'll put you on at seventy-five a week."

Larry said, "That's pretty cheap for a genius, but I'll take a stab at it."

Larry's stab cut deep into Hollywood. He became the industry's first great director.

Hollywood was rising like a new world out of the sea, and on its highest peak stood Larry Martin, circus performer.

Larry Martin helped to give America something to do in the evening. He was God's gift to the moment. He was an artist and a pioneer and a drunkard and a tough guy and he caught the fancy of a nation.

Dames wanted Larry Martin for a thousand reasons. Society women winked at his vulgarity—he was a target for every little girl whose insides squirmed with the itch for a career. When he walked through the studio he left a wake of sighing secretaries.

But there could be no permanence for Larry Martin; life was a grab bag—he could reach into it to his elbows—every month there was a new picture and a new salary and a new fame.

Larry's mind was always leaping ahead, inventing new camera angles, improving the lighting, speeding up the tempo and going on the most complex and rambunctious binges known to man. Larry's hair grew gray, his pictures were longer and more mature—Larry and his industry were growing up. It was 1920 and he was thirty-one—he had lived ten years in Hollywood, a lifetime long enough to span the conception and revelation of a new world that lived and trembled on a thousand silver screens.

THE late twenties were a nightmare to Larry Martin. Suddenly the silent screen stood up and screamed, trying its voice like a new baby, and the sound split the earth, and futures and careers and fortunes were swallowed up—and among them, suddenly shaken from his pedestal and devoured by oblivion, was Larry Martin.

For it must be told, it cannot be explained. Hollywood swallows its children. Watch, as it bears them, suckles them and suddenly leaps upon them from the rear and gulps them down.

Time caught up with Larry Martin and gave him the razzberry as it passed him by. People told one another how sorry they were for him. His money ran out—there had always been a leak at the bottom. Then his health ran out—an unkind columnist said his mind was pickled in alcohol. One morning he woke up in a Hollywood hotel with a bad hang-over and very little more, and he looked at himself in the mirror. His face was lined with purple veins from too much drinking and his eyes were glazed and sunken with not enough forgetting.

"Larry," he said to himself, "I knew you when. If you don't get yourself a job today, I'll see you in hell, and that's a place inhabited strictly by agents and supervisors."

He sent his suit out to be pressed. He gave the bellboy the line about its being easier to tip him in a lump sum at the end of the month. He drew his clothes on gingerly, to save the creases, and took the streetcar to Classic Pictures, Inc. Classic Pictures was the brain child of Sammy Glick, Hollywood's boy producer, an amoral young man with a cold eye and a quick head. Maybe Larry wouldn't admit it to himself, but he picked Glick because the older producers knew him too well for what he was. His virility made him sense their pity and resist this condescension.

Larry was tense inside and trying to be as casual as possible when he gave his name to Doc, the receptionist.

"Larry Martin!" Doc said. "Sure I remember you."

"That's great," said Larry—he wished

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people wouldn't remember him. "I want to see Sammy Glick."

"Any special business?" Doc asked.

"Hell, yes," said Larry. "I was toying with the idea of going back to work."

Doc called Glick's secretary, Judy Castle.

"Larry Martin's out here," Doc said. "An old friend of mine, remember him? He wants to see Mr. Glick."

Larry! Larry Martin?

Judy was almost thirty-five. She had been one of those secretaries on the old lot. She had the same feeling now she used to have when she watched Larry Martin drive into the studio in his Austrian limousine, the only one of its kind in the country. One day she had been sent down to give him a message on the set; she remembered how he strode across the set to her, making a riding whip whistle in the air—she remembered being frightened by his youth and his fierceness.

She was young enough to be shy and excited then, and her message slipped under her tongue. It was a desperate moment and he had put his arm around her in front of the whole company, saying, "Take it easy, sister." He was a fresh guy and she should have minded; she looked up into his face and told him the whole message and she was all mixed up. She wished it were longer and she was sweating and blushing and glad it was over just the same.

"Can you hear me? I said Larry Martin's out here," Doc repeated.

"Oh," Judy said, making a nonstop return flight. "Send him right in."

She had thought he was dead; it was just a dreadful thing to think. She looked into her mirror; it was such a silly thing to do, he wouldn't even notice her. She daubed a bit of rouge on her cheeks to hide that studio pallor.

She could hear him coming. Should she recognize him? She didn't want to hurt him. She felt choked up. She didn't want to see him again, ever. She stared at the door, waiting for him.

Larry entered as jauntily as possible. This job was now or never and he must be casual—don't let them get inside you—that's it, smile, wink at the secretary.

"Hello, honey, is the boss in?"

"He will see you in a few minutes, Mr. Martin. Won't you please have a seat?"

"Thank you," Larry said quietly.

JUDY had expected him to tell an off-color story about waiting rooms. She had found the change she feared. He was like a great volcano that has become quiescent. He seemed to be a much smaller man than she had remembered. And not as handsome. The shock of thick brown hair that had given him a wild, careless look was gone. His hair was thinned now, and tamed. She was afraid it typified his whole personality.

There was a long silence. She had waited so many years to see him that she couldn't think of anything to say.

Larry waited an hour and fifteen minutes to see Mr. Glick. She wanted to remind him of the time he put his arm around her absent-mindedly on the old lot—she wanted to tell him what it meant for her still. She was copying her shorthand notes and banging the typewriter as loud as she could.

Finally she said, "You can go in now, Mr. Martin."

Larry went in and found a little fellow, a dark man with an unattractive puss, behind an enormous desk.

Sammy Glick was friendly and smiling—he came forward and shook Larry's hand softly.

Sammy knew the old-timer wanted a job; he couldn't insult him, and he hoped to pass the whole thing off as a social call.

Larry could see what Sammy was trying to do. Did this young punk think he was completely punch-drunk?

"Listen, Sammy," said Larry. "You and me know our business. I'm not the kind of a guy to beat around the bush. You've proved that you've got the courage of your convictions—you've got a fresh slant on this racket, and you're going up. I was the biggest director in the game and I wouldn't take up your time if I wasn't sure I could still deliver."

"Sure," said Sammy, "everybody knows what you've done, but the business is changing. You were tops in the blood-and-thunder days. I guess you could still give us cards and spades on mellerdrammer, but times have changed. That old hokum is dead and buried; the people want something new, something fresh and light; they want young love, action, music and laughter."

"Listen," said Larry desperately. "Everybody in town says I can't come back. If you give me a break you'll be the white-haired boy."

"Why kid ourselves?" Sammy said. "I am now."

Larry beat a retreat.

"How about your second-unit stuff?" he asked. "God knows I know enough about this business to swing those—"

"But the tempo's changed," said Sammy, less politely. This was getting painful.

"All the people want now is young love, action, laughter and music," Sammy recited. "I don't think you've got the pace for that sort of thing any more."

Larry stood up. He felt leaden inside.

SAMMY put his hands in his pockets. He was uncomfortable; he didn't want an old-timer like Larry Martin going out hating his guts—it hurt his pride; it wasn't good for his reputation.

"Listen," Sammy said. "We all have our ups and downs, that's the law out here." He fished into his pocket and said, "Take this hundred. You can pay it back whenever you want to."

Larry clenched his fists. This had never happened before. He was wondering if he could squash this cockroach on the blotter of his big desk.

And then something strange happened. Something hidden in Larry Martin, some alien thing that Larry did not recognize, reached out to grasp that bill. A broken voice inside him said, "Thanks, Sammy," and his hand slipped into his pocket, where the bill rested quietly, hiding from the shame.

Sammy Glick's phone rang. It was Tony Kreuger, the agent, one of his pals.

"Hello, Tony, howya, baby?" he said. "Naw, I'm not busy, go ahead."

Larry walked slowly out of the office, his chin hanging on his chest as if his neck were broken.

Judy's eyes searched him when he came out. She tried to look at him without pity, and she was able to, because she loved him. To Judy Castle he was still a force and a danger.

For Larry the show was over and he didn't have to act any more.

"Well, girlie," he said, "it looks like the curtain on the third act for me. It's all over but the piano playing as you walk out."

"What did he say?" Judy asked.

"He says he wants young love, action, music and laughter," Larry said. "He says he wants four things I ain't got."

(Continued on page 54)

Larry staggered out, Judy trying to help him without appearing to

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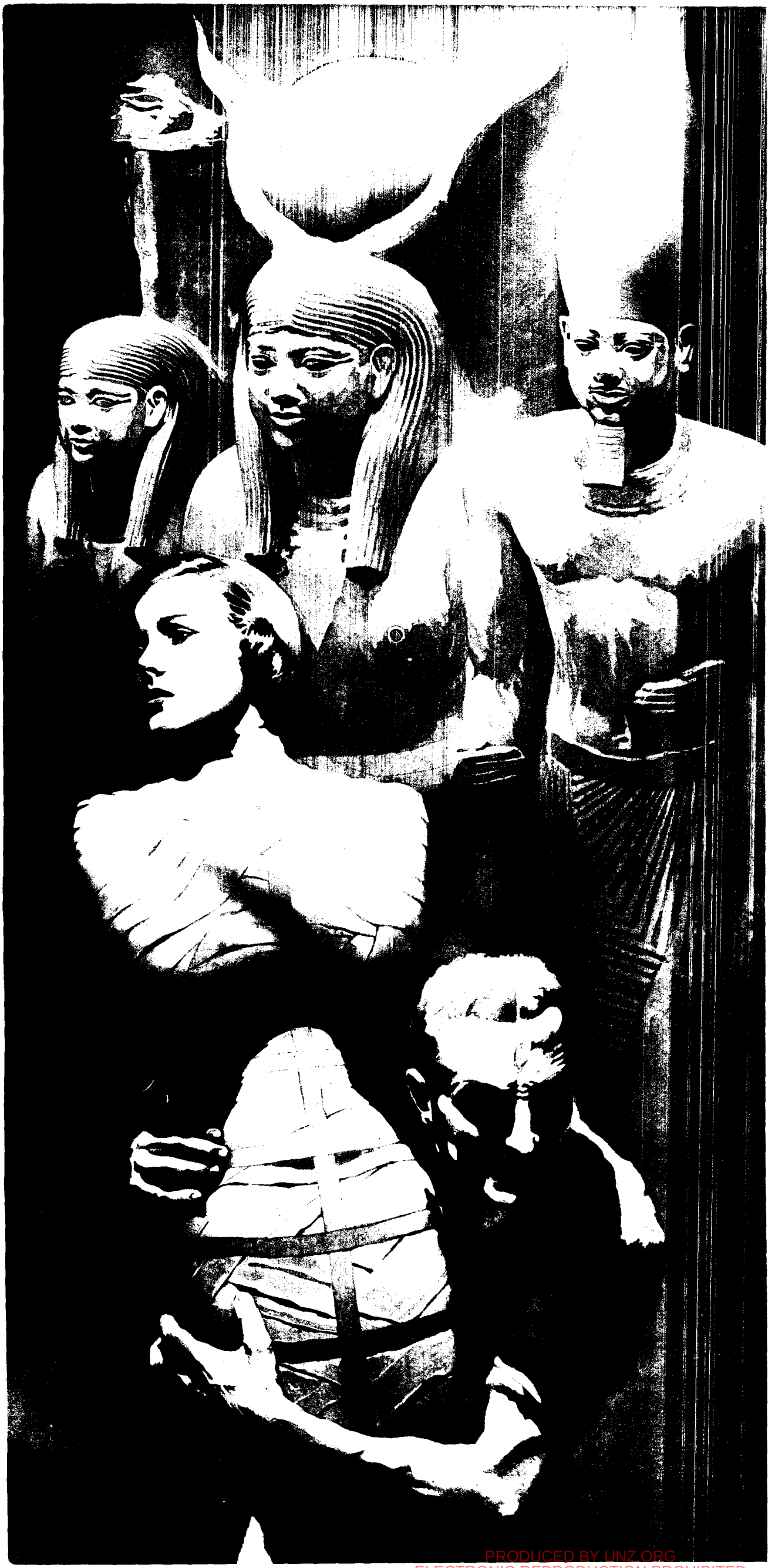

The Mummy that Walked

BY SAX ROHMER

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

Wherein, for a night, Bazarada invests the dead court of Cleopatra with life. Another gripping chapter in the career of the greatest magician of all time

BAZARADA was back in Regent's Park after his European tour. The Arab butler, the colored cook, Laroo, petulant but lovely, all were here again. Buzzy was preparing some new illusion in the workshop at the end of the garden, formerly the study of the journalist to whom the house had belonged.

He had resumed his old place in London.

The long, low lounge with its peculiar appointments buzzed with notabilities once more. Mediums were tested and almost invariably exposed; queer things occurred; and Satan, the black puma, had discovered a means of opening his cage and would look in at unexpected moments. I noted, however, that these visits usually took place if the conversation became boring.

Bazarada's sense of humor was peculiar.

One night, however, must always stick in my memory. Dulake, the well-known antique expert, an old acquaintance of Buzzy's, and myself had been the only guests at dinner. Laroo, her long lashes lowered disdainfully, recognized that a conference of some sort was to follow, and remained consistently disagreeable throughout the meal. I must admit that Dulake's conversation was heavy. Buzzy, Dulake and myself presently retired to the lounge.

"Can we talk now, Bazarada?" said Dulake, a tall, lean man, iron-gray and of military bearing. "I mean, I take it your friend is discreet?"

"Maurice," Bazarada replied, dropping into an armchair, "is invariably my confidant in any little tangles I may attempt to unravel."

He raised his hand as the Arab entered, bringing to us that amazing array of beverages which Bazarada alone among my friends delighted to offer to his guests. When the Arab had retired:

"You know something of the difficult position in which I find myself," Dulake went on, "but if you are to advise me I shall have to give you full details."

Bazarada nodded and, leaning back in the armchair, closed his eyes.

"The situation is this," Dulake went on. "Until recently, only a few Egyptologists were aware that the mummy of Cleopatra had ever been discovered. As all the world knows now, it had been for many years a cherished possession of the Campani family, descendants of the Italian archaeologist who secretly unearthed it. The family today is impoverished. I succeeded in obtaining this unique exhibit on behalf of the British Museum. And the mummy, of course, is now in the Second Egyptian Room, a center of attraction for thousands of visitors."

The door, which was ajar, opened silently, and a black shape glided like a shadow across the carpet

Bazarada lifted Laroo and walked through the first room and into the second. It was uncanny in that half-light, surrounded by the relics

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"Are you the foreman of this party?" the constable asked. "Sure," Bazarada replied

toward Bazarada. Eyes resembling huge emeralds glittered in the lamplight.

"Good God!" Dulake exclaimed. "What is it?"

Satan, the black puma, had come to say good night!

It crouched at Bazarada's feet to be petted, and when Buzzy stroked its beautiful head it uttered a sound which resembled a cat purring through a microphone. The statuesque figure of the Arab was framed in the open doorway.

"I might have warned you," said Bazarada, "but Satan has now earned the privilege of coming to see me sometimes after dinner. Pay your respects to Mr. Dulake, Satan."

The graceful but dangerous animal turned obediently across, and lay down at Dulake's feet. Very gingerly Dulake stroked the wicked black head.

"Now say good night to Maurice!"

SATAN moved over to me—and as I looked into those glittering eyes fixed upon mine, I conquered, but only just conquered, a desire to stand up and defend myself. I patted his head, then:

"*Ta'âlahîna, Sheitan!*" the Arab called.

Purring softly, Satan went out of the room.

"That quite startled me!" Dulake declared, hurriedly taking a drink, and staring at Bazarada as though he suspected he might be mad. "Where was I? . . . Oh, yes! I must try to be brief—"

"If you please," Buzzy murmured.

"In this transaction with the British Museum I was not acting alone. I was associated with Benimo. His reputation may be known to you. He is one of the foremost experts in Europe—and easily the most brilliant antique faker living today!"

"You surprise me, Mr. Dulake," I said. "Some fine pieces have been shown in the Benimo Gallery in Bond Street."

"Quite true. He has handled some of the finest. He knows the real thing when he sees it and—I thought I did!"

He paused and uttered a sound not unlike a groan.

"I learned two days ago that the mummy of Cleopatra now on exhibition in the British Museum is a *duplicate!* Only one man in the world could have done such a thing. The authentic mummy is still in Benimo's possession."

This was certainly staggering.

In common with thousands of others I had visited the Egyptian Room when the new exhibit (acquired by the museum at a cost of twenty thousand pounds) had been made accessible to the public.

The mummy was not unlike other mummies, but the sarcophagus lid which was shown in an adjoining wall case represented in relief, very beautifully executed, the face and figure of perhaps the most glamorous woman in human history. Dulake's name had been freely associated with this sensational acquisition, and there had been protests from the Egyptian government. But Campani's piece of smuggling dated back to a time when the present restrictions had not been applied. The claim of the British Museum was upheld. Backed by the great reputation of Dulake, none had challenged the thing's authenticity. Now, looking across the room, I saw a stricken man.

"Exact though the duplicate is," Dulake muttered, "sooner or later someone will find what I failed to find. On that day I am ruined!"

Bazarada opened his eyes.

"Do I understand," he said, "that this man Benimo, seeing an opportunity to purchase the mummy, got permission to examine it in the Villa Campani?"

"He did. He missed nothing. He took dozens of photographs."

"And prepared such remarkable duplicates—of the mummy and the sarcophagus lid—that *you* were deceived?"

"Exactly what happened! You see, he is a genius in his own way."

"But the mummy!" I exclaimed.

"Is that of a priestess of the same period, which Benimo had had in his possession for a long time. The peculiar wrappings and other features he reproduced. The painted sarcophagus lid he made patiently in his own workshop!"

"What was his object?"

"Revenge. Three times in my capacity as expert I have detected forgeries in famous collections which have been traced to Benimo's workshop. He has always managed to produce evidence to show where the pieces were acquired. Myself, I knew that he had made them. Now—I have lent my name, my reputation, and as his agent have sold one of his duplicates to the British Museum."

There was a long period of silence. Bazarada's house was curiously silent at night. Dulake was watching Buzzy almost feverishly. Buzzy's eyes remained closed.

"Of course, you dare not admit your error to the museum?"

"Impossible!"

"Where are the authentic pieces?"

"In a specially made case in Benimo's office behind the gallery. The case is kept in a large cupboard; and the cupboard is locked."

"I will look in there tomorrow. That part is easy. Did he offer to sell?"

"Yes," Dulake groaned—"for fifteen thousand pounds!"

ON THE following day Bazarada and I visited the British Museum.

We made for the Egyptian Rooms. The mummy of Cleopatra in a case in the center of the Second Room was difficult to approach, so dense was the throng about it. But the top of the sarcophagus, a portrait in relief of the queen, which occupied an adjoining wall case, claimed an even larger audience. Finally, however, we penetrated to the mummy, and Buzzy ran his fingers very lightly over the glass lid.

"Rudimentary," he murmured.

We made our way through the throng to the second exhibit.

Looking at it and realizing that it was the work of a modern craftsman, I knew why Dulake had called him a genius. It might have been molded on a woman's body, so flawless was the anatomy. Cleopatra was represented diaphanously veiled. Her figure was exquisite, and the painted face, with the long dark-ened eyes, held a mocking witchery.

As we extricated ourselves from the crowd in the Egyptian Rooms:

"Would you take my card to Dr. Letchmere?" said Buzzy to an attendant.

"He is not here at the moment, sir."

"The assistant curator, perhaps?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Warrington is in his office."

A few moments later an intelligent-looking man, wearing spectacles, but having an athletic build and great vigor of movement and address, came up eagerly to Bazarada.

"What can I do for you, sir?" he asked. "My name is Warrington. Your name is familiar to me."

"I was wondering about the exact procedure," said Buzzy in his clear voice, "in regard to obtaining expert opinion about proposed purchases. Can I throw myself upon your mercy and ask you to inspect them?"

"Certainly—it would be a pleasure. We are always delighted to help in this way."

"They are rather hefty pieces!"

"No difficulty about that, sir, if you will look after the transport." Mr. Warrington smiled happily.

"DO YOU mean that if I pay the carriage charges, you will give your opinion without charge?"

"We should be honored."

"Many thanks," said Bazarada; "but as I told you these pieces are rather large." We were standing near an entrance door, and Buzzy was stroking the lock as though he loved it. "I assume you have some sort of store where heavy stuff is deposited?"

"Naturally," said Mr. Warrington in his enthusiastic way. "If you will be good enough to come along I will show you the store."

We descended the main staircase and then went down farther. Mr. Warrington opened a door and I found myself in a place not unlike a dock warehouse: crates, boxes, parcels, were stacked about in orderly confusion.

"Big stuff is delivered here direct by the lorries," Mr. Warrington explained; "the smaller things, rings, scarabs, and so forth, don't come in here at all. But if you want an opinion on your proposed purchases, Mr. Bazarada—"

"Pardon!"—Buzzy raised his hand, smiling—"there is no *mister*. Bazzer as in jazzer, and ardor as in love!"

"Oh! I'm sorry— *(Continued on page 34)*

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For the crowd, Eddi
raised his voice. "Like
her?" he inquired loudly.
"And how!" they yelled

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Story Thus Far:

WHILE working in a theater in the small Southern town of Karnak, Eddie Lawson, a dancer, and Tiny Martin, a musician, meet a girl whose voice is so appealing, so extraordinarily lovely that both young men feel sure it has Broadway possibilities. But Linda dare not accept Eddie's suggestion that she go to New York under his management — what *wouldn't* the gossips say!

Go she does, however. For Eddie marries her —with the understanding that he is doing so only to make it possible for her to go to New York with him without scandal. Accompanied by Tiny, he takes her to Manhattan.

Meanwhile, Morton L. Bemis, a lawyer from the Middle West, has been murdered on Long Island by one Andrew North, a racketeer, to whom he had confided an interesting secret known only to himself: Eddie Lawson is, in reality, Oscar Blunt; and Oscar Blunt is the owner (although he is not aware of it) of stock worth more than a quarter of a million dollars!

Unaware of Andrew North's activities, Eddie —arrived in New York and ensconced with Linda and Tiny Martin at "Mother Hubbards," a cheap theatrical boardinghouse—is surprised to learn, to be so informed wherever he goes, that the big-shot racketeer, Andrew North, is looking for him, is anxious to meet him as soon as possible. But he has little time to worry about North's sudden interest in him; he is busily engaged in showing Linda the town, escorting her to the various points of interest, including the night spots—for the most part, those *not* patronized by Park Avenue.

Among Eddie's friends (and he has many) is a night-club entertainer and hostess: Honey Reardon. Honey, a tall, vivacious, extremely clever blonde, takes an instant fancy to the little Southerner; and when, in Honey's simple three-room flat, Linda sings for her she announces, with enthusiasm, that Eddie has picked a sure winner!

A few minutes after Linda has sung, Danny Reardon, Honey's brother, comes in. Danny is a member of the New York police force. Eddie refers casually to Andrew North, mentions the man's inexplicable wish to meet him—impecunious, unknown Eddie Lawson.

Danny listens. Then: "Andrew North spells only one thing." "What's that?" Eddie asks. "*Trouble,*" says Reardon.

IV

"THAT," stated Eddie Lawson sternly, "is a microphone."

"Sho' 'nough?" Linda gravely regarded the tin can which had been nailed to the top of a discarded broomstick. "Didn't tomatoes live in it once?"

"That was in the old days—before science started going places. It's a mike. Don't sing into it. If it's the right height and you're standing the proper distance from it—the pickup will be okay. Sing to your audience, and play the field. Don't sing in one direction only. Now try it. Give me the one you rehearsed yesterday. Let's go."

Linda sang: softly, persuasively, provocatively. Her eyes were downcast; she was demure, aloof, untouchable. Then her lids were raised and blue eyes danced into Eddie's and she sang:

"Starlight brings you back to me
In a dream of ecstasy . . ."

—and Eddie thrilled to it. At the conclusion of the song he explained, "You could make any guy believe you meant him alone. It's a quality you've got . . . a sort of sweetheart-to-the-universe trick."

"That's quite an assignment, isn't it, Eddie?" She turned away from the forlorn tomato can. "May I rest a minute? You've had me standing heah an awful long time."

She dropped into a straight chair and faced him. They were quite close, Linda's room being very small and intimate. She asked, "You're not discouraged about me, Eddie?"

"Don't be silly."

"I'm not. Honest. But I cain't he'p wonderin' sometimes if you don't feel that maybe you made a mistake. All this time we've been in New York . . . well, I know it's mighty trite to say—but the place seems so big, and there are so awful many night clubs—"

"So many awful night clubs. Now get this, Linda—and get it straight. You've got what it takes. You're all set to pin their ears back. And before you know it I'll have lined up a good job for you."

There were heavy footsteps outside and a rap on the door. Eddie said, "Come in," and Tiny Martin entered. His cherubic face was beaming. He said, "Hi-ya, Linda. How's the Karnak nightingale?"

"I'm cultivatin' a distaste fo' tomatoes, Tiny. An' you?"

"I've come with good news." He turned to Eddie. "Listen, Mug—how would a job sound to you?"

"You mean," inquired Eddie, "with a salary and everything?"

"A salary, yes. I can't guarantee the 'everything.' Max Aronson wants to see you right away and that usually spells ten per cent."

"Hog dog!" said Eddie, and Linda asked, "Who's Mr. Aronson?"

"My agent," explained Eddie. "I'm on my way. Stick around—you two."

He descended the stairway like a young avalanche. Tiny sank into the chair he had vacated and said, "Maybe it really is a job. Max sounded that way."

Linda said, "I hope so. I think he's been worried."

"Shuh! Eddie never worries. He may border on nervous prostration sometimes, but he never really worries."

"What kind of a job, Tiny?"

"M. c., I reckon. Some jernt or other."

Linda's tiny face was serious. She asked, "With his ability, he ought to get a job easily enough, oughtn't he?"

"Who knows, Half Pint? He's good—a darn' sight better than a lot of these palookas who grab a fat pay envelope every Saturday night. Trouble with Eddie is, he's too shy."

"Yes," agreed Linda earnestly, "he sho' is that, Tiny—he sho' is."

"Meaning what?"

"Oh, nothin' . . . He's such a gentleman."

"You say them words, Linda—with a suspicious lack of enthusiasm." Tiny smiled. "You're a bit off the deep end about him, aren't you?"

She didn't meet his eyes. "I like him heaps."

"No more?"

"These are real big heaps, Tiny."

"And he's shown no symptoms at all?"

She tried to smile. "You never imagined such restraint."

TINY patted her hand. "He's fast asleep, Linda. One of these days he'll wake up."

"You reckon so?"

"It's bound to happen. He ain't *that* dumb."

They talked about less personal things. Half an hour later, from the downstairs hallway came a war whoop. Eddie's voice, raised to full volume. "Wooooooooow! I'm an actor! I'm a real, honest-to-goodness actor!"

They rushed to the door in time to see Mother Hubbard, dustcap on her head and broom in hand, block Eddie's upward rush.

"A job, Eddie—really?"

He flung his arms about her ample form and kissed her enthusiastically. "You get paid every week—for a few weeks. I'm a full-fledged master of ceremonies."

Linda's voice joined in the chorus. "Not sho' 'nough?" she called down to them from the head of the stairs.

"Sho' 'nough—sho' 'nough!" yelled Eddie. He fought through a press of more or less jobless troupers who poured into the hall. They shouted congratulations and asked "Where?" and Eddie said, "The Race Course. An extremely distinctive spot. Extremely rotten . . . but they pay off in cash."

He was upstairs then and in the room with Linda and Tiny. Mr. Martin slapped him on the back, and Eddie reached down to kiss Linda—with exasperating impersonality. He was like a kid on the first day of summer vacation, bubbling over with enthusiasm, effervescent with happiness. "It isn't much—but it's something. You remember, Linda—we went there the first night we were in New York. Their m. c. got delirium tremens and that's why I got the job—they know I never drink much. Looky, Linda—have you ever been to a gala opening?"

"I never have, Eddie."

"Well, you're coming to one Friday night. The gala-est opening ever held East of Broadway, not counting the class spots. You and Tiny and Honey and Danny and everybody else I know that's out of work which their name is legion. It'll be something you never saw before, and will never want to see again. They'll have my name out front—"

"In lights?"

"In chalk. And it'll be fun. . . ."

They enthused with him. Then Eddie grabbed Tiny and said they had to be on their way—rounding up guest artists for the gala opening. He waved goodby to Linda and promised to see her at dinner.

DURING the next few days Linda saw little of Eddie. But what she did see delighted her. And then Friday night came—and the weather was pleasant, and Eddie donned somewhat worn dress clothes, and Linda looked slim and dainty and beautiful in a revealing little dinner gown, and all the boarders at Mother Hubbard's wished Eddie luck and promised to patronize the Race Course if they ever got money enough, and at ten o'clock Tiny and Honey drifted in and the latter gave Linda a little corsage of rosebuds. "From Danny," she explained. "He can't come. Somebody had to pick tonight to get himself murdered . . . but he sends love. In a nice, gentlemanly way, of course."

At ten-thirty, when they arrived at the little place east of Broadway, it was virtually deserted.

But at eleven o'clock cash customers actually did begin to arrive. And by fifteen minutes after midnight the place was jammed, much to the astonishment of the habitués. Then Eddie pressed Linda's hand, said "Here goes!" gestured for the spotlight and walked smilingly out into its circle of radiance.

He made an introductory speech, saying nice things about the Race Course in a left-handed way; kidding himself and the management and the patrons. He invited everybody to feel at home and not to worry about the checks which would be presented later. "They'll be high enough," he explained.

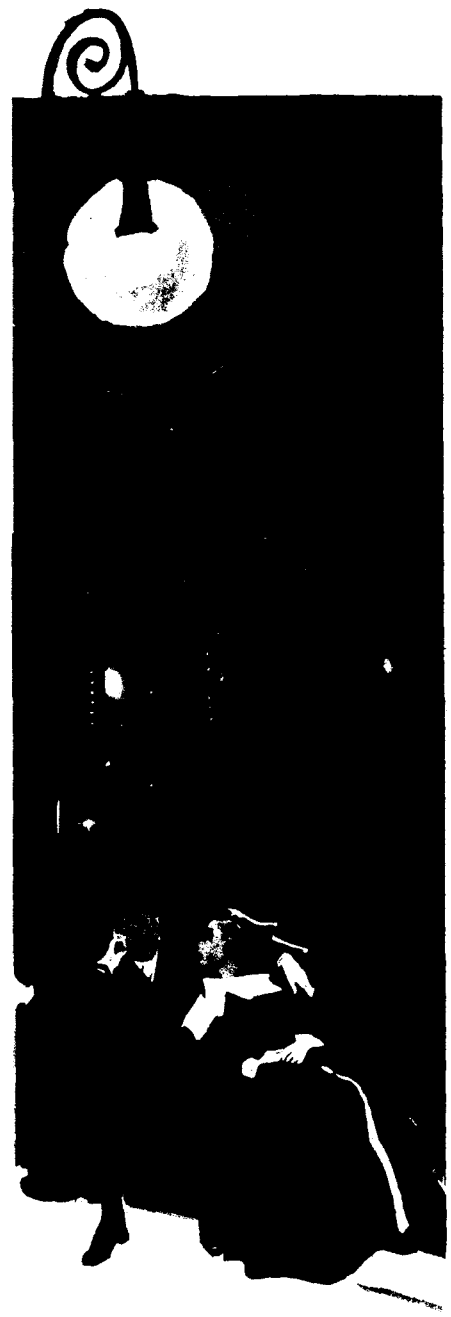
He introduced a parade of second-rate acts: blues and torch singers like Honey; a pair of excellent equilibrists; a large lady and a little comic whom she banged around unmercifully; a melancholy gentleman with an excellently trained French poodle, a half dozen assorted tap dancers, a magician. He himself sang a number and did a brief tap routine.

The crowd was in a grand humor. The gala opening was really a success.

And then, without warning, Eddie Lawson stepped up to the floor mike. He commanded silence and, miraculously, got, considering the time and the place, a reasonable amount of it.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said quietly, "I have saved the greatest treat of the evening for the last. We are honored by having with us tonight a little lady who will soon be the toast of New York—a little lady who is new, different and exquisite. And I'm sure that with proper encouragement she'll consent to make her Big City debut here at the Race Course tonight. Ladies and gentlemen—please—a great big hand for Linda Waring."

Linda's heart missed a beat, and she said, "Oh!" Honey patted her hand and



She sat close to Eddie, and gave herself over to emotions rather than words

commented, "Nice boy friend you got."

To Linda the Race Course was a blue haze stabbed by a spotlight. Her brain had ceased to function and she had the absurd feeling that if she tried to walk, her knees would collapse.

Eddie convoyed her onto the floor. Funny that she had thought it was small. Now it seemed huge, and the place barren, the faces of the cash customers indifferent and somewhat hostile. Eddie was talking soothingly.

"Hated to do it, Linda—but you got to learn sometime. Thought I'd catch you unprepared and see what kind of a trouper you really are."

Her lips were dry, and she struggled valiantly. "What shall I sing?"

"Try 'Dixie Moon is Shinin',' and give it all you've got."

HE LEFT her alone on the floor. She could feel herself being stared at by eyes which she could not see distinctly against the glare of the spot. She knew that Eddie was talking to the piano player, and then she heard the opening bars of her number. She looked small and frightened and lost . . . so that even the hard-boiled patrons of the Race Course felt a trifle sorry for her, and gave her considerably more attention than the acts which had preceded.

She started to sing. Gently. Sweetly, with a voice that was small and true, and which carried distinctly to every

(Continued on page 44)

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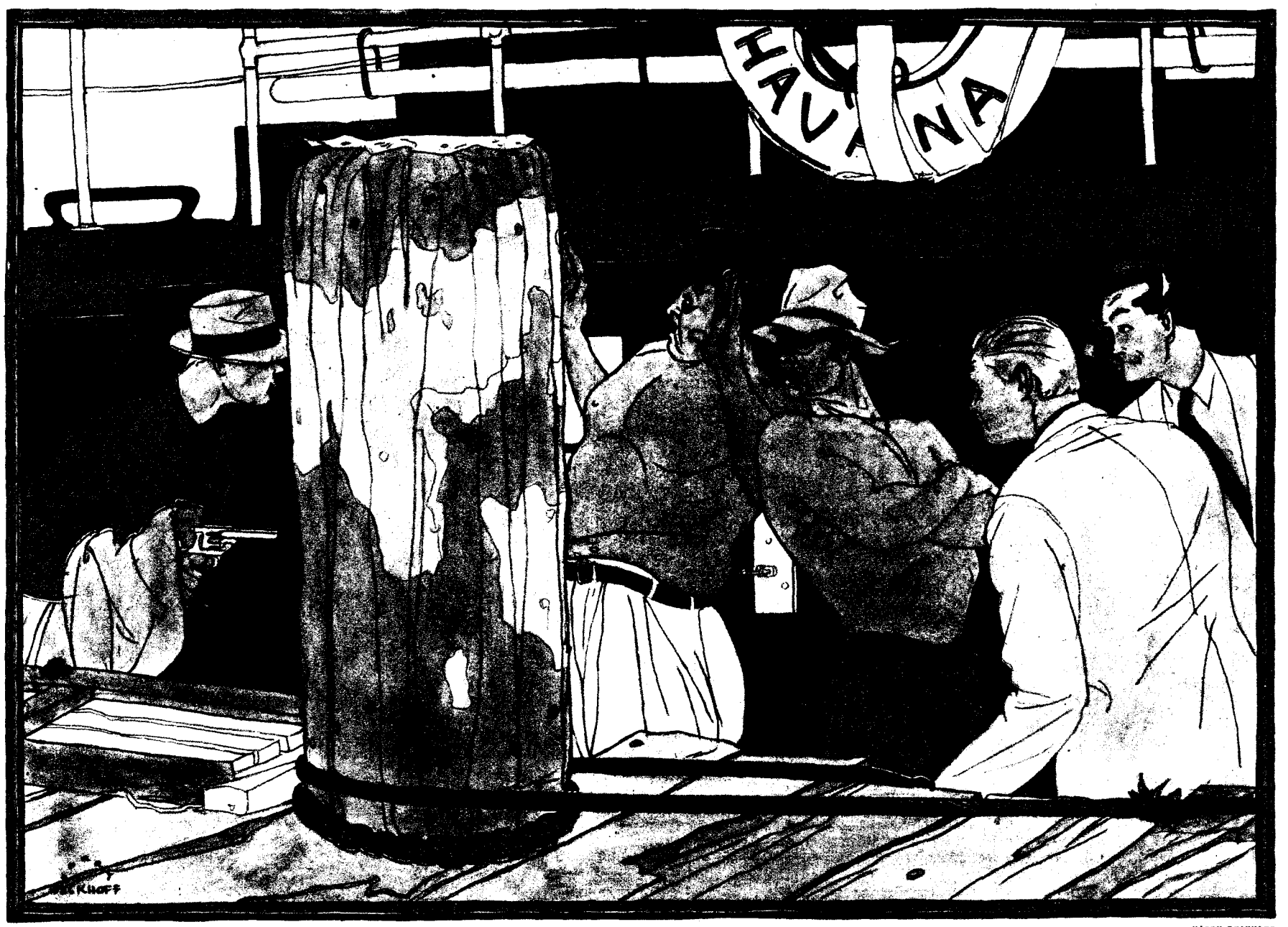

HARRY BECKHOFF

Williams stepped in front of him. Under his coat he held a revolver. "Stay there," he said

A Queen's Ransom

By Jonathan Latimer

The Story Thus Far:

AT HIS Florida estate, young Penn Essex receives three threatening letters. All are written in red ink and signed "The Eye." All demand the payment of fifty thousand dollars! When the third letter arrives—like its predecessors, almost handed to the young man by someone in the house—Essex hires a detective, William Crane, who, with his assistant, Thomas O'Rourke, at once goes to work.

Among those whom Crane interviews are: Major Eastcomb, Essex's confidential adviser (who hopes to marry Camelia, Essex's sister); Tony Lamphier, another suitor; the Bouchers—Eve and her husband, Gregory; Sybil Langley, an actress; Dawn Day, a night-club entertainer; and Imago Paraguay, once a spy in Cuba, now a professional dancer. While Crane is still considering their testimony, Camelia Essex, Penn's sister, is kidnaped!

The problem thus complicated, suspicion flickers from one person to another. Crane feels that Roland Tortoni, night-club owner to whom Essex (deeply in debt, although he has a large income from a trust) owes twenty-five thousand dollars, may be involved. But Tortoni is presently murdered, and it appears that he was not "The Eye." Count di Gregario, with whom Camelia has become infatuated, is another suspect; he is shadowed day and night by two of Crane's associates: Doc Williams and Eddie Burns.

While inspecting Essex's suite (uninvited and alone) Crane sees "Buster" Brown, Essex's bodyguard, replace *a bottle of red ink!* Inasmuch as Dawn Day's suite opens on Essex's, this gives Crane his first definite clue . . . Essex arranges to have fifty thousand dollars put on call in a Miami bank; after which he puts an advertisement in the newspapers: "Money is ready. Please contact. Essex." . . . Imago Paraguay informs Crane that she, too, is being threatened. She refuses to say anything further; but she adds: "I will give you some valuable information tonight. You may come to my room—at two o'clock."

At two o'clock, Crane goes to the girl's room, lets himself in with an "oustiti" (a device for opening doors from the outside). The girl is there—dead, a bottle of barbital beside her! A case of suicide? Crane is not at all sure. Early the following morning, he directs O'Rourke to go to Miami. "See if you can find out how well Paraguay knew Tortoni," he orders. "Okay," O'Rourke replies. "Now, how about a spot of breakfast?" Crane winces. "Breakfast!" he moans. "I'm never going to eat again!"

VII

AFTER an hour's ride over turquoise water dotted with uninhabited gray-green keys, Key West appeared very large. The rented amphibian passed a beach with thatched-roofed cabañas on it, a hotel with gardens and tennis courts, a crumbling red fort and circled for a landing in calm water outside the entrance to the submarine basin. Deftly the pilot met the water in an easy glide, then gunned the amphibian to the landing dock, passing within a few yards of the regular Miami-Key West seaplane. Two men in blue overalls caught ropes, eased the ship to the dock.

The pilot grinned at Crane. "Not a bad trip," he said. He had blue eyes.

"It was fine," Crane said.

Tony Lamphier stood up. "You're sure you don't mind my coming along?" he asked.

"No. I'm glad to have you."

"Really?"

"Yes. Really."

The pilot asked, "When will you be going back?"

"Not until after lunch."

"Okay."

They jumped to the wooden dock and climbed a flight of stairs to the pier. To their right, past a gray Coast Guard cutter and two neat white-and-mahogany cruisers, people were swimming. On the left, pulled up to a series of piers, were other boats, some of them quite large, and in the distance were the yellow walls of a hotel, half hidden by palm trees. The name of the hotel appeared to be La Concha. There was an odor of fish about the pier.

Crane caught sight of Williams halfway down the dock. "This way," he said to Tony Lamphier. He walked up to Williams. "Hi, Doc."

Williams was carrying his gabardine coat over his arm. His silk shirt, open at the collar, was damp with sweat. "Hi," he said. He wiped his neck with a handkerchief. "This place is hot." He told them the count was on a boat.

"Which boat?" Crane asked.

"That tub with the green paint on it."

The boat was fat and grimy and there were uncoiled ropes on the deck. SYLVIA was printed in black letters on the bow. Forward two dark men in dirty work pants lounged with cigarettes.

Followed by the others, Crane jumped to the deck. One of the men came toward them.

"Who do you want?"

"Di Gregario," said Crane.

THE man was a Cuban and his bare feet were dirty. "There is no one of that name here." He had a hammer-toe on his left foot.

"I saw him come aboard," said Williams.

"No, señor. There is no one of that name."

"We'll look around," said Crane.

"What's the matter, Frank?" The

(Continued on page 39)

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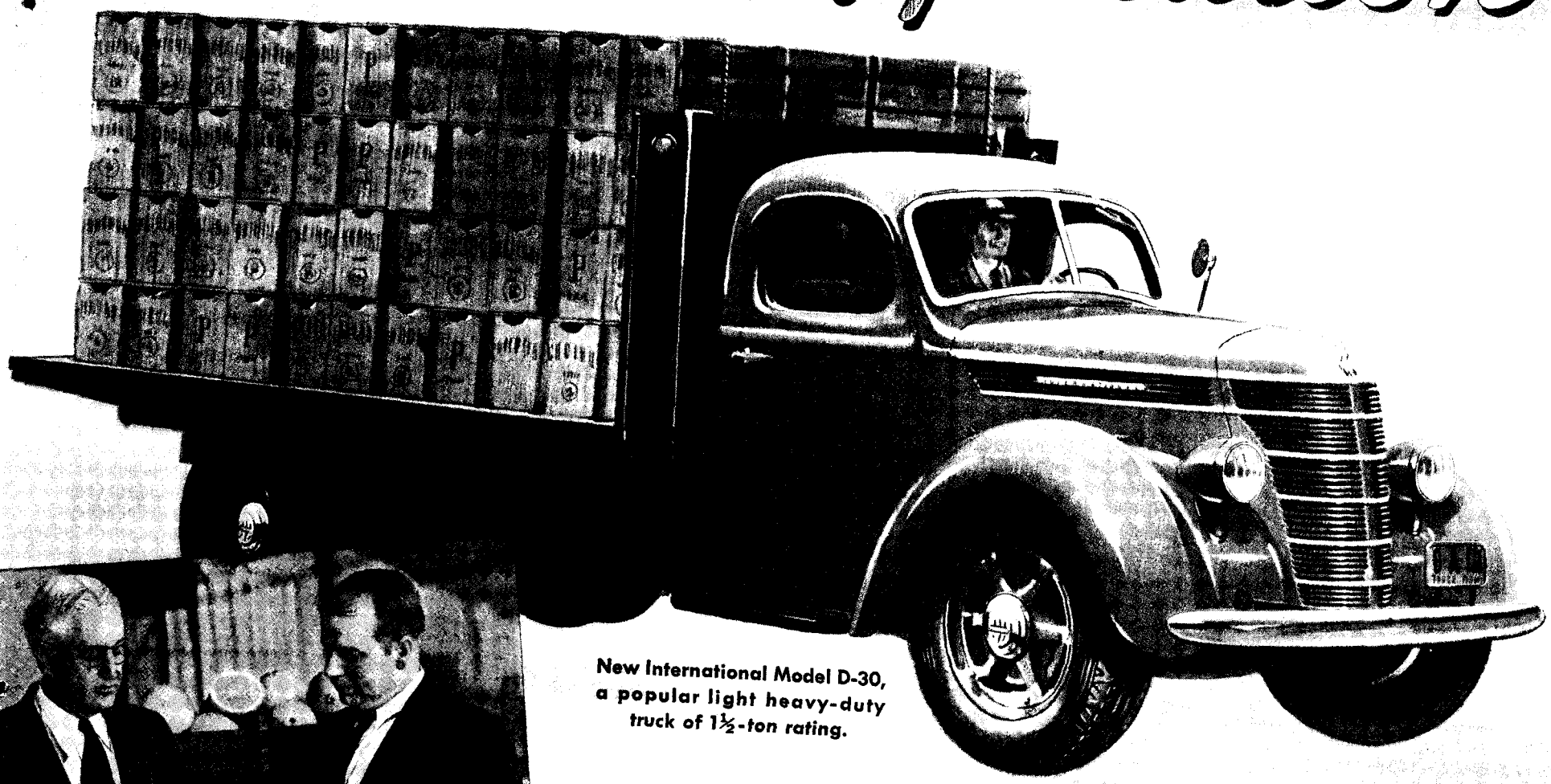
EXPERIENCE and QUALITY ..together make Reputation



New International Model D-30, a popular light heavy-duty truck of 1½-ton rating.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY,
Gentlemen:

It is with pleasure that we give you this order for eight more International Trucks to be used hauling fruit from the groves to our packing house. While we are on the subject, we would like to tell you about the record we made with Internationals last season, which we don't believe has ever been equalled by any fleet of motor trucks.

As you know, we purchased from you last year six Model CS-40 Internationals of 3-ton capacity, to be used with semi-trailers. Now we ask you to follow us closely.

With these six Internationals and semi-trailers we transported from our packing house in Dade City to the steamship lines in Jacksonville over 400,000 boxes of packed citrus fruit. At the end of the season the total mileage on these six trucks was 555,247 miles, ranging from 80,000 to 102,000 miles on each truck. The total cost for repairs due to natural wear was only $93.77 for the six trucks. The trucks operated under continuous strain. Every truck has carried the maximum load on every trip as allowed by our state law, which is 34,000 pounds gross.

We are more convinced than ever that the quality and expert engineering in International trucks make them the most economical and dependable trucks on the market. Wishing you success for the years to come, we are

Yours truly,
PASCO PACKING ASSOCIATION
By L. C. Edwards, Jr.

International reputation on the job—
L. C. Edwards, Sr. and Jr., of Tampa, Florida, write us the letter shown here.

Divide a $93 repair bill by 555,000 miles and the answer, according to Mr. Edwards of Florida, is convincing proof that "the quality and expert engineering in International Trucks make them the most economical and dependable trucks on the market."

If trucking costs are an item of importance in your business, the letter from Mr. L. C. Edwards, Jr., of the Pasco Packing Association, at the left, talks *your* language.

Mr. Edwards happens to be in the fruit business—but no matter what *your* particular business may be, there are innumerable firms with similar problems getting the same highly satisfactory results from hauling *by International*—and telling us so.

For well over 30 years, International Harvester has been building trucks with *not only* dependability in mind, but *economy of operation* as well. Time alone has not built the reputation and preference for these trucks—*performance per dollar* on the cost sheets has been the answer.

Today Harvester experience and high-grade workmanship are available *in a completely new line* of Internationals ranging in size from light-delivery units to powerful six-wheelers. At your service, at all International dealers and Company-owned branches.

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INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

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Private Life of an Orchid

By Frank J. Taylor

The yellow orchid shown below is a highly hybridized variety of Brassa-Cattleya and its name is Sunrise

It starts life as a bottle baby, a seed so tiny you can't see it and so delicate that only ten out of a million survive. Seven years later it's ready for the market and milady's corsage. Here's why orchids cost so much

Above, a purple bloom that is the product of an American hybridization. It is called "Helen Armacost"

ORCHIDS," insisted Mr. Ben Bracey, "are about the commonest of plants. Why, you couldn't drive up the coast without seeing thousands of them! But," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "you'd never know them."

So there you are. Orchids to the left of you, orchids to the right of you, wherever you go, except in the desert or the Arctic regions, which are about the only two places on this green round earth that one or more of the six thousand species of orchids don't like. Collectors even find them at timber line in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, bucking the ice and snow for existence.

But, if you'll take our word for it, the place to get an eyeful of orchids is the ten-acre, glass-covered farm just south of Santa Monica, California, where Ben Bracey and his brother Sidney grow them for Mr. Walter Armacost, who is the Henry Ford of the orchid industry. Perhaps you don't know there is an industry built around this exotic, fastidious flower. We didn't either. But there is, and as Mr. Armacost says, "It's built on a firm foundation—Romance."

At the Armacost orchid farm you can follow Ben Bracey all day long through the labyrinth of greenhouses and still you will have some orchids to see tomorrow. There are gorgeous lavender-shaded orchids, pristine white orchids, cocky little bronze-and-green orchids of the lady's-slipper type, graceful hanging sprays of starlike orchids from the Philippines. Outside, under a lattice protection, the outdoor Cybridium hybrids are planted in the ground.

By and by, overwhelmed with the rows and rows of pots, some only an inch and a half in diameter, others almost a foot across, each with a carefully tagged orchid thriving in it, you ask Mr. Bracey the inevitable question:

"How many orchids are there in here, anyway?"

"One million," he replies.

"You have counted them?"

"No, but we will count them for anybody who will stand the expense. I don't know exactly how many we have, but it's over a million. And we've shipped out more orchids than we've kept here. Sometimes by the carload."

A carload is around fifteen hundred adult orchids. Turning them out like that, on a mass-production basis, is big business. It runs into money, too. The more common orchid plants sell for five dollars wholesale. A super type may bring thirty times that amount. Even a baby orchid that won't bloom for years is worth two dollars. Some of the more highly prized "stud" orchids for breeding purposes run up into four figures for a single plant.

Ben and Sidney Bracey were working as gardeners' helpers on English estates when the World War knocked the props out from under them. Their father was head gardener for an estate at Tunbridge Wells in Kent. Ben followed in his footsteps, gardening first at

(Continued on page 38)

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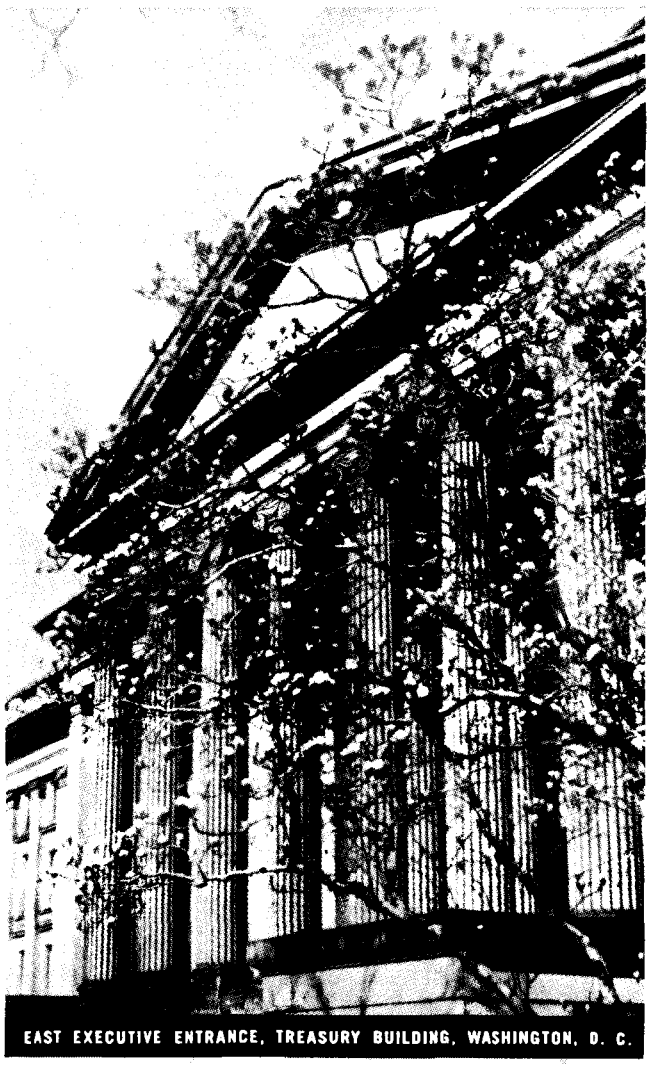
Why more than a Million People have invested more than a Billion Dollars in Savings Bonds

IN LESS THAN THREE YEARS United States Savings Bonds have made investment history. In America no other single security is held by as many owners.

Since March, 1935 when Savings Bonds were first made available, more than a million people have bought more than 4,000,000 Savings Bonds with a maturity value in excess of $1,300,000,000.

They are representative of every section of the country—men and women living on farms, in the villages, and in the cities throughout the nation.

There are six principal reasons for the widespread popularity of Savings Bonds: *First,* they are direct obligations of the United States Government. *Second,* they are non-fluctuating and cannot shrink in dollar value. *Third,* each bond if held for ten years, increases in value 33⅓%. *Fourth,* Savings Bonds may be redeemed at any time the owner desires after sixty days from issue dates. *Fifth,* an increase in value is guaranteed at the end of the first year and each six months thereafter until maturity. *Sixth,* they may be issued in the names of two persons as coowners, either of whom may redeem them.



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For what purposes have these million people bought Savings Bonds? From many thousands of letters received by the Treasury Department, these purposes lead and are noteworthy:

To Educate Children: Thousands of parents have learned that they need invest only $750 for each $1,000 to be needed in ten years. *To Set Up a Retirement Fund:* Each $75 invested becomes $100 in 120 months. *For the Future Home:* Regular purchases of Savings Bonds are a practical way to accumulate a fund for building or buying a home. *For Travel and Recreation:* Systematic Savings and investment in Savings Bonds will provide steadily-growing funds for travel and study in your own or foreign lands. *To Create a Cash Estate:* For you or your dependents, Savings Bonds are a non-fluctuating, steadily-increasing asset to acquire regularly out of income.

Savings Bonds are issued in five convenient denominations to fit almost any savings program.

Use the coupon to order by mail, or to get information on the Regular Purchase Plan.

UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

DIRECT OBLIGATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

HOW *Systematic Savings* GROW WHEN INVESTED IN SAVINGS BONDS

By purchasing a United States Savings Bond each month you can provide yourself with a monthly return beginning in 10 years, for as many months as you buy bonds.

AMOUNT YOU INVEST EACH MONTH for as Many Months as Desired	PAYABLE EACH MONTH Starting in 10 Years for as Many Months as You Invest
$18.75	$25.00
$37.50	$50.00
$75.00	$100.00
$93.75	$125.00
$187.50	$250.00
$375.00	$500.00

A Regular Purchase Plan is offered by the Treasury Department to facilitate systematic purchases. You will be reminded to save regularly, at intervals selected by you. Check coupon at right for full details.

FOR SALE AT POST OFFICES OR, IF YOU PREFER, ORDER BY MAIL

TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES, DEPARTMENT C-21, WASHINGTON, D. C.

☐ Please send me without obligation, your Regular Purchase Plan and forms for my consideration and optional use.

☐ Send me the following bonds for which I enclose check, draft or money order.

NUMBER			
.....	$25 United States Savings Bonds at	$18.75	$.....
.....	$50 United States Savings Bonds at	$37.50	$.....
.....	$100 United States Savings Bonds at	$75.00	$.....
.....	$500 United States Savings Bonds at	$375.00	$.....
.....	$1000 United States Savings Bonds at	$750.00	$.....
		Total	$.....

It is understood that not more than $10,000 (Maturity Value) of these bonds issued during each or any calendar year (January 1st to December 31st) may be held by any one person.

Register in the name of and send to

Name { *Miss* / *Mrs.* / *Mr.* } _____

Address _____

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Make all remittances payable to Treasurer of the United States.

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Deepwater Man

By Jacland Marmur

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

Those faces floated inside his brain, and the grimy faces of the men below against a network of steel rods and wooden shores to hold the ocean in check

The passengers, taking their ease in the saloon, were no help to Captain Wintermere. Beating off an Atlantic gale was a job for a man. The story of a bucko skipper who didn't like people

CAPTAIN JOHN WINTERMERE, commander of the liner Trinipal, knew hosts of people from the tight little island by the narrow sea, and from both continents of that wild ocean he so intimately understood. Important people, too, as well as the common run.

Yes, he knew a great many personages. Yet no one, properly speaking, ever really knew Captain Wintermere. He was a difficult man to know. John Wintermere, to put it bluntly, was a cynic. He didn't think very much of the human race. But in a January crossing, during the thirty-odd hours in the teeth of a westerly gale that screamed at times with hurricane force, he discovered some really important things. His senior second officer, Paul Brittly, had a lot to do with that. And, strangely enough, Captain Wintermere disliked Mr. Brittly with an intensity that was very close to hate.

There was no softness in this shipmaster anywhere. His life from the start had been hard and full of bitterness. He was a merciless martinet now, and he looked it, too. But if you wanted to get ahead at all as an officer in that line you had to jump the hurdle of Captain Wintermere's command. More than one mate gave it up in despair and shifted over to some freight-ship run. But not Paul Brittly. There was that stubbornness in him. He wouldn't be ragged off the ship. Not if John Wintermere hazed him till he wore out thin. Not if it killed him. Flint against steel. It was hell for Mr. Brittly. But he wouldn't give up. He simply didn't know how.

The Trinipal was already hammering into it when the second officer and his junior took over the middle watch for four hours of "mount misery" in that famous January gale. Where the running lights made lurid aurae for that freezing rain it looked like little glittering lances of steel were being hurled against the reeling ship. And she reeled, all right.

MR. BRITTLY frowned in quiet disapproval at the outer wilderness. From that high vantage her washing foredeck seemed weird and untrue: tarpaulin-covered machinery and the unreal part of a lower samson post reeling in foam. "She ought to be cut down," he said mildly. "This is no weather for full brute ahead. Not for the Trinipal. Not for any ship."

The junior smiled. "No?"

"No." The Trinipal took a ninth roller flush in her eyes and sent foaming splinters of it a mile on either bow. But she rocked with the shock. Mr. Brittly frowned again. "She'll get a smashing, driven this way."

"Don't you worry, Paul. He'll be up soon enough to tuck her in for the night. He's just been saving it for you, that's all."

Mr. Brittly grinned faintly. "I expect," he agreed.

"Old Sourpuss hates everyone. Including himself, I sometimes think." The junior spoke softly. Judgments like that aren't meant for the ears of lookouts or quartermasters. "But I'd trust him with anything that floats. He knows his job."

Mr. Brittly nodded. "Yes; that's so."

Fred took a turn of the unsteady darkness. "Why d'you stick with him? He hates your guts. You'll rest here second kicker till you die. Or till he does. No one gets a promotion out of the Trinipal till he gives the nod ashore he thinks you'll do. You know that. You'll never get past his hate."

Paul Brittly looked sharply at the junior, saying nothing. Fred just caught gray light on a weather-polished cheek. "Sorry," he mumbled quickly. There was a moment of silence except for the rising snarl of that Atlantic gale and the hammer of solid seas against the liner's throbbing hull. But the junior was too inexperienced to keep it in. "I know," he growled. "Everyone does. His woman run off with a West Coast engineer in the sweet Hawaiian trade. That was years ago. But it curdled him for good. Like milk without ice. He never got over it. Thinks everyone on earth's a dirty dog. But—"

"She didn't run off!" Mr. Brittly cut in sharply. "She came to him as honest as anyone and told him straight out how it was. That's decent, isn't it? What more can you ask of humans? I'd want Marta to do the same if it ever came to that." He hesitated, his voice trailing off. "But it won't! Not Marta. I know."

"All right. Is that any reason for a man to hate another's breath? Because you married his daughter six months ago? A hell of a father-in-law, I'd say. Hounding you till you drop. Bah! Why don't you clear out? That's the sensible thing. You could be chief mate right now. You'll never get it *here!* You owe it to her. Marta's fine. I can tell. You're a lucky dog that way, all right."

Mr. Brittly smiled at the raging night. He knew that much himself. His eyes took on a quiet look of serene happiness in the thought of Marta's loveliness and her loyalty. There was comfort and strength in the look of her, and it was good to come home to a solid thing like that. Someone ought to tell John Wintermere about things of that sort. But how could you break through rock?

THE Trinipal lifted heavily, shuddering with power. The spindrift ripped across the structure like leaden bursts from a machine gun's traversing fire. Then she settled, staggering under foam. A heavy tread sounded behind them. Fred moved off. Mr. Brittly kept his face against the patent weather glass. Captain Wintermere, a huge shadow materializing abruptly and in silence, stood surveying the dark empire of his command. Then he moved to a bulkhead, snapped on a small orange globe of light to peer for an instant at the barometer's face after tapping it curtly, and turned out the glim again. His voice was flat and hard: "Half speed. Both engines."

Fred jumped. "Half speed, sir. Both engines."

(Continued on page 29)

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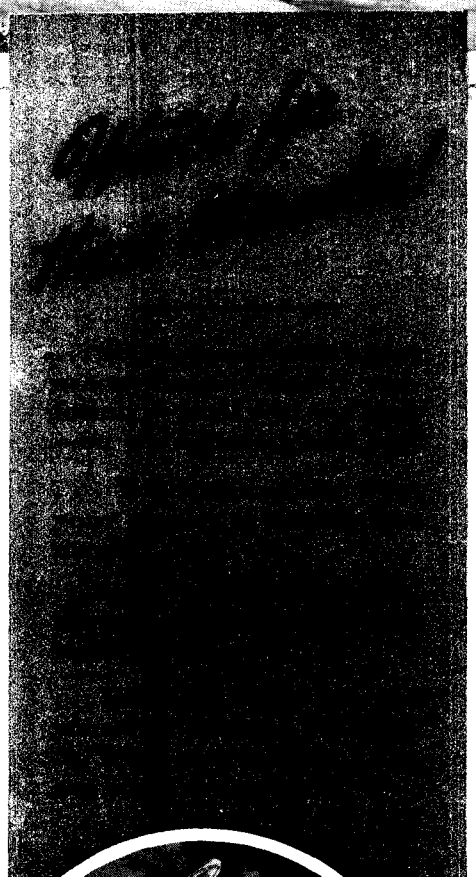
AMERICA THRILLS TO FIRST "CONDITIONED AIR" RIDE!

SHIRT SLEEVE DRIVING on zero days! It's 70° in a Nash—and Conditioned Air is fresher than the air you breathe at home.

(*Left*) BATHING BEAUTIES brave chilly weather—while shivering New Yorkers envy them the blissful comfort of a Nash!



CONDITIONED AIR for Winter-Driving! A new kind of comfort and luxury... which no one could *ever before* command, but *anyone* can have today. Nash is the world's first and only car to offer it . . . the thrill of your whole car-owning experience.

Drive through a blizzard in warmth like your living-room at home. No smoke or stuffy closeness . . . instead, oceans of fresh air, properly warmed, and circulated! All for the price of a heater.

Yet this is only Thrill No. 1 offered by Nash! Add a new kind of engine . . . "Super-Thrift" design . . . 10% more power, 12% thriftier on gasoline.

Add new sound-proofing, 25% quieter than last year's best. And a new ride with "Sea Leg" Shock Absorbers.

Add... cars so big and roomy that they become "sleepers" with a double bed.

Add... above all... **New Prices that give you a big Nash at practically small car cost!** Prices that bring thousands out of the "All Three" class!

This year, don't be a "habit-buyer"! See the Most Improved Car of 1938—and *compare values with the X-Ray System!* See Your Nash Dealer. Convenient terms and low rates offered through Nash C. I. T. Budget Plan. Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Nash Motors Division, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

GET OUT OF THE "ALL THREE" CLASS—AND GET THIS:

Lower Costs: New "Super-Thrift" engine . . . more horsepower, finer performance, greater economy, in the 3 new 1938 Nash cars!

Bigger Car: Longer wheelbase . . . roomier interiors . . . figures prove *more value* than offered by any other manufacturer.

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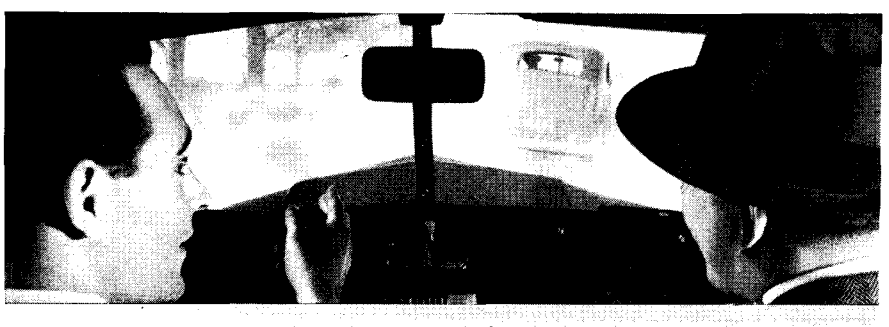
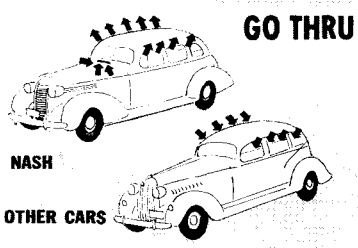
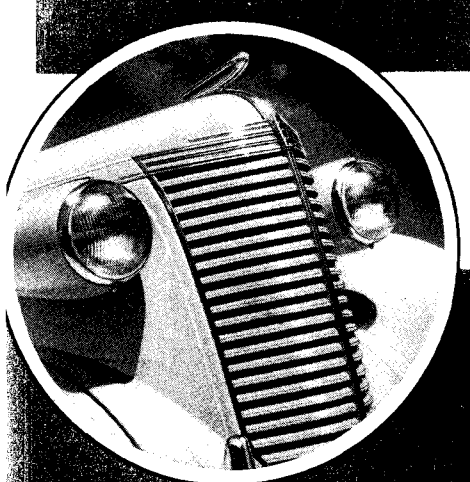




GO THRU A DUST STORM—AND STAY CLEAN!

Changes every past idea about heating and ventilating a moving car. **Other cars form a partial vacuum that sucks in cold air, dust, drafts . . . holds stale air. Nash "Conditioned Air" builds up *higher pressure* inside . . . forces out stale air . . . bars drafts . . . properly filters, heats and circulates fresh, pure air.**



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Cold-room tests at the Delco-Remy laboratory; cold-weather driving by millions of motorists . . . all confirm Delco Battery's exceptional starting qualities in zero temperatures. It pays to replace with a Delco Battery.

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MANUFACTURER OF DELCO-REMY STARTING, LIGHTING, AND IGNITION KLAXON HORNS • DELCO BATTERIES AUTOMATIC CARBURETOR CONTROLS.

DELCO-REMY PRODUCTS AND GENUINE PARTS ARE AVAILABLE AT UNITED MOTORS SERVICE STATIONS EVERYWHERE...WHEREVER YOU SEE THIS SIGN.

UNITED SERVICE MOTORS

World's Largest Manufacturer of Automotive Electrical Equipment

Mitch the Magnificent

Continued from page 14

His chief opponent, leader of the Conservatives, was wealthy Earl Rowe, owner of Spark Plug, a trotting bay.

"You cannot expect an efficient administration sitting on a horse's tail," bellowed Mitch. "If Mr. Rowe would only pay more attention to government and less to Spark Plug he might be able to talk intelligently on public issues."

"Hall, that little banty-rooster mayor of Oshawa, wanted me to run around the country debating with him," was a further sample. "I'm not ready yet to fight in the lightweight class."

And then again:

"Faced with inevitable defeat, the Conservatives are now reconciled to letting Earl Rowe pass through the wringer to purge the party."

"You cannot borrow your way to prosperity."

"I class myself as a working man, for I often work two shifts of eight hours each."

"Don't make any mistake! I believe in trade unionism."

"We stood out for you people against the coupon clippers."

Not that the campaign was lagging or needed anything to put it over but, just to make it a certainty for Mitch, Homer Martin drew his gun on a union official at his hotel in Detroit just a day or two before the election. If there had been any doubt about Mitch's victory before, that doubt was dispelled now.

Mitch burned everything up. But it all could not pass without at least one great anti-Mitch setup. That came in the town of Oshawa, where Mitch had taken hold of the strike, kept the C.I.O. out of Canada and brought order out of chaos.

Along the streets from the hotel to the hall, Mitch heard nothing but blue epithets hurled at him. The car was going too fast for him to stop and reply. This saved his prestige and perhaps his hide because that town that day was out for Mitch.

Breaking the Liberal Lines

As soon as he mounted the platform, there was a wild anti-Mitch demonstration which lasted and lasted. In the tumult, he tried to talk. His voice could not be heard. He tried his old tricks. None would work. He wanted to tell jokes. "To hell with jokes. We'll get you."

"Jeer as you like," croaked Mitch, "you can't hang me."

"You just think we can't," a voice echoed.

Mitch talked on but his voice was vacant, only his lips could be seen moving. While he was arguing tax reduction, a girl screeched out:

"Three cheers for Martin."

"Martin pulled a gun on one of his own friends," snapped Mitch.

"What about all your guns and special police?" came back the retort, suitably accompanied by volleys of booing for Mitch.

"If you want a weak-kneed vacillating leader in Ontario," he sneered, "don't elect me, because I'm going to carry on as I have in the past. You may be able to knock me down but you can't keep me down, and when I come up I'll come up smiling."

He left the hall, his collar wilted, his face covered with perspiration and his strength consumed. He gave one parting shot as he made his exit.

"You're a disgrace to the town. But I'll win tomorrow," he said.

He made a couple of campaign speeches after that hectic night. They were more in keeping with the welcome of the great star. And on the morrow he won. Ontario returned him to power with a majority of Liberals 63, Conservatives 23, other parties 4. That meant another five years' engagement.

Mitch's conduct and his campaign had occasioned no small misgivings in Ottawa. He had broken the usual Liberal lines. He had repudiated the sacred contracts with the power companies. He had declared that he was not a Mackenzie King Liberal and Mackenzie King was the high priest of Canadian Liberalism. He had called for troops when they were not necessary. He had coerced labor organizations to settle their strikes. He was not keeping to the liberal tradition and there was no telling what he would do next.

I asked Mitch what he thought of the dominion government.

"I have no quarrel with Ottawa," said Mitch. "Of course, they let me down when they would not send those troops but that's passed and gone now."

"Well, you're young," I parried. "Do you have any ambitions toward Ottawa?"

"None whatever," he snapped spontaneously. "None whatever. I have no dominion aspirations. I am quite happy here."

Going His Own Way

Certainly when I left Mitch I had the deep impression that he was an Ontario boy and that Ontario was his workshop as well as his playground. I went to Ottawa but there they were not so sure that Mitch would always stay in Toronto.

"There is no split in the Liberal party," said a youthful but very serious minister of the dominion government. "We see no danger of a split. But it's all up to Mitch."

This was an admission that it was for Mitch to call the moves. Normally, of course, the Liberal party would proceed under the very strong leadership of Prime Minister Mackenzie King but the Ontario boy is no "Mackenzie King Liberal" and has shown his ability to play the lone hand, to take up the vote-getting issue whether Liberal or Conservative. They do not know whom he is going to take with him. As they see it now, Mitch has been a friend of the great mining groups of North Ontario and of big business in Ontario. That is not so very Liberal. Then, too, while the Conservatives won't have him, he may make a swift maneuver, join with the reactionary premier of Quebec, Maurice Duplessis, and present a mixture to overcome the Liberal majority in the dominion House of Commons.

They hold it as a possibility that he is going his own way even in dominion politics. They see it as quite logical that as Premier of Ontario Mitch might control the Liberals of his province. If that is the case he will be a threat. There are today 55 Liberals from Ontario in the House of Commons. If Mitch can hold these, he will make it very difficult to govern in Ottawa without his nod. The dominion parliament consists of 245 members. At present, there are 165 Liberals who recognize the undisputed leadership of Mackenzie King, but if the 55 Ontario Liberals desert him he will have only 110 votes and that is a slim margin when the total seats are 245. Mitch, it is argued, might make common cause with the Conservatives and some of the smaller groups and overturn the government.

These are only possibilities. It is still up to Mitch.

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Deepwater Man

Continued from page 26

He caught hold of the polished telegraph handles.

"Mr. Brittly"—the commander sliced off the words with icy neatness—"it would be as well for the senior officer at least to be out where he can see."

The second turned sharply at that. It took him so completely by surprise. And before he knew it: "By Jove, sir," he was saying innocently, "see a heap more through the glass in here a night like this than out—" He caught himself up, frowning. That's the way he got you off your guard. He tossed things like that at you carelessly, when you weren't on the expect, and before you knew it you were making a human response to what seemed a human remark. John Wintermere's frigid stillness reminded him. The aura of that man's bitter cynicism was something you could definitely feel, like the impact of a solid and unyielding thing. "Very good, sir," Mr. Brittly said shortly.

HE POKED up the collar of his greatcoat, fumbled the rubber waterproof over his cap, and stepped out to the open wing. The icy sleet whipped at him with noisy glee, and the shrill wailing wind knifed it across his eyes, blindingly. He bowed his head before it. There was no other way of enduring that pouring gale and the bitter cold. Inside, the junior said something to himself it was better no one heard. But when he looked again all he saw was the large shadow of the commander's head going down his private companionway.

Captain Wintermere went out on the glass promenade where alternate globes of light shone milkily from the bulkhead. He moved aft, heavily, along the wide reach of the deserted deck. Seen against that light, his red cheekbone seemed highly polished, like old and well-kept teak. His face was square and heavy-jawed, with two stubbles of gray at the temples, and his shoulders were immense: a big, powerful man. But his eyes, deep under craggy, intolerant brows, were hard as stone and without belief. Their smile was nothing more than a veil of bitter scorn. John Wintermere's life had taught him what he mistook for truth: he had faith in nothing except the stone-cold things he could touch with his hands. Facts. And the most of these he had found unpleasant. There was no mercy in him anywhere.

He was almost grateful for that rising gale. That time of year the Trinipal had a very light passenger list anyway, and the weather would keep them on the shelf. They didn't like the way the Western Ocean roared from Fastnet Light to Labrador. It would keep him from the necessity of being nice to people he didn't respect. They were a fancy lot, he mused derisively to himself. He knew most of them a lot better than anyone suspected, gleaning his secret information from many crossings with them and their acquaintances. He had facets on their natures they wouldn't dream of. He knew what people said of them when they weren't about; the people they called friends: their business associates, their lovers, and their mistresses. Of course he held tight his tongue. But it nourished his cynicism thoroughly.

Taking a last poke along that deck before turning in, it amused him to review the dandy crowd he had at his sparse table this voyage. There was Blending, fat and tough financial wizard of a railway empire, and that lean splinter of a man, Major Breckly, who was supposed to be his bosom friend in matters both social and financial. They were so cheerfully hearty to each other, with their overfed ladies in between. Trust each other implicitly, those two, you would think. Chums. Captain Wintermere's lip curled at the cant of the spotless deck with its perfect lines of black calking.

Two voyages ago, he remembered, the retired major crossed with a famous foster son of that dour old widow of Threadneedle Street, and he heard the major outlining happily the involved scheme of mergers, chicanery, and secret market accumulations by which they intended to "heave old Blending out on his haunch." Those were the very words. It seemed to amuse him greatly. And the scheme must be going well, the major was so friendly with his prey. Prey was the proper word. Beasts of prey. It was as good as a circus, Captain Wintermere thought, watching the human savage at his game: as good as a circus seen from the wrong side of the ring, where all the props are plainly in view. But it didn't leave you very much faith.

Captain Wintermere paced leisurely to the after end of the promenade. He was just about to turn when that couple caught his eye, black shadow in the angle across the Trinipal's beam. They had the deserted deck to themselves. The way they clung to each other in oblivion, they might have been the only living things on board, seeking each other's comfort against the muffled booming of outer wilderness and night. The girl was tall and young and shapely; her evening wrap couldn't hide that. And the dim light gave her tawny hair a polished sheen and showed the graceful loveliness of a white line from shoulder to the lobe of a dainty ear.

"Tony, darling, I can't. I simply can't."

The slight hoarseness of the anguished whisper that floated to him told the commander who she was. He had her at his table, too. Bernice Hubert and her sharp-faced, shrewd-eyed mother who had married five potential fortunes in her time, but hadn't had much luck of it at that. Her fortunes were down on the beam ends now, together with her husbands, her youth, and her power. Her sole remaining asset, it seemed, was Bernice. A lovely and valuable asset, too, and one that Madame Hubert of London and New York wasn't going to liquidate at a loss.

THAT icy gleam flicked along John Wintermere's lids. He knew this thing, too. Bernice had crossed with him three times, or was it four? Tony was the fellow she met in Paris, a young painter and dry-point etcher who had the immortal fire in his brain—but not much money in the bank. Obviously, they were terribly in love. But Madame Hubert would take care of that in short order. There was no gain to be had in a marriage like that. She knew. It was a waste of time. Particularly when there was the son of a vaultful of Class A bonds waiting in New York to march her up the aisle of St. James's and out the other end smack onto the deck of a private yacht. All with the secure benediction of the church, too. It had cost Madame Hubert some managing, that! She didn't intend to see it overside.

There you were, Captain Wintermere told his ice-bound soul. That's what you learned from watching the human breed. No fear of Bernice there kicking over the traces and doing the decent thing. Not much. No profit in it. no good security at four per cent. The things that men might do, outside of slicing one another's throats! That was the poet's song; but what did poets know? Women of beauty,

Let well-groomed hair contribute to your success!

YOUR SHOES may be shined, your clothes smartly tailored—but it's good-looking hair that completes the picture. For well-groomed hair gains confidence and respect. It marks you as a man who values his appearance, a man who knows the importance of "first impressions" and wants to make those impressions count. That's why Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" are so important.

Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" help keep your hair healthy and handsome. Just apply Vitalis to the scalp with a brisk massage. Feel the exhilarating tingle as circulation awakens—your scalp loses its tightness—it becomes "looser"—your hair takes on a rich, new lustre. Then the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis help the health of your scalp by supplementing the natural oils—overcoming dryness. Just 50 seconds by the clock and your hair is better-looking—has a handsome lustre.

Now take 10 seconds to comb and brush. See how firmly your hair stays in place—just the way you want it. And there's no trace of that very objectionable "patent-leather" look.

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HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

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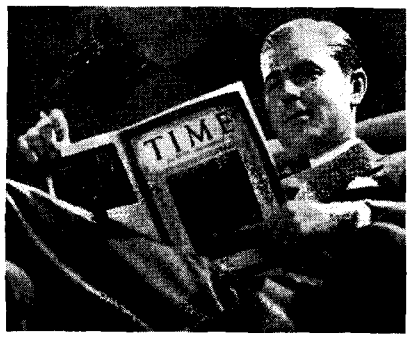
A friend who never bores you

SOME PEOPLE just prattle—the dinner table katydids.

Others (the ones you like to be with) have something to say when they talk. They may never have traveled; yet they know the world as a hunter knows his woods. Their adventurous minds are always bringing you back something new and stimulating.

Among such alive, informed humans are the readers of TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine. They are fascinated by the vast drama of the world. Their need, their craving, for all the news worth remembering—complete, brief, accurate—inspired the invention of TIME.



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they sang, were pale goddesses, full of the stuff of immortality. They had the world and all its rich goodness in their little hollow palms to do with as they wished. But they took good stock of their divinity and peddled it off at the best the market would yield.

That was the chill blast that swept through the captain's desolated mind. It made him think of his own woman, and he winced with the shock of it after all the years. It made him think, too, of his own daughter, Marta, married to that senior second mate, Mr. Brittly, up in the navigating bridge. What did he marry her for? Because her father was John Wintermere, whose word to the people ashore could push a fellow no end in that line. A subtle design for gain. Well, he'd find out soon enough for all his toughness, that lean youngster up there, that he'd get none of that in the Trinipal! He'd break him in two in the end and drive him off.

The commander remembered that Tony there, with his arms around Bernice, belonged on the cabin deck. He'd booked that way because it was all he could afford, no doubt, for his last desperate plea with Madame Hubert's hostage to fortune. Captain Wintermere was just about to step forward and order him below where he belonged. He would enjoy a thing like that. But he never did. Something happened underfoot to his ship and he stopped at once; alert, with narrowed eyes, his square jaw rigid.

It was a grinding shock. As if she had suddenly met seas made of more solid stuff than brine. The Trinipal's hull trembled with it, but she didn't stop. Captain Wintermere spun around. He sensed, more than heard, the faint summons of the engine telegraphs. He hurried now, disappearing far forward on his way to the bridge.

Up there he heard the confused murmuring of officers and men in a dark wheelhouse. Mr. Brittly was out in the wing, a black shape peering into a dismal void, with the driving sleet in half-dissolved patches on the shoulders of his greatcoat. Captain Wintermere stormed out there, bawling:

"What in blazes are you up to with my ship? What have you done to her?"

His deep voice penetrated faintly all the din of weather. Mr. Brittly's head came round, blue-lipped with cold. "Saw nothing, sir," he screamed.

"Are you blind?"

Mr. Brittly touched the commander's chest and flung up an arm.

Captain Wintermere saw it, too. It was far astern already, drifting into leeward oblivion. The derelict's iron keel and distorted bottom plates were up, turned completely turtle. . . .

THOSE of her passengers who turned uneasily in sleep that night at unaccustomed sounds put it down irritably to the beastly weather; nothing more. It wasn't till lightless morning broke that they began to show alarm.

Cold, gray scud swept dizzily overhead that sunless day, the tattered lower rags of storm. The ocean was closer now, lifting with a powerful send and flinging foaming banners for the gale to claw. It took the Trinipal's passengers by surprise. They became aware of it. For the first time. It roused their terror and their fear, and they started milling dangerously on the boat deck, starting for the bridge ladders, where husky seamen stood on guard. Captain Wintermere, out in the wing, saw them.

"What do they want, Mr. Brittly?" he asked scornfully.

"They're for the boats, sir, I expect."

"Boats? Ah, yes. Put the boats away in regular hero style and every man's a king!" Captain Wintermere's voice was derisive. "That's what comes of reading storybooks. Launching open boats in this would drown every one of them."

"Wouldn't it be well, sir, to tell them so?"

Captain Wintermere's face went bleak. "I'll thank you to keep your damned suggestions to yourself."

The thin stretch of endurance kindled flame in Paul Brittly's eyes. But he recovered, for all that tightness of his voice. "Very well, sir," he breathed. "But I'll tell you this. Those people are all right. If you'll give them half a chance; that's what you don't know. You'll manage, though you've driven me half to hell. That's good enough, if you want it that way. I can stand all you've got and then something more. But maybe we'll pull across from this and maybe we won't. So this is the time to tell you what I think." Captain Wintermere's fists clenched and his eyes blazed, but his second officer went on in that ominously quiet tone while the squalls went shrieking overhead. "You're as fine a shipmaster as ever held command, and I'll give you laurel crowns for that. But as an ordinary man I wouldn't give a plugged piece of Chinee cash for you! You think every human thing's a dirty scheme. You think I married Marta for what I'd get through you. If you think that, you're a fool! You think I'd stand what you've dished out if that was what I want? I could be sailing chief mate today in line for my own command if I'd just step out from under you. And I've had my chance for it, too. But we thought, Marta and I, maybe if I stood your dirt you'd see it straight one day. For her sake, not mine. All right. As far as I'm concerned you can go to hell, Captain Wintermere. But those people down there have a night ahead of them. There are three ships standing in to take them off, but it's got to wait till this sea moderates before we can send a single boat across. And you know it. If we can keep the Trinipal afloat that long. Why don't you tell them? Why don't you trust them enough for that? Give them something to hang to through the dark. That's all any fellow wants!"

"You insolent pup!" John Wintermere's face was red with rage. "Give them something, is it? You can't give people what they haven't got inside. But I'll give you plenty if we ever reach the shore!"

"That's where you're wrong, if it's courage you mean. They've as much of it in their way as you, and more. That's a thing you never understood. People are decent—if we'll only let them be."

"You get off this bridge!" Captain Wintermere's lip curled. "But you'd better take your pistol with you, Mr. Brittly. To fortify yourself against human decency!"

He strode off. The junior, Fred, looked at Mr. Brittly with a sad and almost hopeless grin. But the second officer went wearily down the ladder, alert against the shock of thundering seas and the sodden lunges of the Trinipal. And he told them down there, on his own responsibility, while the master wasn't in sight. He told them the truth of it, while they crowded around in a tense and sudden stillness. It was good to see what happened in their eyes, Mr. Brittly thought, and he wondered vaguely if John Wintermere would note a thing like that.

HE DID. He noticed many things during the throat-catching hours that followed. Sudden catastrophe can play strange pranks. The light it throws has a sharper quality than the light of ordinary days, a clearer, more penetrating focus. The first inkling of it startled him. Coming along the uneasy angle of his promenade where cold gusts poured through shattered glass, on his way below, he saw his passengers standing about or sitting in wedged deck chairs there as if they were taking the sun. It was a distinct surprise. They were frightened, that was plain; but in a quietly courageous way. He saw Bernice Hubert in a corner, too, talking eagerly to Tony as if they'd just heard amazing news that put all their troubles right at last. And there against the bulwark fat old Blending stood with Major Breckly. They were peering earnestly across the wilderness of oil-gray sea. They seemed serene enough, and that was strange. He couldn't help but hear their talk.

"A pity, Blending," the major drawled, "a pity this had to come. You may as well know now. We had you rigged for game. Me and the Larchmont crowd. You hadn't a chance, poor chap. In six months every scrap of Bangor Central paper would have been in our control. You'd wake up one morning and find you were out on your ear." He sighed. "A pity. I'd have enjoyed putting that over on a rascal like you."

Blending's fat little eyes twinkled. "You think I didn't know? I had the Jimson people backing me. You'd have found a dogfight on your hands, Major. Don't forget it. . . . Have a cigar?"

"Well, I'm damned! You're a slicker

"But Mother always told me I'd regret it if I saved old letters"

ROBERT DAY

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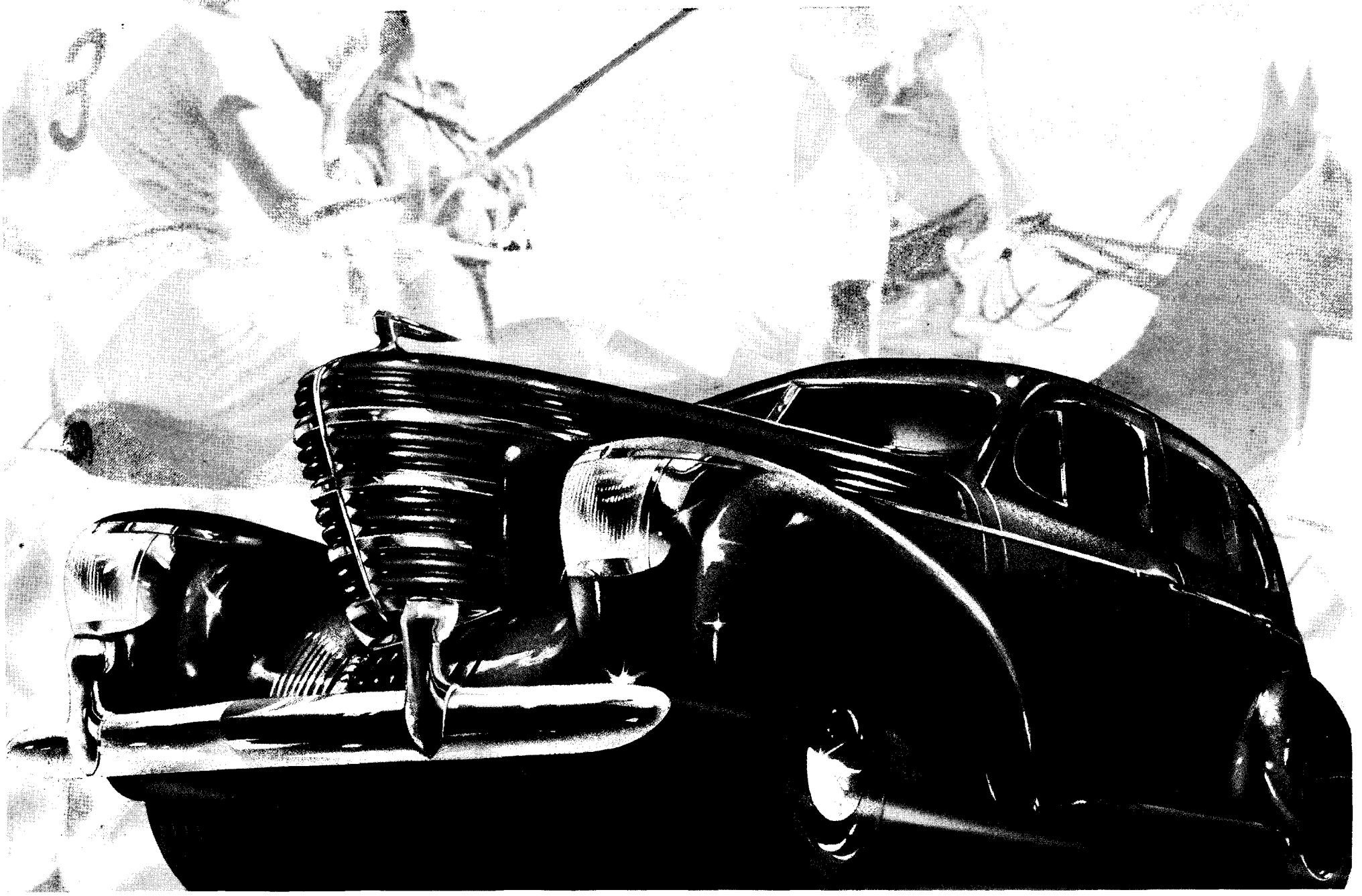

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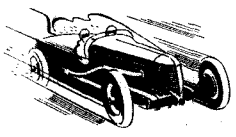

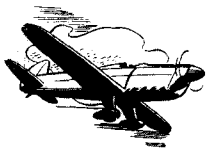

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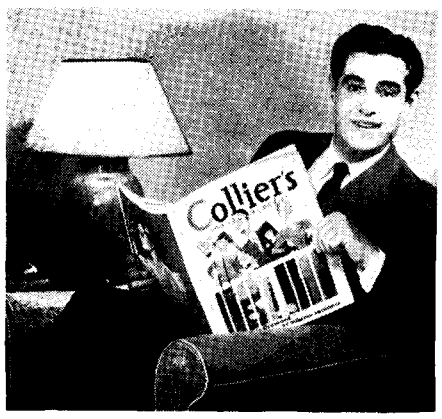

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turkey than I thought. Ah, well. Won't be so bad drowning with a fellow's good friends close at hand."

The commander heard the major's quiet explosive drifting away as he marched on. It was a distinct shock. Why, those fellows were no more than playing a game! An exciting game according to rules he didn't understand. They didn't sound bitter or resentful, and they didn't shrink away from the truth. Things were getting oddly mixed in Captain Wintermere's mind. He opened the engine-room door and went down.

"How long can you keep her, Chief?"

"There she is." The chief waved a pluck of waste toward bulging steel. "You tell *me*."

"The dynamo—"

"Long as she floats and we can keep steam you'll have your blasted dynamo. That's all I know, John. The men stay till you tell us to go. I'll see to that."

Captain Wintermere nodded his square-jawed head. But through the remaining hours those things kept ticking in his brain. Was that why they did the things he saw them do? Carelessly almost, in the eye of violent death? Because a bald-headed engineer and a stubborn shipmaster told them to? It seemed unreasonable. He began to wonder, and it was a troubling doubt. People were fundamentally decent, Mr. Brittly said, if only you gave them half a chance.

WILD night found him in the open wing of his bridge, where he could commune in solitude with the doleful whimper of the wind against the funnel guys. The snow had stopped, and he sensed the lessened weight of the heavy gale. The liner Parcifal should be showing her lights against black heaven soon. He wondered how the sea would be for the thing that had to be done. Along the promenade he caught fragmentary glimpses of passengers' faces, white against feeble light.

Those faces floated about inside his brain, and the grimy faces of the men he'd seen below against a network of steel rods and wooden shores to hold the ocean in check. What a thing for men to attempt! Up here at least he had the sight of sky, no matter how wild and dismal the light. And in those moments half his life sped past.

He'd worn three stripes in the days of the war, and he thought of that thing, too. They went, those fellows, and he'd seen them go. Saw them come back, too; some of them whole and some of them not. With the bitter disillusion in their eyes. Well, what made them do it, then? The truth was rotten and stinking, but they didn't find that out till they walked or were carried back. Yet they marched singing into hell. It was their fundamental decency betrayed them. That's what the ballyhoo appealed to: their decency. Like those fellows in the bowels of his ship, grimly patient with their eyes on the terror of a bulging bulkhead that might at any moment murder them like rats in a subterranean trap. They knew it—but they stayed. Till he should tell them it was time to go. And to John Wintermere, a bulky shadow in solitude on his bridge, that violently revealing thought was like the shocking impact of a physical blow between his crag-browed eyes.

He heard cheering. For a moment he thought it must be in celebration of the things he'd seen men do. But he saw soon enough it was a liner's lights they cheered, growing brilliant against dark night, with searchlights flinging violet beams ahead of her.

"Get Sparks to signal with the blinker," he told the chief mate quietly. "And stand by the boats."

In the gray dawn they started the first of the Trinipal's boats across.

This was the first time in all his years he'd had to watch a thing like that. He was proud of the way his officers managed it. But it left a sagging sickness in him, the way the Trinipal lifted dead beneath his feet, no more freeboard now than a Liverpool tramp. Until at last he found himself on the boat deck too, the center of the last knot of men on board. The ship lurched beneath them, strangely empty, hovering on the brink. And he looked them over dully: the first officer, a gaunt and haggard Mr. Brittly, the worn-out chief, Sparks and his assistants, and a dozen grimy men from below, with a junior engineer grinning vapidly out of sheer relief to be clear of the horror he had faced down there so long.

"Your crowd all clear, Chief?" The engineer only nodded. "Then let's get it over." He watched them clamber aboard. Mr. Brittly offered his arm, for the master was a heavy man, but he only shook his head. "I'll follow you," he said.

The boat shot down and took the sea. And Captain Wintermere never once looked back at the relic of his command. On the Parcifal he marched stonily past the goggle-eyed crowd, and only when on the bridge of that liner, beside her solemn-eyed master, did he turn to look across the sea, glittering now in pale sunshine, with the last torn welter of storm fanning into the east. They remained respectfully silent, awaiting the last of her.

Captain Wintermere made no comment. He just stood there, bleak and heavy-faced, staring across the sea. But the look of him was somehow changed. He didn't seem so hollow or so flint-rock hard, and that bitter cynicism wasn't in his eyes. He seemed a little reverent. The master of the Parcifal, of course, wouldn't know of any change. He was a lean, browned sailor with Scandinavian brine in his bones, and he pulled at the leather of his cheek.

"I can understand, Captain," he murmured, "how you must feel. But you have nothing to regret. Myself, I would not wish to have to make judgment like you for twenty-four hours of such a gale and keep some hundreds of people from going wild."

"I didn't keep them," John Wintermere said. "They kept themselves."

"Yes; it is strange." The Scandinavian master drawled agreement. "I have noticed that myself. What men can do if once they must. I congratulate you, Captain, and all your officers. To bring every soul away safe from such a thing is good. They should honor you. Yes, they should. In spite of your ship coming a total loss."

"I don't know about that," John Wintermere breathed. "I don't think it was a total loss."

The shipmaster looked at him sharply. What an odd thing for a man to say! He frowned at it, signaling his officer to send his ship along on her way. There was nothing to wait for any more. But he made some sense of it at last. "You mean, Captain," he said, "you mean some useful things have been learned from her loss? Hein?"

JOHN WINTERMERE didn't reply at once. Mr. Brittly was dragging himself up the bridge ladder. He came before his captain and stood there, swaying with exhaustion. He was on the verge of collapse. But he grinned.

"Captain Wintermere," he said, "Miss Bernice Hubert and that Tony fellow are asking to know if someone on board here can marry them at once. Two of our passengers, if you remember. They insist. What do you think, sir? Seems odd."

John Wintermere looked at him. It was plain he didn't think it odd at all. He seemed to understand perfectly. Paul Brittly was amazed. He had never before seen the human light of understanding and commiseration in his commander's eyes. It was there now, in the moment before he moved his big head on his shoulders toward where the Parcifal's master stood. "Yes," he answered him firmly. "That's just what I meant. Some things have been learned from her loss. Some very important things. Only I don't know just how I can tell a board of inquiry that." Then he turned his back on the sea and met his second officer's puzzled stare again. "We'll tell them it can be arranged," he said. "Will you help me down, Paul? I am very tired. But I thought maybe first we could send a wireless. To Marta. You and I. And I want to congratulate Bernice."

"Of course, once you're in the air, a lot depends on you"

LEONARD DOVE

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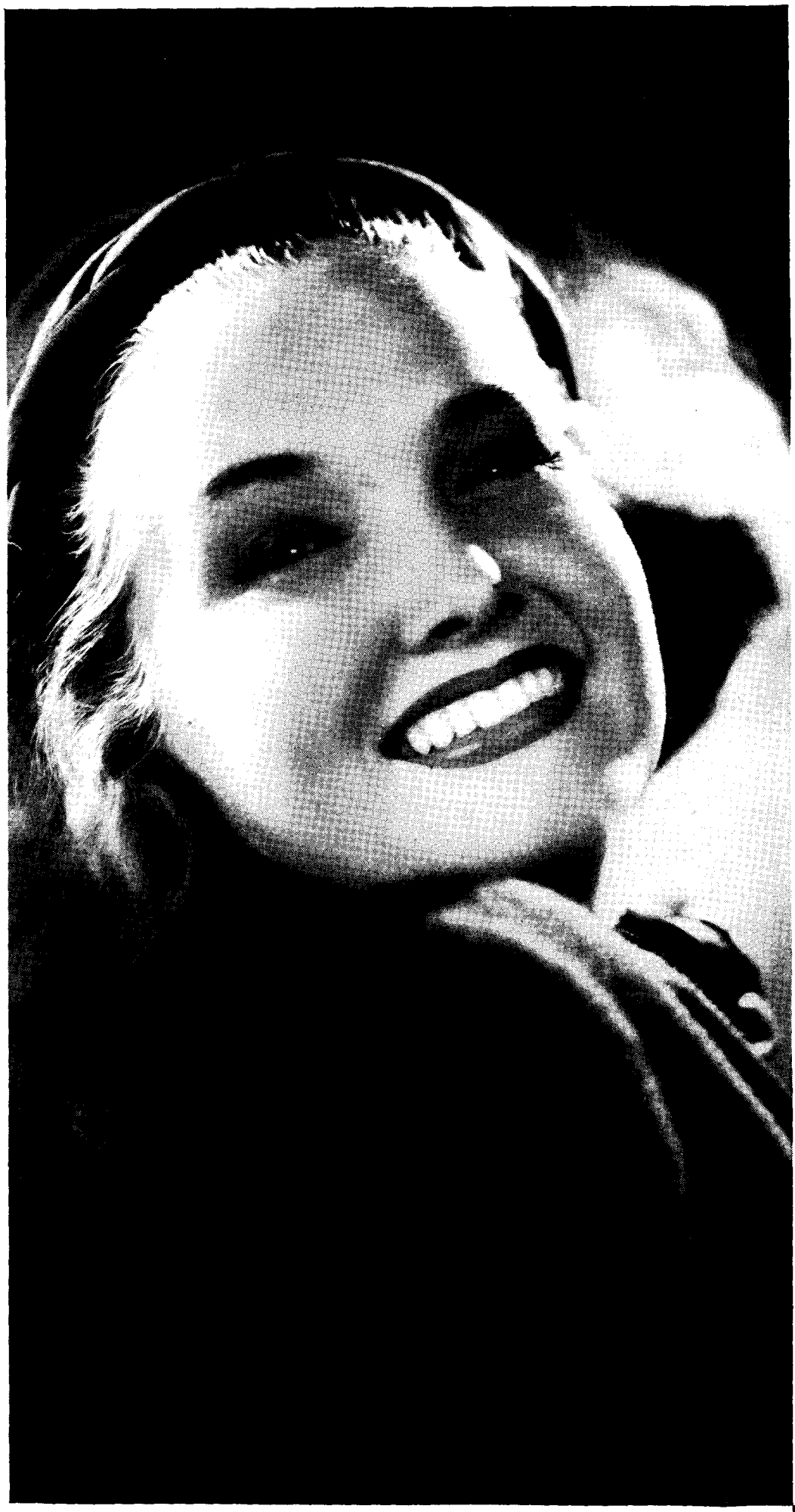

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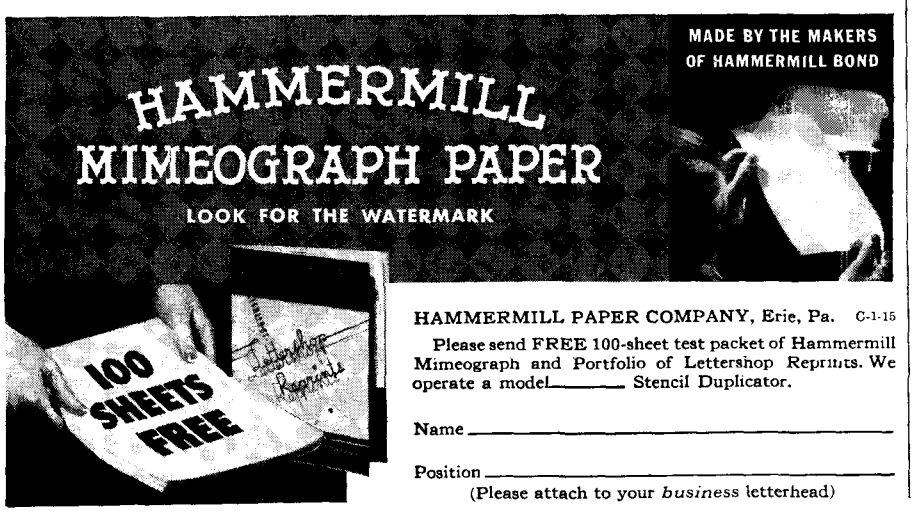

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The Mummy that Walked

Continued from page 19

Bazarada! If you will arrange for them to be delivered here, directly Dr. Letchmere has had an opportunity of looking them over, we'll notify you, and expect you to take 'em away."

"I am much obliged," said Buzzy. "Up to what time could I deliver them?"

"Get them here before five, when this place closes, and I'll do my best with the doctor to have them examined on the following morning. That's the office, through there, where the stuff is checked in."

"How do the clerks get out if the doors are locked at five?"

"Office communicates direct with the street. So I shall expect your pieces before five tomorrow."

"I can arrange that. I suppose things are quite safe here?"

"Rather!" Mr. Warrington smiled. "We not only lock up carefully but we also have patrols."

"How often do the patrols go around?"

"Every hour. They register their visits on time clocks in the various rooms." Mr. Warrington smiled. "Your Egyptian antiquities will be quite safe here, I assure you."

THREE nights later I assisted in a burglary of the Benimo Gallery in Bond Street.

In a small truck which either belonged to a well-known express company or which was an exact duplicate of one of their vans, I was driven to Bond Street. Dan was the driver. Edmundson, chief carpenter, and Bazarada, both dressed in overalls but wearing the company's caps, sat inside.

I wore an ordinary lounge suit—also a mustache which was not my property; and my hair had been turned gray. I sat beside Dan.

It was seven-thirty of a perfect spring evening when the truck pulled up before Benimo's premises.

"Speed is of the essence of this contract!" said Bazarada as he walked to the locked door. "You know your lines, Maurice? We've nothing to fear—except somebody from the express company!"

He looked quickly right and left. One or two business people were hurrying along. A taxi was crawling by.

Dan and Edmundson had lighted cigarettes and were leaning up against the truck when Buzzy opened the door. As he entered, they followed him in.

For me, an ordeal began.

I studied the face of every passer-by. For every one of them might be a detective or, worse, a representative of the express company!

Probably I had been there no longer than five minutes, but to me it seemed like several hours—when a constable strolled into view. He stopped. He stared at the open door of the Benimo Gallery—then stared at the lettering on the truck—and finally stared at me.

"What's going on?" he inquired.

"I'm frightfully annoyed," I said, "and so is Mr. Benimo. But some things have been bought by an American customer, and he insists that they must be shipped in the Queen—which sails in the morning!"

The constable studied me.

"Do you represent Mr. Benimo or the express company?"

"Mr. Benimo. The express people are bringing the stuff out now."

As if the divine gift of prophecy had descended upon me, at this moment out came Dan and Edmundson, carrying between them a large crate!

"Go easy, boys!" Bazarada directed, following, and closing the door—which he appeared to lock. "This stuff is valuable. You're not carrying coal!"

He passed me a bunch of keys as Dan and Edmundson loaded the crate onto the truck. And, under the eyes of the law, we started!

On the following morning I searched the newspapers anxiously, expecting to find a bold headline: "Daring robbery in Bond Street." But I found nothing.

"Rudimentary reasoning!" said Bazarada, when I arrived at Regent's Park. "There was nothing else in the cupboard in Benimo's office, and I left the cupboard locked as I found it. The chances of his opening it are negligible."

We went into the workshop. Edmundson, looking hot but happy, was in there. He grinned as we entered.

I saw that a great part of the place was taken up by four massive packing cases. The name Bazarada was painted in red on all of them, and they were plastered with labels: "Fragile." . . . "This side up." . . . "Move with care."

"In this one," said Buzzy, pointing, "we have the authentic sarcophagus lid and the mummy."

I stared uncomprehendingly.

"But what of the other three?"

"Examine any one of them you like, and tell me how, without using a jimmy, it could possibly be opened."

I examined one at random. It was a heavy oak case. I could see the heads of many long nails where the top had been secured in place.

"Could you open it, sir?" Edmundson asked.

"Not with my bare hands."

I glanced at Bazarada and saw his upper lip twitching.

"Look out of the window for a moment, Maurice."

I looked out of the window.

"Turn around now."

I turned. The top of the case had been opened like the lid of a box!

I looked inside. The interior, thickly padded, was fitted as a bed with a comfortable pillow at one end.

"What's this?" I exclaimed.

"For you, Maurice," Bazarada murmured. "I hope you'll be comfortable."

"What!"

"There is plenty of ventilation but the air holes are concealed by the labels, which are printed on gauze."

AMONG many strange memories of adventures shared with Bazarada, it is difficult to put my finger now upon that which touched the high point of the bizarre, but there were few to compare with the moment when, just before four o'clock that afternoon, Buzzy carried Laroo from the house down to the workshop. She was completely swathed in mummy wrappings!

Her features, which in the case of Cleopatra were covered by a fine gold mask, alone remained visible. And that bewitching face with widely opened violet eyes, looking out from the wrappings, sticks in my memory as something unbelievably grotesque.

"I'll be stone-dead before we're through, Buzzy," she complained. "I know this is your idea of fun, but to me it's plain hell."

However, she was lifted into one of the padded boxes and made comparatively comfortable. The wrappings were one of Bazarada's ingenious fakes, and actually Laroo's arms were free.

When the case was closed by Edmundson, it looked as though crowbars alone could open it.

My turn came, and I was secured in another case. I was more than mystified

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and not a little alarmed when I heard Bazarada's voice directing Edmundson and two other men:

"The big case first—very gently—the contents are priceless. Easy now!"

Heavy breathing and shuffling of footsteps indicated that the case was being carried out of the workshop to the truck which I knew was waiting. Then came my turn, and under Bazarada's directions the case containing me was lifted up and carried out.

As the strange business went on, I grew more and more mystified. That I was destined to spend a night inside the British Museum, I knew. But what was Buzzy supposed to do? I heard him talking and giving directions right up to the time that the truck moved away.

My feelings as I lay there and presently knew that I had been deposited in the museum, are indescribable. A number of people were moving about outside. Presently, I heard:

"Ah, Dr. Letchmere!" (Buzzy's voice). "It is good of you to spare the time. If I bring two of my own men along in the morning, perhaps you would look over these things for me?"

"I shall be delighted. But remember—I'm not infallible."

ACCORDING to Buzzy's instructions my costume was reduced to a vest, trousers and a pair of rubber-soled shoes. But nevertheless, largely imaginary, I began to experience a sense of suffocation. I became cramped. For what seemed like hours, there were people moving about me. As long as I could hear voices, I was afraid to move. I knew how to open my prison from the inside. It was a perfectly simple matter. But Buzzy had forbidden my doing so until I had the word from him.

The problem that was bothering me more and more was this: Where was Bazarada?

Silence came at last—followed by a dim sound of marching footsteps and the banging of many doors. Then:

"You say that the Anubis figure is in the big case?" came a voice which I recognized as that of Dr. Letchmere; and I knew that the doors communicating with the museum had been opened. "I am very keen to see it, Bazarada. Now I must hurry along. Coming my way?"

"I am going to walk," Buzzy's voice replied, "but my car is waiting. My man can drop you anywhere. Surely the museum staff has not yet left?"

"Oh, no! The librarians' duties will detain them for at least another hour; and there is quite a lot of office work to clear up."

"The place is not really given over to the watchmen until about—"

"Until about nine o'clock, I suppose."

"Yes, I see."

The voices died away. A dreadful silence fell. It was broken by a muffled voice:

"Maurice! Can you hear me?"

"Yes, Laroo."

"We're going to be—"

"Be quiet!" came Bazarada's voice, low but very distinct. "I didn't count on Dr. Letchmere keeping me talking in his office. Slipping him was difficult. Not another word—either of you."

Silence . . . Then:

"I think we have an hour"—it was Buzzy's voice. "Time to stretch ourselves—but no smoking."

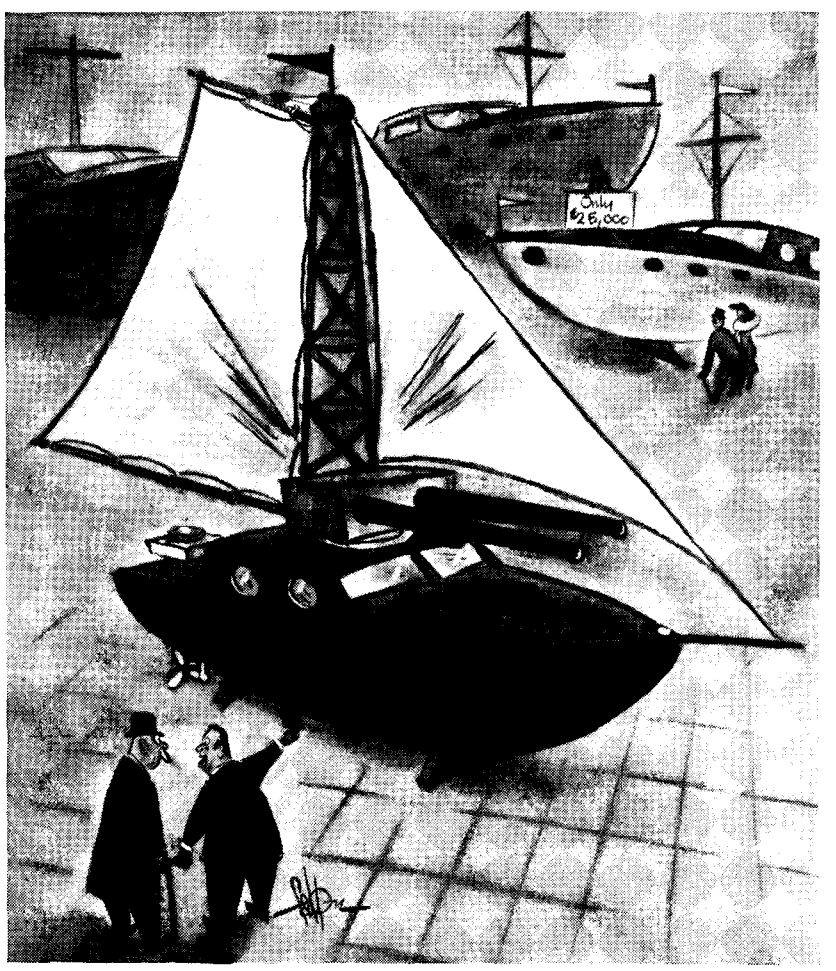
He was in the third case!

The tedium of those hours of waiting I shall never forget. Several times we were visited by the patrol, but the visits were formal and brief. And then, at last, Bazarada called us to action.

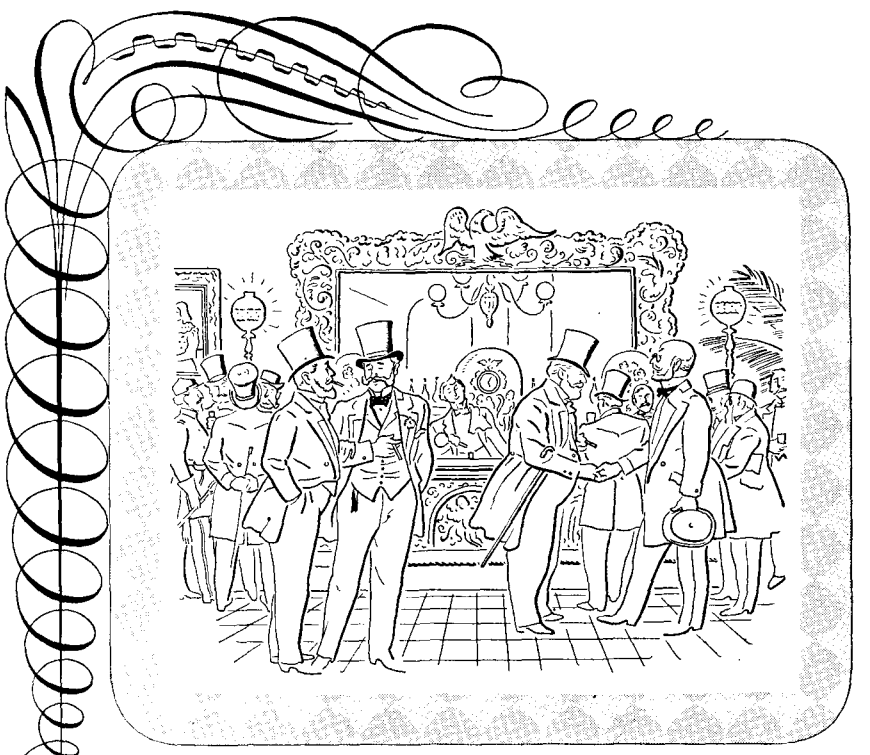
Laroo sitting up in a constrained position, and I stepping out of the case to stretch my cramped limbs, Bazarada crossed silently to the doors which communicated with the Museum. He used the flashlight.

"This side of the door is fixed so that it closes automatically, Maurice," he said. "I want you to hold it open. I'm going to take a look around. I may come back in a hurry."

He fumbled for a moment with the



"It's a general utility job" NORMAN FALLON



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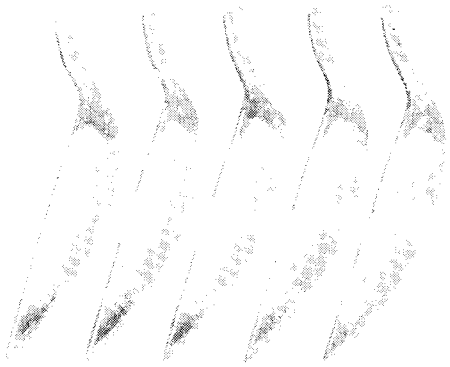

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lock—and the door was open. I held it as he slipped out. I saw a dim vista over which gigantic stone figures loomed, where pools of shadow lay; I seemed to come under the spell of ancient gods. Bazarada merged into these shadows.

I listened intently, but could hear no sound. I estimated that five minutes passed—seven minutes—ten minutes . . . and then a vague shape disentangled itself from the deeper shadow. Bazarada was beside me.

"Come on," he said; "the road's clear. We'll start now. Take the flash."

We had rehearsed the elaborate routine that afternoon. Buzzy stooped, picked up Laroo lightly and placed her over his shoulder.

I grabbed up an imitation gold mask which had lain beside me in the case and followed. I placed a wedge which I had in my trouser pocket between the double doors, so that they could not wholly close. Having accomplished this and pocketed the flash I had to hurry to overtake Bazarada. I caught him on the stairs which led up to the Egyptian Rooms.

We mounted silently as ghosts. The place was eerily lighted, the shadows were grotesque. He set Laroo down, and addressed himself to the lock of the door.

I listened for footsteps, voices, fighting down panic. And presently the door of the Egyptian Room opened quite silently.

BAZARADA lifted Laroo and walked through the first room and into the second. One lamp was burning. It was uncanny to stand there in that half-light surrounded by the relics, the actual bodies, of those who had once been powerful in Egypt. Laroo's eyes appealed to me. As Bazarada stepped to the case which contained the synthetic mummy of Cleopatra—and without any apparent difficulty opened it—I moved up beside her.

"Don't look so frightened," I whispered. "You know Buzzy never slips up."

"I know he doesn't," she whispered back, "but do the police know it?"

Side by side we stood, Laroo, in her mummy wrappings and I in my vest and trousers, watching the master craftsman at work.

Delicately he disengaged the mummy, raising it inch by inch and finally getting it into a position where he could lift it bodily. When he signaled to me, I remembered my cue.

Squeezing Laroo's shoulder sympathetically, I handed the mask to Bazarada, shouldered the mummy and set out along the Egyptian Room.

I imagined footsteps following me. I imagined voices below. I came to the door of the storeroom, my heart beating wildly, perspiration on my forehead.

In a state of frank terror, I carried out the rest of my routine, which consisted of placing the duplicate Cleopatra on a shelf in the big crate—the side of which was open. The real mummy lay below, and the bottom of the crate was occupied by the sarcophagus lid.

Long as this task seemed to take me, for I must work silently, I had finished it and was anxiously waiting when Bazarada returned.

"Just in the nick of time!" he said, breathlessly. "Patrol on the way!"

He closed the big case, closed that from which Laroo was missing, gave me a signal, and I retired to my hiding place.

Three or four minutes later came the grating of a key in a lock; lights flashed as I saw, dimly, through the peephole.

The door was locked again—and there was silence.

Now came the worst ordeal of all. For I knew that Laroo lay in the case in the Egyptian Room, and I knew how frightened she would be when the watchman passed through. I had argued with Bazarada about the necessity of this, but he had convinced me.

"I can easily get the fake mummy out in a few minutes," he had explained, "but it would be quite impossible to replace the real one in time. It's going to be so difficult to fit it into the rests. A mummy can't help. Laroo can adjust herself."

At any moment I expected an outcry —the blowing of a police whistle—I did not know what. But nothing occurred.

"Don't move, Maurice," Buzzy warned.

I lay still for minutes, every one of which held a thousand seconds, and then:

"All right," I heard.

I opened the case and stepped out.

Bazarada placed a flashlight in position and we set to work. The mummy of Cleopatra was lifted from the big crate. I held the swing door open, and watched Bazarada place the mummy outside on the floor. He returned, and took out the painted sarcophagus lid. Shouldering the mummy he disappeared into the shadows. I fixed the wedge and, carrying the lid, followed him.

Again Bazarada opened the door of the Egyptian Room. And presently I found myself, sarcophagus lid on shoulder, following him again.

Any break in the routine, now, would mean ruin. Breathing heavily, I watched Bazarada at work.

The mummy with its gold mask lying in the case in the center of the room was uncannily like that which I had removed. But as Bazarada raised the glass case, the mummy sat up and removed the mask.

"Buzzy," said Laroo, "never ask me to do a thing like this again! I'm ruined. I'm a tired old woman."

He lifted her out. Then together we raised the mummy. At this moment I recognized how delicate was the task of adjusting it properly. Before it was completed, Bazarada darted to the neighboring wall case. There came a faint scraping as he fumbled with the lock, and then—the door was open.

"Routine, Maurice! I can do the rest here. This part is up to you!"

I lifted the painted lid from its place and laid it on the floor. Then I set the authentic lid there, and attached it to the fastenings which kept it upright against the wall. I reclosed the glass door and heard the catch snap.

Bazarada was still busy over the mummy. I suppose the click of the lock told him that I had accomplished this part of my duties, for:

"Jump, Maurice!" he whispered. "I have still a lot to do—and there's nothing to cheer about until we're back in Regent's Park!"

Then I remembered my drill.

I shouldered the faked lid and stole back to the storeroom.

The interval which elapsed between the moment when I got the mummy into the big crate and the arrival of Bazarada was so long as to be agonizing. The setting of Cleopatra in her appointed place had proved a longer job than even Bazarada had anticipated.

When (Laroo, mummy-wrapped, draped across his shoulder) he appeared, I could not control a gasp of relief.

"Quick!" His voice was hoarse. "It's touch and go this time!"

He set down Laroo in her hiding place, closed the big crate, dashed back and removed the wedge from the door (part of my duty but I had forgotten it) and gave me an urgent signal.

I imprisoned myself.

No more than half a minute had elapsed when the patrol came in.

As footsteps on the stone floor died away:

"All right," came Bazarada's voice. "All out. One of the trickiest things I ever pulled off, Maurice!"

"Buzzy," Laroo moaned, "we don't have to stay here all night?"

"We don't. And you were wonderful, Laroo. Your impersonation of a mummy was perfect!"

We went out through the office, relocking all doors behind us.

Dan drove up in Buzzy's car. We bundled in.

"At eight A. M.," said Buzzy, "I shall be here with the lorry to recover the four cases. I shall say that I have changed my mind about purchasing the contents. A most successful evening, Maurice."

"Most," Laroo murmured.

She was leaning up against my shoulder, half asleep.

NEXT morning the story of the Bond Street burglary broke into big headlines. Benimo had opened the cupboard. The exact nature of his loss was not mentioned.

Bazarada got in touch with Benimo. Tactfully he explained that, owing to his circle of acquaintances, he happened to know the man who had stolen the crate from the Gallery—and who now found the contents to be unmarketable, except to Benimo.

Benimo agreed to pay five thousand pounds ransom for the return of his property—and his property was duly returned.

His check had been cashed before he found out that he had paid for his own workmanship! And five hospitals received each a donation of one thousand pounds from Bazarada, "in recognition of skillful and unselfish labors."

"Why didn't it start doing that when we were on the Athletic Club job?"

WILLIAM SAKREN

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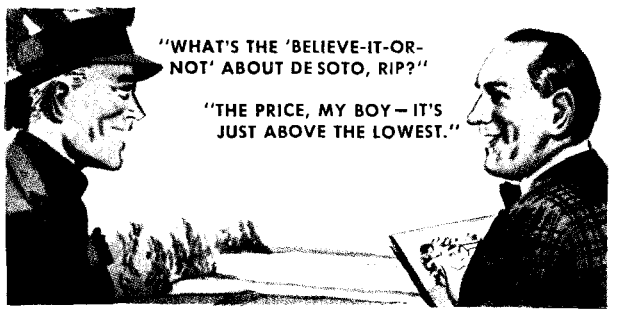

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Private Life of an Orchid

Continued from page 24

Tunbridge Wells, later at Tottingworth Park and finally at Baronwall Castle. And how did he happen to come to America to grow orchids?

"One day I rode my bicycle home from the castle," explained Ben. "When I got home I was so cold I couldn't feel a thing. A man can pile on all the clothes he wants and he can't keep the fog out of his bones over there. So I took a bath and smoked me pipe and I said to meself, 'I'm going someplace where it's warm.' So I came to California to be an orange grower. I didn't do so well at that, so Mr. Armacost put me to work and here I am, after seventeen years, nursemaid to a million orchids."

In the meantime, while Ben was getting the fog out of his bones, Sidney was working at Gloucester, England, growing orchids for Lieutenant Colonel Sir George Holford, owner of the famous Westonbirt collection, at the time the choicest assortment of orchids in the world. He was gleaning orchid culture from H. G. Alexander, Sir George's grower and still the dean of European orchid men. Sidney, too, decided to migrate to California, where the two brothers turned up almost in answer to the fervent prayers of Mr. Armacost.

Mr. Armacost was a native of Baltimore, who had grown roses for a living since he was eighteen. When he arrived in Los Angeles forty years ago, he was told there was just one thing the modest Southern Californians could not grow better than the citizens of the rest of the land. Roses. Walter Armacost undertook to remedy that situation. He developed a strain adapted to hot weather and had become the leading rose culturist of the Southwest when orchids came into his life. Mrs. E. L. Doheny, a wealthy Southern California woman who had gathered exotic orchids from all of the tropical climes, decided to sell her fine collection. Mr. Armacost bought it and likewise a large stock brought in from South America by an importer.

Fifty Centuries Without Food

Orchids are very deliberate and set in their ways. They are quite willing to take from five to seven years to grow ten or twelve inches high, at which stage the mature plants start bearing blossoms. They live a long time, longer than most humans, for instance. There are orchids, Ben Bracey says, that have fasted contentedly for fifty centuries. Some of the European plants have lived in the same little flowerpot for over a century.

The catch is in getting life started. Orchid seeds, which come about a million to the pod, are so tiny that ordinarily 999,990 out of each million embryo plants starve to death before they learn to exist. For many years European fanciers germinated orchid seeds by a method known as the substratum system. They dropped some broken pottery in a flowerpot, added some sterilized peat, then stretched a bit of canvas over the top. The seeds were sprinkled on the canvas, which was kept sufficiently damp from below. The whole "nursery" was placed under an inverted glass jar to keep out germs and insects. Although the seeds usually sprouted, the mortality rate of the baby orchids was appalling; so most fanciers preferred to import their plants from the tropical wildernesses.

Finally, a Belgian scientist discovered that in their native state the adult orchids formed a fungus on their roots which acted as a digestive first aid to the microscopic new plants until they could fare for themselves. He isolated this fungus, made cultures of it, planted orchid seeds in it and achieved a high percentage of growth. Professor David Lumsden, now secretary of the American Orchid Society, continued these experiments and Professor Lewis Knudsen of Cornell developed an agar substance on which the infinitesimal plants could grow for the first year of their lives. All of this scientific experimenting culminated about the time the Bracey brothers were re-enthusing Mr. Armacost for orchid growing. They did so well that he was encouraged not only to buy the Knudsen process but also to send Sidney Bracey to Europe to bring back the best available "stud" plants he could find for breeding purposes.

Since then their orchids have been "bottle babies" exclusively. The process has given them such an edge in orchid growing that they raise more plants on their ten-acre glassed-in farm than do all the other growers in the country combined. Trail Ben Bracey into the carefully locked, ten-by-twelve holy of holies known as the incubator house to see this amazing fount of life.

"For Pete's sake, forget that job you had in the tea shop!"

JESS FREMON

On shelves all around the room are some five hundred flat-sided bottles about six inches across at the bottom and with straight sides sloping up to necks a little over an inch in diameter. In each neck is a wad of cotton. Over that, an inverted tumbler. In the bottom of most of the bottles are cakes of white jellylike substance, the agar solution to which secret nutrient salts have been added. In some of the bottles this jelly is clear. In others it has a faint brown mildew on the surface. The mildew is thousands of orchids so tiny you cannot see them individually even though you strain your eyes to do so. In other bottles the mildew is green. You can recognize the little plants quite readily now. In the next stage the agar is half gone and the plants are quite robust. Finally, there are the ten-month-old bottle babies. The agar is completely replaced by a jumbled mass of tiny plants, their leaves and roots sprawling every way.

From the day the seeds are placed in the sterilized bottles until the little plants come out ten months later, the bottles are never uncovered. If they were, the little incubator orchids might succumb to germs. For ten months they grow without moisture, fresh air, or anything except what they get from the small cake of agar jelly in the bottom of the bottle.

The crucial time in the baby orchid's life is when it comes out of the incubator. First a group of deft-fingered girls sort out the plants, then pot them in bunches of twenty to thirty, packing sifted peat from the Jersey fernbrakes around their roots. For a year the little plants grow in "communities" in a steam-heated greenhouse, thousands upon thousands of pots to the row. By the end of the year, each tiny plant is moved into its own individual pot only an inch across. It lives in this a year or eighteen months, and at the age of three is transferred to a three-inch pot. In its fifth year, if its growth is good, the orchid may attain a five- or six-inch pot, or a basket made of wooden sticks. The size of the pot doesn't seem to matter much. Every one of the million pots of orchids under care has a waterproofed tag which is numbered. This refers to an entry in the all-important book in which orchid pedigrees are kept at headquarters of the Royal Horticultural Society in London. Every orchid grower in the world reports his breeding crosses to the society and has done so for a century or more.

The large, velvety, graceful Cattleya strain, which most everyone knows, ranges from delicate lavenders to pristine whites. A single blossom is a corsage. On the other hand, Cymbidium, an outdoor type hailing from Siam and India, thrives in clusters, as do Miltonias from Brazil and Colombia and the trailing vinelike Phalaenopsis from the Philippines, with its starlike blossoms. Although most orchids prefer tropical warmth, there are some from the high altitudes of the Himalayas that want it so cold that the Braceys have had to rig up one greenhouse with air-conditioning equipment to keep the temperature chilled both day and night.

To Please a Lady

Orchid growing is rapidly becoming a hobby. A good many amateurs buy the baby plants, and wait two or three years for their first blossoms. It's cheaper to start that way. All an orchid enthusiast needs is a tight little greenhouse and heating equipment to maintain temperature of fifty-five degrees day and night. All but the mountain varieties can stand heat ranging up to one hundred degrees. But orchids like it better cooler. Air conditioning makes possible a constant temperature even more to their liking than are their native heaths.

One of the angles to the breeding proposition has been to cross types so as to have blossoms all year around, not on the same plant but on a series of plants, so that a gardener with a dozen or so orchids can have flowers every month. The less expensive varieties blossom from spring to fall when flowers are cheap — say a dollar apiece wholesale. Other types bloom in the winter when each blossom is worth from two to three dollars in the wholesale market. Although orchids do not thrive in houses as a steady diet, they do not mind showing off indoors during their blossoming season if they are returned to the greenhouses for resuscitation.

Sometimes a single plant of the spring-to-fall blooming type will burst out with twenty or more blossoms a year. The winter type is less profuse. In commercial trade the sprays of blossoms are placed on racks with their stems in slender glass tubes filled with water, and the florists come in and make their selections. In spite of its fragile appearance, an orchid is one of the best traveling blossoms. Rubber stoppers, with holes in them for the stems, are placed in the tubes to provide moisture for the blossoms in their travels, often by air, clear across the country, to their journey's end on some delighted lady's costume. Mr. Armacost waxes quite romantic when he thinks about that.

"An orchid just naturally belongs with party slippers and evening gowns and gay night lights," he rhapsodized. "It's the diamond tiara of the blossoms, graceful and fairylike, pure beauty. When I hear a man grumbling about the cost of orchids, I say to him, 'You think nothing of taking your best girl to dinner and spending five dollars for filet mignon and champagne. But who ever heard of a girl pressing a filet mignon in her diary and keeping it all her life as she does her first orchid?'"

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A Queen's Ransom

Continued from page 22

other Cuban was coming toward them. "What's the matter?" He was stocky and there was a long white scar along his belly. It looked as though he had been gored by a bull.

The first Cuban said something in Spanish.

"No. No one here by that name," said the stocky Cuban. "Now please go."

"Where's the captain?" asked Crane.

"You will please go," said the stocky Cuban.

The other Cuban started to move away. Williams stepped in front of him. Under his coat he held a revolver. "Stay there," he said.

Both the Cubans were frightened at the sight of the revolver. They rolled their eyes and the stocky one asked, "What does this mean?"

"Keep 'em here, Doc," said Crane. "We'll go below."

THE main cabin stank of wine and garlic and sweat. At a round mahogany table in the center sat di Gregario and an elderly man with white hair and a gray beard. They were looking at a map. In front of them was a wicker jug of Bacardi and two glasses. The portholes were draped with frayed red velvet.

Startled, di Gregario pushed back his chair. "You!"

In the copper light from dim overhead bulbs the elderly man looked distinguished. His linen suit was well tailored; his beard had been trimmed and brushed; his eyes and arched nose were haughty. "What is this?" he asked.

"I came to ask di Gregario where he spent last night," said Crane.

"Who are you?"

"He is an American detective," said di Gregario. He made no attempt to move from his chair. "He believes I have kidnap Camelia Essex."

"So." The elderly man frowned. "That is not good."

"He is also a friend of Imago Paraguay," said di Gregario.

Water, lapping against the bottom, sounded like someone pouring a drink. There was a noise of pounding in the engine room. Tony Lamphier, beside Crane, moved nervously.

At last the elderly man asked, "Why do you wish to know where di Gregario was last night?"

"I'll tell you after he answers," said Crane.

Di Gregario leaned over the table. "Camelia has come back?"

"Listen," said Crane. "If you don't want to answer my questions, just say so. Then I can take you over to the sheriff's office." He scowled at di Gregario.

"You better talk here," said Tony Lamphier.

The elderly man said, "Di Gregario was in Key West last night. He had a room adjoining mine at the Colonial Hotel."

"Is that so?" Crane asked di Gregario.

"Yes."

"And you didn't murder Imago Paraguay?"

Tony Lamphier gave a startled gasp.

"Imago Paraguay murdered?" Di Gregario straightened up in his chair, then relaxed. "You are trying to joke me."

"No."

Di Gregario's white teeth gleamed. "Then I am glad."

The elderly man said, "She was an enemy to the Cuban people."

"What rooms did you have at the hotel?" Crane asked.

"We have them yet." Di Gregario tossed a key on the table. Crane picked it up. It was for room 410. "That is mine," said di Gregario.

"You were there all night?"

"We went to bed soon after one o'clock," said the elderly man.

"I guess that lets you out." Crane took his clenched hand from his coat pocket. "At least as far as Miss Paraguay's concerned."

"You still believe I kidnap Camelia?" di Gregario asked.

"This boat would be a good place to hide her."

The elderly man and di Gregario looked at each other.

"In fact," said Crane, "I'd like to look it over."

Di Gregario and the elderly man exchanged glances again.

"I give you my word she is not aboard," said the elderly man. "Is that not sufficient?"

"No," said Crane.

Di Gregario spoke in Spanish. The elderly man replied. Then di Gregario said, "We are going to trust you."

"Good."

"In this boat we have weapons."

"Ah," said Crane.

"We are planning to deliver them to a certain country. If the officials of the country learn of this it will become very difficult to do so."

"We don't care about gun running," Crane said. "All we're interested in is Camelia, aren't we, Tony?"

"That's all."

Di Gregario said, "If we allow you to search the boat you will say nothing?"

"Not unless we find Camelia."

"You will not find her."

"Then we can look?"

The elderly man said, "Yes."

"Good." Crane spoke to di Gregario. "Two of your men would like to make trouble on deck. Will you tell them it is all right?"

They blinked in the sunlight. There was a mixed smell of salt and fish and tar in the air. Doc Williams and the two Cubans were in the bow. The stocky Cuban's forehead was bruised, blood had stained his cheek. Doc Williams grinned at them. "One of the spicks got kinda fresh," he said.

Di Gregario spoke to the Cubans in Spanish. Sullenly they watched the three Americans go below again.

AFTER talking to the clerk at the Colonial Hotel, which turned out to be the one with the yellow walls, they walked down Duval Street toward a place called Sloppy Joe's. On their way they discussed di Gregario's alibi.

"He's out," Crane said.

"I'm afraid so," Tony Lamphier agreed. "Both the girl clerk and the night bellboy were positive he was there."

Williams said, "It's funny they'd have a girl for a hotel clerk."

Crane was admiring a cottage completely covered with bougainvillaea blossoms the color of Burgundy wine. "I don't think he'd mix gun running and kidnaping," he said. "And murder, too." Only the peak of the cottage's roof was visible.

"Not a bad-looking girl, either," Williams said. "What was her name?"

By another, larger house thousands of hibiscus flowers stuck out scarlet tongues at them.

"What makes you think Imago was murdered?" asked Lamphier.

"I got a hunch," said Crane.

The street was massed with tropical blooms; the air was thick with tropical odors. Flowers in beds beside the

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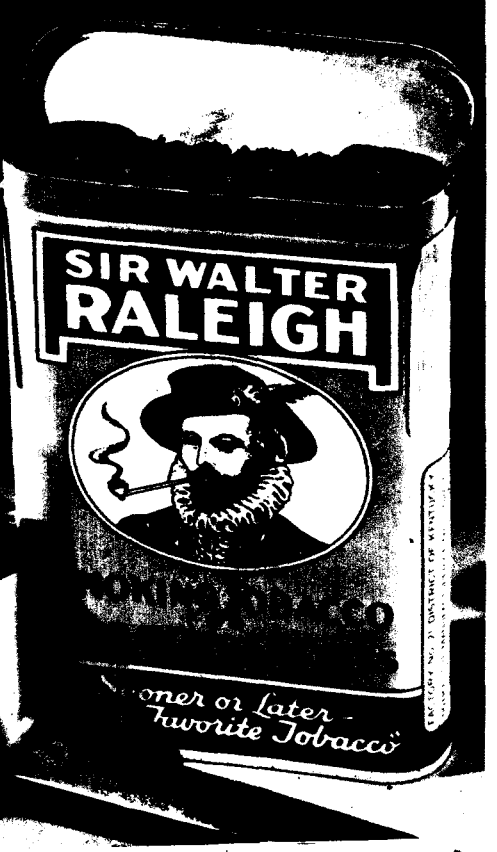

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wooden houses were insignificant beside the explosive colors of vines and trees. Magentas, ochers, creams, ultramarines, lemons, ecrus, coquelicots, hennas made a sub-tropical tartan of the city. The tints were dew-fresh, bright.

Williams asked, "What was the name of the clerk in the hotel?"

"Miss Sharpley," Crane said.

"Oh, yeah." Williams grinned. "I was thinking it ought to be Miss Shapely."

They turned the corner toward the telegraph office and found Sloppy Joe's. "Three Bacardis," said Crane to a gaunt, red-faced man back of the bar. The man said over his shoulder to a colored man in a white coat, "Three Bacardis." The colored man said, "Three Bacardis."

THREE natives were talking over beer at one end of the bar. One of them was saying the tarpon had gone out to spawn. "That's why there ain't none in the channel," he said.

The colored man poured the Bacardis. Crane gave him a five-dollar bill and said, "Three more."

"What's on the program?" asked Williams.

"You'll have to stay down." Crane tasted his drink. "Make sure the count does sail tomorrow."

"That's okay by me," Williams said.

"Is he really a count?" asked Lamphier.

"No." Crane finished his drink. "I think he used his real name at the hotel: Paul Lopez."

"What'll I do if he does leave?" asked Williams.

"Give me a ring," Crane said. He watched the colored man fill the glasses again. "Just keep them filled," he told him.

The colored man looked surprised. "You mean, just keep on making them? Like I'm doing?"

"Exactly."

The gaunt man said, "Make 'em up a batch, Skinner."

"No," said Crane. "Three at a time. They're better fresh."

Skinner began to squeeze limes.

The man who said the tarpon had gone out to spawn said, "I know I'm right. Captain Luther was out with a party the day afore yestiddy. He seen hundreds of 'em rollin' . . . right in the stream."

"It's too early for spawnin'," said the second man.

The third man had a round face and spectacles. His face was red up to the point where his hat circled his forehead. "Captain Luther could 'a' seen anythin'," he said. "He was carryin' a load."

"No, he was sober," said the first man.

Skinner filled Crane's glass. "Let me know when the five is used up," Crane said. He was listening to the three men.

"Yes, sir," said Skinner.

"I know he was loaded," the man with the spectacles said. "He tried to tell me he seen a man killin' fish from a boat with a machine gun."

"He told me that, too," the first man was forced to admit.

Outside it began to rain furiously. Water screened the open side of the bar and changed from gray to white as it struck the sidewalk. The air became cool.

"Maybe he seen Ernest," said the second man.

"He said the man would hook a sailfish," the man with the spectacles said. "Then, when the sail'd jump, he'd shoot at it."

"Captain Luther said that?" said the second man.

Williams went over to a slot machine and put a dime in it. A lemon showed. He put another dime in it. Another lemon showed. "Hell!" he said.

"It must have been Ernest," said the second man.

The man behind the bar said, "No, it wasn't." His eyes were pale blue. "Ernest'd never shoot at a sail."

Tony Lamphier said, "I wonder if they've heard anything at the house."

Crane was listening to the three men.

"Ernest only uses the tommy-gun on sharks," said the man behind the bar. "And besides, Captain Luther knows Ernest's boat."

"I reckon you're right, Captain Joe," said the second man.

"I know I'm right," said Captain Joe. "Besides, Ernest don't keep his gun in this country."

Skinner, the colored man, poured another round of drinks. "Your five dollars is up, mister," he said. His brow was damp with sweat.

Crane handed him another five dollars.

"All I know," said the second man, "is that it's too early for spawning."

"Then what're they doin' out in the stream?" the first man wanted to know.

"I wish we could get hold of something," said Tony Lamphier.

Crane said, "Huh?" He had been listening to the three men.

The rain stopped and the sun came out. It was hot again. Skinner poured another round of drinks. Water running down drains made a gurgling noise.

"Captain Luther was loaded," said the man with spectacles.

"I feel terrible about Camelia," said Tony Lamphier.

"So do I," said Crane.

"It's too early for spawnin'," said the second man.

"Why don't they bite then?" asked the first man.

"Let's start back," said Tony Lamphier.

"In a minute." Crane held his glass out to Skinner.

"What about lunch?" Williams asked.

Crane raised his glass to his mouth. "I don't want any lunch."

MISS DAY came to the door as Crane steered the roadster through the clutter of police cars in the driveway. She was wearing slacks, rope sandals and a sweater and her hair was the color of butter.

"Howdy," she said.

Crane halted the car in front of the marquee, shut off the engine and said, "Howdy."

"You will please help us into the house," said Tony Lamphier.

"Not me," Miss Day said. "This baby is a cripple."

"So I heard," Crane said.

"Imagine a dope leaving a chair right in the middle of a passageway?" Miss Day pulled up her slacks to her thighs. "Look." There were black-and-blue marks on both her shins, on her tanned left knee. "It's a wonder I didn't break something."

"I think you're beautiful," said Crane.

Tony Lamphier got out of the car. "I'm going upstairs." His face was pale; there were liver-colored smudges under his eyes; new wrinkles had aged him. "I'm tired."

Miss Day came and sat beside Crane. "He's taking it hard," she said. An aroma of perfume surrounded her.

"I don't blame him."

"I didn't know he was that goofy about Camelia."

"I feel bad about her myself," Crane said.

"Oh, you!"

"Well, I do."

"You feel worse about Imago."

"I feel bad about her, too."

"You went for her, didn't you?"

"I found her . . . interesting."

"Why do you think she killed herself?"

"I don't know."

"They say inside—" Miss Day jerked her bright head toward the house

Miss Day pulled up her slacks to her thighs. "Look," she said

"—she was mixed up with The Eye."

"Maybe she was." Crane gave Miss Day a cigarette, pushed the lighter on the roadster's dashboard. "I'd like to know what she was doing in this house . . . why Essex invited her." He lit her cigarette, then his own. "Where is Essex?"

"He and the cops are working up a plan."

"A plan?"

"To catch The Eye when he collects the ransom."

CRANE let smoke run through his nostrils. "Why don't they wait until they know how The Eye's going to try to collect it?"

"But they do know." She stared at him in surprise. "Haven't you heard?"

"Heard what?"

"Penn got a ransom note."

"No!"

"Sure. That's what the confab's about."

"So." Crane shoved the wheel with his hands, pushed himself against the leather cushion. "What did the note say?"

"I'll show you." She twisted her body into an S, drew a piece of paper from her hip pocket. "Here's a copy of it."

He took the paper from her. "How come you got the copy?"

"Penn had me make it. He thought maybe the cops would take the real note away."

Crane unfolded the paper. Sunshine, reflecting from the white surface, made his eyes blink. Miss Day had evidently tried to make an exact copy of the note. On the paper was printed:

"Essex:

"Directions . . . Wrap the fifty thousand in oil skin . . . Put in a box . . . Take

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box at 10 A. M. tomorrow to cement bridge 12.3 miles south of Homestead on Key Largo road . . . Leave box on canal bank under exact center of bridge . . . Drive away.

"Camelia will die if you fail . . . No one must ride with you . . . No one must follow you . . . No one must be near bridge.

"Camelia is well but unhappy . . . She says please save her . . . She says remember Froggy. THE EYE"

Crane gave the paper to Miss Day. "Who's Froggy?"

"You got me."

"How'd the note come?"

"Penn found it in with some mail on the breakfast table."

It hadn't been mailed, just put there, Miss Day told him. The servants had been questioned, she said, but they denied all knowledge of it. Craig had put the mail on the table himself, and he was sure it hadn't been there then. For about half an hour before Essex had sat down, there had been no one near the table and the police thought, she said, that The Eye, or an aid, had put it there then.

"What are they going to do about it?" Crane asked her.

"They're figuring out a way they can hide a party of men around the bridge, but Penn's been fighting them. He thinks it would risk Camelia's life." She turned and looked at him curiously through her big blue eyes. "What are *you* going to do?"

Crane opened the roadster's door. "Get us a drink," he said.

CRANE told O'Rourke all about di Gregario and the ransom note. They were having sandwiches and Holland beer at the table by the swimming pool. A yellow-and-blue umbrella gave them shade. "What luck did you have?" he asked.

"Plenty." O'Rourke poured beer into his glass. "In the first place there is no check."

"No?"

"And there never was."

Crane was interested. "How do you figure that?"

"Imago was Tortoni's girl friend."

Crane put his beer glass down. "I never thought of that."

O'Rourke was pleased with himself. "I got the dope from a guy I used to know at Saratoga, a guy named Dan Grady. He works for Bradley's up to Palm Beach."

"A croupier?"

"Yeah. I thought he might know some gossip so I drove up there. He'd heard from a guy working in Tortoni's joint that Imago was his doll. They been going together for a year."

Crane frowned. "That doesn't seem to make things easier."

"It looks as though Imago and Tortoni had something to do with the snatching after all."

"It doesn't have to." Crane put mustard on his sandwich. "Maybe the same guys that killed Tortoni killed her. Maybe she knew too much. Maybe she knew who killed Tortoni."

"That could be. But what was she doing staying here?"

"That's what gets me. I'll have to ask Essex."

"Maybe she was watching Essex for Tortoni . . . to see what he was doing about the gambling debt."

"She could have been."

"And on the other hand she could have been watching Camelia, ready to put the finger on her."

"You're certainly a big help."

"Well, you have to look at the angles."

Crane took a long drink of the cold beer. "I'd rather look at the curves."

"Meaning Miss Day?"

"She'll do."

"How's her ankle?"

"It's all right. A fall over a chair doesn't stop her."

O'Rourke seemed pleased at this information. "What's next on the program?"

"I don't know. The cops won't let me in on their conference."

"Big secret stuff?"

"Yeah. They even got a G-man in there."

"What are they doing?"

"Miss Day tells me they're figuring out how to nab The Eye after he gets the ransom money."

O'Rourke said, "Let's take a gander at the bridge where Essex has to leave the dough. It's not far."

"Okay," Crane tilted all four of the beer bottles over his glass, but they were empty. "Let's go."

THEY drove all the way into Homestead and at the intersection of the town's two streets they set the roadster's trip recorder at zero. Then they turned back to Key Largo. It was late afternoon. There was almost no wind and it was still very hot.

O'Rourke watched the speedometer. "Ten miles."

The country was absolutely flat. On the left, a mile distant, was the sea. Marshes led to the blue water. On the right, gray wastes stretched until they merged with the horizon; broken only by clumps of palmettos and scrub pine. In places brown grass grew almost waist-high. Along the asphalt road the ground was pin-pointed by small yellow flowers.

"That's it ahead," O'Rourke said.

A sickle-shaped bay, filled with pale green water and coarse marsh grass, pressed its back against the left side of the road. From a point near the middle of the bay a thirty-foot canal drained water, and over the canal was a cement bridge. Crane brought the roadster to a stop just short of the bridge and glanced at the speedometer. It read 12.2.

They got out and walked up to the peak of the bridge's arch. Tar oozed from cracks in the cement. The tide was ebbing and the dark blue water in the canal was running out to sea, carrying brown grass, foam and twigs, moving very rapidly.

O'Rourke leaned on the rail and said, "'Oh, yellow's forsaken, and green is forsworn, but blue is the sweetest color that's worn.'"

"For Pete's sake!" Crane said. "I thought you threw that book of quotations away."

"Threw it away?" O'Rourke pretended to be horrified. "A man of my culture wouldn't do a thing like that."

"Look," Crane said. "I'll give you two-fifty for the book. That's what it cost."

"I wouldn't part with it for ten dollars."

"I'll give you three bucks for it."

"Ten."

"All right. Ten. But you've got to promise me you won't spout another one of those things."

"Sold for ten dollars."

"Okay." Crane drew some bills out of his watch pocket, handed O'Rourke one. "Now shut up."

O'ROURKE put the bill in his wallet. "Where've you got that nine grand?" He put the wallet in his hip pocket. "You didn't leave it in your room?"

"Right here." Crane patted his inside coat pocket. "I got it pinned in."

"Anyway," O'Rourke said, "that quotation fitted. The water is blue as hell."

"That's because the canal is deep. I guess it'd be over a guy's head."

On the side where they had left the car, the water ran against the cement base of the bridge. On the opposite side

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there was an earth bank which sloped from the bridge's base to the water. They crossed the bridge and walked down this slope and went under the bridge. The earth was soft under their feet.

"This must be the spot," Crane said.

By bending a little, a man could walk under the bridge on the canal bank. Moisture had turned the cement of the arch yellow and mold grew where the base touched the earth. Damp, dank air clogged their noses.

"How the hell's The Eye going to pick the money up here?" O'Rourke demanded.

"It does seem odd."

"In broad daylight, too."

BACK of them was the canal. It disappeared two hundred yards away in a jungle of palmettos, sugar cane and tall brush. They were unable to see how much farther it went. Ahead was the bay, pale green, and farther on was the Atlantic. It was very bright outside the shadow of the bridge.

"He must be going to use a boat," Crane said.

"Which way would he go?"

"Out to sea, I'd say." Crane was feeling the cement undersurface of the bridge with his palms. "They could trap him if he went up the canal." The cement was cool, damp.

"He'd have to have a fast boat to get away by sea."

"Maybe he has a plane."

"You mean, land in the bay with it? Here?"

"Sure." Crane moved along the bank, still palming the cement. "He could land here, jump ashore, grab the money and scram, all in a minute."

"Where would he go?"

"There must be lots of places. In the Everglades. Or on a deserted key. Or over on one of the British islands."

"What are you doing?"

"What do you mean?"

"Feeling around."

"Oh." Crane reached the sea end of the bridge, wiped his hands on a handkerchief. "I wanted to see if the cement was solid."

"Why?"

"I thought maybe The Eye had a hiding place in the bridge."

A gull started to come through the bridge, wheeled at sight of them, uttered a shrill cry and flew away.

"That's not a bad idea," O'Rourke said.

"Not good, either. Of course, he could sneak out and get the dough, but how would he ever get out of his hiding place within the bridge?"

"Wait until night, maybe."

"There'd be cops around."

"He could wait a couple of days."

Crane sighed. "He'd starve to death. He might have another way out, though."

"It sounds phony," said O'Rourke.

Crane led the way out from under the bridge. "It is phony." He slid on the bank, smeared mud over the knees of his linen trousers. "It's either a boat or a plane."

"Or a submarine," said O'Rourke.

SWIMMING in the pool at dusk, with the air quiet and tangerine clouds rising over the sea, Crane found himself watching for Imago Paraguay. Momentarily he expected to see her come gliding across the patio, to hear her mocking drawl. It was almost impossible to believe she was dead. There had been something hard, impervious, assured about her; something that seemed beyond the reach of such a commonplace as death. He wondered if she really had been of priestly Mayan stock. What an end, if she had, for so ancient a blood line! He was sorry . . .

O'Rourke interrupted his thoughts. "They really hand you a sunset down here, don't they?" he said.

The clouds were splendid. They towered high above the horizon, giving the effect of a city on fire. Heliotrope smudged their bases, but the towerlike peaks were bright with scarlets, roses, salmons and oranges. Above, the sky was sapphire.

"Pretty gaudy," Crane said. "It looks like Hollywood had a hand in it."

Slowly, using a quiet side stroke, they swam the length of the pool. The water felt cool against their skin, made them feel fresh and clean. Out of the corner of their eyes they watched a serving-man put Bacardi, lime juice, powdered sugar and ice on the table by the pool.

"We got a friend in the house," O'Rourke observed.

"I told Craig to send the makings out," Crane said, "when I got through my little chat with him."

"Did he admit getting a cut on the groceries."

"Yeah. He even offered me a slice."

"He was scared, then?"

They began to paddle toward the side of the pool nearest the drinks.

"Plenty. But he said all good butlers got commissions on stuff they bought. He said it made no difference in the price the estate paid."

"Did you tell him what Brown said?"

"I didn't have to." Crane clung to the side of the pool. "He told me Brown tried to muscle in on the buying racket."

O'Rourke put his hands on the edge of the pool, pulled himself out of the water. "What about Craig and the snatching?" He leaned over, pulled Crane out of the water.

"I think he's clear." Crane seized the bottle of Bacardi, filled a glass with the brown liquid. "He's been working as a servant nearly all his life." He filled another glass one sixth of the way up with lime juice, added a tablespoon of sugar. "He's got a house all paid for outside of Jersey City and he showed me his savings deposit book." He began pouring the lime juice and the Bacardi from one glass to the other.

"HOW much was in it?" O'Rourke asked.

"Eighteen grand." Crane filled two glasses with cracked ice. "He's been putting away nearly a grand a year for the last twenty years." He poured the mixture of lime juice and rum over the cracked ice.

O'Rourke accepted the filled glass. "I'm going to be a butler."

"Me, too," said Crane.

They were drinking their second when Essex and three men came out of the house. "Here they are," Essex said.

Crane recognized one of the men as Captain Enright of the Miami police. He remembered the captain's broken nose, his dirty shirt. The other men were County Attorney Osborn and Mr. Wilson, representing the Department of Justice.

"You're the private detectives?" asked Wilson. He was neatly dressed in an oxford-gray suit and his black hair was slick. He looked like a recent graduate of a law school.

"Yes," Crane said.

"You haven't done so well."

"No."

"Why haven't you offered to help check the servants?"

"We're working on our own lines."

"You're drinking on them, anyway."

District Attorney Osborn looked as though he would have liked to look like Abraham Lincoln. He was tall; he had a big head, a large nose; his black hair was uncombed. He asked, "How do you think the ransom will be collected?" One of his teeth was discolored.

"O'Rourke and I decided the man would have to use a boat, or a plane."

Osborn nodded. "Those seem the only possibilities." He pulled a chair to the table, sat down. "It's curious he would want the money delivered in broad daylight . . . at ten o'clock in the morning."

Essex was looking under the table. Finally, he found the electric buzzer, pushed it with his toe.

"It fits with an airplane," Crane said. "It would be much easier to land by day."

Osborn said, "The pilot could make sure there were no policemen hiding by the bridge, too."

Pablo, wearing a white coat, approached the table. Essex told him to bring glasses and Scotch.

Twitching slightly, Wilson asked, "What course of action would you recommend, Mr. Crane?" His face was small and pointed.

Crane shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know. It would be pretty dangerous to catch the person picking up the ransom . . . at least for Miss Essex."

OSBORN'S deep voice echoed in the patio. "We don't plan to apprehend this man or to act until Miss Essex has been released." He sounded as though he were beginning a political speech.

"The idea is to follow him," said Wilson.

Crane said, "That will be hard."

"He's bound to know," said O'Rourke.

"Not if we are careful," Wilson said.

He told them of the police plan, and Crane, listening, admitted it was a clever one. It was based on the use of an airplane and two-way radio communication between it and the ground. A very fast plane would be hovering high over Miami around ten o'clock, Wilson said, and its radio would be in contact with a portable police set on the Homestead water tower.

Crane eyed O'Rourke. Both remembered the tower they had seen from the bridge.

Watchers on the tower, Wilson went on, would inform the plane the moment the ransom was picked up. It could then, still flying at a very great height, race toward the bridge and pick up the kidnaper's plane or boat. "It will take only six minutes for it to get there," he explained.

Osborn said, "The kidnaper would hardly have time to get the money and lift his plane off the water."

"What if he uses a car?" O'Rourke asked.

"There'll be radio-equipped cars all along the road," Osborn said.

Pablo appeared with a tray. He poured four Scotches from a pinch bottle, added soda, ice. He started to fix small Bacardis for Crane and O'Rourke, but Crane said, "Never mind." He went away.

"What if the man has a small boat, goes up the canal and loses himself in the underbrush?" Crane asked.

"We've allowed for that," Osborn said. "We'll have men hidden up the canal."

CRANE divided the remainder of the rum equally between O'Rourke and himself. "If The Eye comes from that way, won't the men alarm him?" he asked.

"They'll be quite a way from the bridge," said Wilson. "And they'll be well hidden."

"How will they follow him?"

"He can't make any more speed over the Everglades than they can."

"What if he circles around to the road and uses a car?"

"They can notify one of our control cars and we'll pick him up."

Crane was drinking the Bacardi straight. "It sounds all right." The liquor was smooth. "The only thing is to keep him from spotting you."

"We can do it," Osborn said.

(To be continued next week)

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Lady Longlegs

Continued from page 15

the waist and Miss Greenwood was correspondingly a person of thirteen toward the north and had a figure like Lillian Russell to the south.

When Mr. Wayburn saw this apparition standing modestly in line with the other chorus girls, he put his hand to his head and cried in fear:

"What the hell is *that?*"

And Miss Greenwood was then given the part of a Japanese maiden, with flowing gowns down to the ground.

The chorus girls got fifteen dollars a week and from that they supplied their own tights, dancing shoes and make-up. They rehearsed for White Cat eight weeks without pay and the show closed in three weeks, a most marvelous flop.

After that she got a job as general understudy with the Rogers Brothers in those two great classics, the Rogers Brothers in Ireland and the Rogers Brothers in Panama. She was general understudy because then, as ever after, she memorized every line in the play. Her success in those shows got her a chance with Sam Bernard, who used her in a skit in which he is measuring the chorus girls. He finds that Charlotte is two inches wide from stem to stern and this is almost exactly true. One night Mr. Bernard gets a little rough about it and Charlotte gets a little rough and she gives him a shove which sets him down abruptly on the far side of the stage. Mr. Bernard is forced to laugh at this contretemps, which seems to prove that the young lady *has* been drinking her milk after all, and this is kept in the show and held to be highly humorous by all concerned.

The Morning Bath Number

All this time Charlotte and another chorus girl named Eunice Burnham have been practicing a sister act which is to startle vaudeville. Eunice plays the piano and Charlotte, who has a contralto voice, sings sad songs and they begin to get engagements. One of them is at Pleasure Bay, New Jersey, which is a park run by Nick Schenck, now a big shot in movies, and the stage is separated from the audience by a lagoon.

"People in rowboats smacking up against the stage all through our act," Charlotte recalls. "We were on right after Fink's Mules."

Next to the Palace in New York, the big theater in vaudeville was the Majestic in Chicago and the sister team finally made it. The manager of that institution spent his time during Monday matinee sitting in the wings and making notes on the acts.

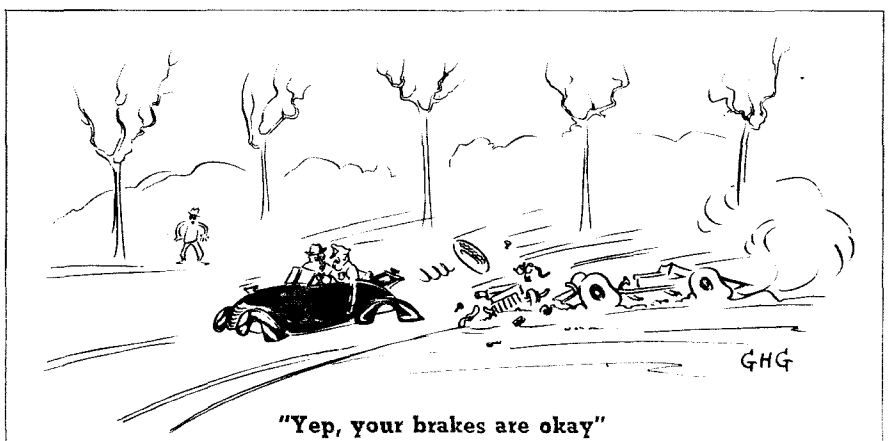
"He kept writing all through ours," says Miss Greenwood, "and we didn't need to be told."

He came around afterward to say that if they had an entirely different act he'd be glad to look at it, but otherwise, etc. They were canceled, which was the supreme tragedy in vaudeville, for such news traveled like magic.

They were out of work for months and finally got their chance when an act fell sick at Proctor's Fifth Avenue in New York. By this time Charlotte had learned that if she threw one of her ungainly arms aloft during a sad moment, it was held to be desperately amusing by the audience, and if she should happen to lift one of her long legs and scratch during a strain dealing with unrequited love, the effect was enough to endanger the foundation. In short, she was a sensation.

For three years she refused offers to appear by herself without Miss Burnham but at length the Burnham lady contracted an excellent marriage and Charlotte went into the Passing Show of 1911 at the Winter Garden, following it with the Passing Show of 1912, the Ritz Revue, LeMainre's Affairs and sundry vaudeville engagements. The thing that killed them in vaudeville was her famous Morning Bath number which had originally appeared in the Ritz Revue. It had to do with an out-of-work girl who hears of a job and starts preparing herself for the appointment by taking a bath. The phone rings, the man calls to read the gas meter, the iceman shunts a big hunk through the door and it is up to her to get it into the icebox while still keeping a bath towel held firmly about herself. She does it at length by placing one foot against the top of the icebox door to keep it open, holding the towel with one hand, and bending down and lifting the cake of ice into the box with the other. The sketch ends with a burglar coming in through the window, yelling "Hold 'em up!" . . . and that's the blackout. That act eventually became worth $5,000 a week to her any time she wanted to do it in vaudeville.

The play that stamped her forever in the minds of the American public was So Long Letty, which she did for Oliver Morosco. It ran for years, was followed by other Letty plays and started a craze for legs going nonchalantly over the parlor furniture. She eventually ended up in Hollywood doing Baby Mine, was shunted into every old turkey about the studios and decided to call it a day with Palmy Days, in which Eddie Cantor was the great man. Before it opened everybody knew it was going to be a great hit, but she quit the studios cold, went to London with Broones (pronounced as if spelled Broon-ez), and immediately began carving out a new career for herself in such plays as Wild Violets and Gay Deceivers. From the minute she stepped on the stage at Drury Lane, she was a sensation, and has continued a prime favorite in London to this instant.



"Yep, your brakes are okay"

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

And that brings us to the question of why Charlotte Greenwood always gives up the chance of big money just at the moment of her greatest popularity. Why did she leave Drury Lane to play a secondhand comedy in the vast reaches of rural America? Why is she going to give up the little gold machine known as Leaning on Letty for the sake of playing something new in New York? The truth is that the lady is ambitious. As a former ungraduated member of P. S. 148, Manhattan (never reaching the eighth grade), she has been occupying herself for years with such things as reading Shakespeare and studying singing. This is not to say that she intends playing Ophelia or warbling at the Metropolitan, but merely that she has no intention of being remembered solely for a physical asset so common as a pair of long stems.

She'll Be an Actress—or Else

She is a woman in her forties or something and makes no attempt to hide it. She goes to bed immediately after the show every night, will practically collapse if kept up till one o'clock, is up at 7:30 every morning, plays an excellent game of tennis, golf of the sort that makes a caddy's life a tragedy, and cannot only touch her toes with her finger tips but can put the palm of her hands on the floor and gallop about like a bear. As part of her present show, she gives an afterpiece which consists of several comic songs and a bit of the long-legged stuff, just to make the patrons happy. But what she really does in that play is a bit of rich character-comedy acting which startled men such as William A. Brady and stirred Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein, III, into doing a London show for her known as the Three Sisters.

When in a play she avoids all gags, dresses the part as hideously as the script calls for and goes to extreme lengths to keep her legs normal. She and Mr. Broones have been married fourteen years, have scarcely been separated for as long as a week at a time all those years, and are now determined that Miss Greenwood will be an actress or they'll both bust. Broones is an important guy in his own right, having an interest in the London Gaiety and having written three successful shows over there in the past few years. He has given that up to handle Miss Greenwood's American tour, just as she left Hollywood with utter decisiveness when he finished a stint as musical director at M-G-M and decided to go to London. The only possession they have is a house in Flushing, New York, which is now run by Eunice Burnham, the same who was the original Greenwood partner back in the old vaudeville days.

During a recent interview a gentleman of the newer school showed extreme interest in Miss Greenwood's earlier career.

"Now, that Morning Bath scene, Miss Greenwood," he said, "I would like very much to see how you held that door open with your foot, especially while leaning down to handle that cake of ice."

Miss Greenwood, who is a kindly person, arose immediately, as if to settle the matter for once and all.

Then she bethought herself, sat down again just as abruptly, tucked her skirts about her firmly and looked at the young man.

"Oh, you would, would you?" she said.

Which will give you an idea of what has come over Miss Greenwood.

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East of Broadway

Continued from page 21

filled corner of the club. The lyrics were simple—even slightly banal. They were relatively old—for New York—and everybody there had heard the number innumerable times. They were prepared to suffer patiently and then Linda reached a certain innocent line, and she raised her eyes demurely and glanced provocatively across to a table where four gentlemen were vanquishing a bottle of Scotch, and—quite spontaneously—one of them yelled "Sweet cooky!"

She was demure again: aloof, enticing . . . but no longer impersonal. The chatter of conversation died down to a mere hum, and once again she flirted with her eyes—flirted outrageously with that challenging virginal glance which somehow invited and dared every man present. The person who had exploded with "Sweet cooky!" now roared another tribute—"Gal! You got it!" His words came through to Linda and reassured her. Without losing one iota of her shyness, she became more provocative. Her voice was sweeter and truer. It carried a note of intimacy which had been born there and which was particularly and exclusively her own.

SHE sang better and more engagingly than she had ever sung before, and when she finished there was a brief moment of silence, and then a thunder of raucous but unmistakably enthusiastic applause—the greatest applause of the evening. It reverberated through the fetid atmosphere of the room; it was articulate and real and spontaneous.

Men and women—jaded and weary and chronically indifferent—clapped and called. And Linda had real tears in her eyes as Eddie came out on the floor and took her hand again and whispered, "Linda! You're in!"

For the crowd, he raised his voice. "Like her?" he inquired loudly.

"And how!" they yelled vociferously.

A white-coated waiter slid up to the table and touched Eddie's shoulder. He said, "Somebody wants to see you, Eddie."

"Who?"

"Over yonder. He just come in."

Eddie looked across the room. The newcomer was short and stocky. He was quietly dressed and thoroughly undistinguished in appearance and manner. He was sitting alone at a table for four, and Eddie shrugged. "Don't bother me now. I'm busy."

The waiter said, "Are you nuts?"

"Probably. Now scram."

"But that's Andrew North," the waiter said.

Eddie exhaled suddenly. He said, "Oh! Tell him that I'll be over in a minute."

Andrew North's face was inscrutable. He appeared to be looking at nothing and yet he was studying Eddie, and he was analyzing. Interesting thing, he reflected, that this young man was worth a quarter of a million dollars, and that he didn't know it. So far as Andrew North could discover, he was the only person in the world who was interested—and he felt that this was a problem justifying his best efforts. . . .

The customers yelled for more, but Eddie silenced them: "Later, maybe," he announced. "Miss Waring is tired."

Her eyes swept the crowd and she gave the faintest, tiniest little suggestion of a curtsy and permitted Eddie to lead her off the floor. As she seated herself at the table, Honey said, "I salaam."

"Me, too," enthused Tiny, "though usually I take mine on rye bread."

"I was frightened to death," confessed Linda.

"Stay that way," advised Eddie. "Try to remember just how you felt and acted when you walked out on that floor—and duplicate it every time you sing in public." He patted her hand and smiled into her eyes. "Am I a good picker or am I a good picker?"

Honey said, "Eddie, your little playmate over yonder seems anxious."

"North?" Eddie shoved his chair back. "I'd better drift over."

"Be careful," advised Honey. "Button up your bullet-proof vest."

A tiny little frown creased Linda's forehead. "Where's he going?"

"That's Andrew North sitting over yonder. He sent for Eddie."

Linda was silent for a moment. "You don't like it, do you, Honey?"

"Me? I love it. I think it's just ducky to play around with gangsters."

Linda saw Eddie shake hands with North and seat himself. She said, "He doesn't look dangerous."

"Neither does carbon monoxide."

"What could he want with Eddie?"

"That's what Danny and I both want to know. One thing is sure: Andrew North always has a good reason."

ANDREW NORTH smiled genially, but was careful to keep his agate eyes lowered. He said, "You're pretty good, Eddie."

"Thank you. Opening night, you know . . ."

"I know." North's voice was studiously gentle. "I've been looking for you."

"So I heard."

"I suppose you've wondered why I wanted to see you."

"Sure. I couldn't help wondering."

"I've watched you work. I think you've got plenty of stuff."

"My public."

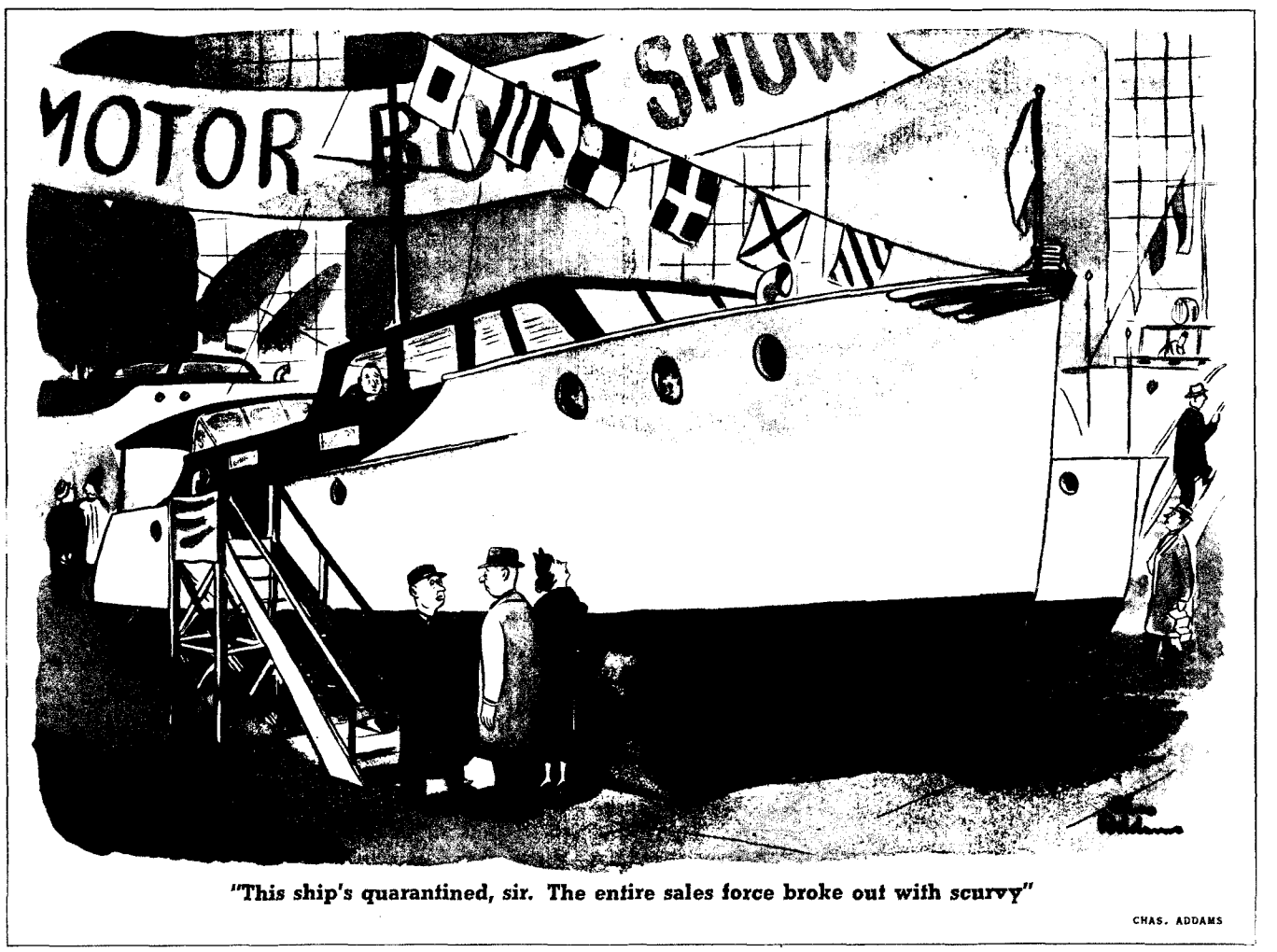
"Make much here?"

"Thirty-five smackers a week."

"How would fifty per sound to you?"

Eddie's eyes lighted and he said, "You're kidding."

"No, I'm not. Friend of mine, Nick Ramos—is opening a new joint. Going to call it the Big Apple. East of Broad-



"This ship's quarantined, sir. The entire sales force broke out with scurvy"

CHAS. ADDAMS

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way. I've got a slice of it, and when he said he was on the lookout for an m. c. who was good—and cheap—I thought of you."

"Gee . . . that's swell." Eddie laughed with embarrassment. "Pardon my blushes—but I've never been pursued by a job before."

"You'll take it?"

"When's the opening?"

"Two weeks from tonight. Will this drib let you off?"

"For three cents he'd practically kick me out." Eddie's eyes were shining. "Honest, Mr. North—I can't tell you what this means to me. I'm knocked off my feet. . . ."

"Let's drink to it." North chose his words carefully. "The little lady who just sang—she's a friend of yours?"

"Yeh. Protégé."

"She's cute. Why not bring her over?"

Eddie hesitated briefly and North said casually, "Your other friends, too. I think we rate some champagne."

This time Eddie did not hesitate. He said, "I'll bring them right over. Gosh! What a night! You don't know how glad I am that I met you."

And Andrew North said smilingly—"I'm glad I met you, too, Eddie. I'd like to see a good deal of you."

EDDIE seated himself at the table and inquired, "Who said that guy North wasn't a nice fellow?"

"Me," answered Honey. "Me and a million other vox populis. What'd he want besides your imitation platinum wrist watch?"

"On the level—he ain't bad. Quiet and nice . . . and he offered me a job."

He explained eagerly about the launching of the Big Apple and of his engagement. "He doesn't offer a lot of dough," he finished, "but it's almost fifty per cent more than I'm getting here."

"Per cent," chuckled Tiny. "That sounds good even in small amounts."

"We're all invited to drink champagne with Mr. Andrew North," Eddie said, "and I've accepted for the gang."

Linda said, "That'll be fun."

"For you two mockingbirds," said Honey. "Me and Tiny will watch from a ringside seat."

"Aw, Honey . . ." Mr. Martin looked melancholy. "I love champagne."

"Not for you, Stout Boy. It's probably got a slug of cyanide in it."

Eddie refused to rejoin North without them, but finally let himself be persuaded. Linda was watching him, and was delighted with what she saw. The little lines of worry had vanished from the corners of Eddie's eyes. His opening had been a success; Linda had clicked; the manager of the Race Course was pleased . . . and now a new job had been tendered. No wonder he was happy; no wonder he wanted to celebrate. Linda took his hand and said, "Let's go on over, Eddie. Mr. North's waitin' fo' us."

North rose as they came to him. He was pleasant and suave. "Miss Waring," he said gently, holding a chair for her, "you've got a nice act."

"Thank you." She was a trifle dazed by his quietness.

"I've ordered the wine. Cigarette, Eddie?"

"Thanks."

North turned his attention to Linda. "Has Eddie been telling you things, Miss Waring?"

"He sho' has. Mighty wonderful things."

"Oh! I wouldn't say that. But it'll be better than this."

"I know it, Mr. North." It was Eddie speaking. "And don't think I'm not appreciative. I'll do my darnedest—"

"That'll be plenty good enough."

"The only thing I can't understand is why you took so much trouble to find *me*, when New York is full of m. c.'s."

"It's a habit I have," stated Andrew North. "When I want something, I go after it."

He smiled when he spoke, and it was a pleasant-enough smile. But the lids were down, concealing the expression in the agate eyes.

The champagne popped and was poured. "To Eddie Lawson," toasted North, "and his new job."

Linda drank and made a face. "You-all will laugh, but this is the first champagne I ever tasted."

"Like it?"

"No. But it's fun."

Andrew North had been watching them closely. He was quite satisfied with what he saw. Couple of kids. Plenty of pep, but no brains. This Waring dame—just a hick, and North had Broadway's contempt for hicks. Funny thing though: Here was Eddie enthusing over a fifty-a-week job when he was worth a quarter of a million dollars. It'd be easy enough to wangle it out of him. He had made an excellent start. Morton L. Bemis was dead and there had been no repercussions. Apparently no one else was concerned about this two-bit trouper. Andrew North redoubled his efforts to be pleasant.

Within the hour Eddie and Linda had forgotten his unsavory reputation, and even if they had remembered they would have disbelieved. An occasional doubt flashed through Linda's mind, but she steadfastly put each aside as unfair and unworthy. She knew only that Andrew North had brought a fresh sparkle to Eddie's eyes, and that because Eddie was so very, very happy she was happy, too.

Save for the strumming of an inexhaustible pianist, there had been a drought of music. Now the members of the orchestra drifted back to the rostrum and made ready to perpetrate more swing music. Eddie said, "That's my cue for the second show. Will you wait here, Linda?"

"Sho'ly, Eddie."

She watched him walk out on the floor and saw the spot pick him up. North, scrutinizing her keenly, said, "Like him, don't you, Miss Waring?"

"Why, I . . ." She flushed. "I reckon I do, Mr. North."

"Known him long?"

"It seems that way."

"He's a good lad. He should go places."

"I reckon he will—with you helpin' him."

"I'll do my best. I'm interested in the boy."

THE second show wasn't anything to enthuse about, and a group in the corner started pounding on the table with their highball glasses: "We want Lindy! We want Lindy! We want Lindy!"

North smiled. "You've clicked, Miss Waring."

Then once again Linda was on the floor, standing before the mike, and singing . . . and once more silence fell over the crowd, a silence punctuated occasionally by spontaneous bursts of applause and exclamations of approval—some of them distinctly ribald, but all laudatory. She sang one number, then another and another. They wouldn't let her go. And when she finally begged her way off the floor, the clamor continued and she took bow after bow, and two minutes after she rejoined North and Eddie at the table the proprietor of the Race Course joined them. He said, "Listen, Eddie—I want to talk to you."

"Go ahead. I'm listening."

"You handling this little girl?"

"Yeh."

"Well, you know I can't pay much dough, but—"

Eddie saw Linda's teeth close over her lower lip, and the back of her hand pressed against her mouth, with that

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little gesture of hers which betokened great emotion. Eddie asked, "You offering her a job?"

The manager was apologetic. "Well, it ain't much, Eddie: You know how things are. But maybe it'll be more sometime—"

"How much?"

"Twenty-five a week."

They heard Linda say, "Oh . . ." and Eddie broke in: "I'll take it. But on contract. Week to week, and only one week's notice required."

"Shake." The manager was beaming. "Start tomorrow night, maybe?"

"She will. And tomorrow her name goes up—"

"Yeh. Way up. In big letters. Bigger than what you got, Eddie."

He moved happily away. Eddie covered Linda's hand and said, "It's a start, Linda . . . and it'll give you what you need most. Experience. What do *you* think?"

"I think," said Linda, "that I'm goin' to cry."

North looked at them—made a decision; then called the waiter and paid his check. He was a shrewd man, this Andrew North. He said, "Don't forget we're to have dinner together soon," and they thanked him and then forgot all about him, because they were too young and too happy to waste thoughts on anyone else.

AT THREE-THIRTY they left the practically deserted club and, hand in hand, walked under the El and thence a few blocks uptown to an all-night, popular-priced restaurant. Eddie ordered two stacks of wheatcakes and two pourings of java, and Linda said, "I can't understand it, Eddie."

"I can. You whammed 'em, Linda," he told her.

"I don't mean just that. I mean, bein' so happy. In all my life, I've never been so happy."

"Forget it. You've just started."

She regarded him gravely over the rim of her heavy cup. "Maybe I've just started, Eddie—but I know there'll never be another night like this as long as I live."

At four-fifteen they were on the street again, and Eddie said, "Feel like walking?"

She nodded without saying anything, and he turned northward until they passed through the entrance of Central Park. Save for an occasional automobile which streaked along the curving roadway, there was no sign of life. Once a park policeman passed them, and smiled a trifle. He saw them seat themselves on a bench, and wondered why they did not embrace ardently as most of these goofy early-morning couples were inclined to do.

The grass was fresh with dew, the trees whispered. The first gray finger of dawn was spearing into the heavens from the east.

Linda sat close—very close—to Eddie. Her hand was in his, and she gave herself over to emotions rather than thoughts. She was too happy for words . . . she had the feeling of one who dreams a wonderful dream . . . and is afraid to wake. Once he said, "Happy?" and she pressed his fingers. She was thinking, "Oh! if he only weren't so blind! If he could only understand how I feel about him! And if he could feel the same way!" Then they rose and walked southward to the ugly narrow street where they lived, and Eddie opened the front door with his key and walked up to Linda's room with her. She faced him then and put both her hands in his and looked up at him without shyness, knowing that he must read what was in her eyes. . . .

He said, "Good night, Linda," and she waited breathlessly for his next words. Then he spoke again, and there was a smile on his lips and in his eyes. He said, "I'm so proud of you, Linda, that I'd kiss you—if you weren't my wife."

EDDIE LAWSON looked down at the nearly nude figure of Tiny Martin sprawled across the bed. He remarked, "You aren't any Venus," and Tiny answered, "Maybe not. But I'm cooler."

New York sweltered under the scorching rays of a vicious August sun. Eddie sat near the open window, dabbing at his forehead with a damp handkerchief, while Tiny—too inert for any such effort—simply lay still and panted.

Eddie lighted a cigarette and said, "I'm worried."

"You!" scoffed Mr. Martin. "You never had a worry in your life."

"I have now."

"It wouldn't be about Linda, would it?"

"Yes, it would. In fact—it is. She played two weeks at the Race Course and wowed 'em. She got an offer of thirty a week and moved over to the Maison Hotcha. Whammed 'em again. Now she's in the Nifty Fifty, and she's ripe to move up, and I can't get her a break."

"Won't any of the big boys give you a tumble?"

There was more than a hint of mockery in Eddie's short, sharp laugh. "A tumble! They tumble me out on my ear the minute I begin to talk."

Tiny blinked lazily. "Maybe she might get a break through your particular buddy."

"Andrew North?"

"That's the guy. Nice chap—probably hasn't cut a throat in a fortnight. You must introduce me to him some time. For God's sake—why don't you shoo that mug off you?"

Eddie sighed. "There you go again. Just because you're strong for Honey Reardon and because she has a brother who's a cop—you get ideas."

"Me and seven million other people. With the universe to pick from, you've got to get palsy-walsy with a racketeer."

"I work for him, don't I?"

"In the Big Apple—yes. Or anyway, he owns a piece of it. You ought to hear Danny Reardon on the subject."

"What's he got to do with it?"

"Well, for one thing, he's no dummy. For another—he's mighty fond of Linda, and I don't think he likes knowing that she—and you—are getting too friendly with a turnip like Andrew North."

Eddie laughed. "You talk as though you thought North was on the make for Linda."

"Don't be silly. A nice, genteel guy like him! He just likes you and wants to do favors. That's the kind of a lad he is. If it wasn't for him some of our best charities would go out of business. Like Potter's Field, for instance."

"Next time you go skating, leave me home!" PRISCILLA

"Have it your own way, Wise Guy. All I can say is that he's been swell to Linda and me—and we both like him."

"Okay. It's your funeral. But some morning when you turn up missing, I'll know just what happened. . . . Linda hasn't been kicking, has she?"

"Don't be funny. Linda's in Seventh Heaven."

"Then what's the use of stewing about it, Eddie? She's bound to get the breaks sooner or later."

"SOONER," stated Eddie grimly. "A doggone sight sooner, too."

"Soooooo. . . ." Tiny roused himself for a moment, and then sank back with a sigh. "What's going on in that picayunish brain of yours, my boy?"

"I'm going to get Linda the break she deserves. I'm going to yank her out of the lousy joints where she's been working. Oh! I know they've helped her, but they've done all the good they can. From now on, it'd be nothing but damage."

"You wouldn't, by any chance, be the possessor of an idea, would you?"

"I would."

"And all by yourself you're gonna perform a miracle." Tiny waved a fat hand. "Tell me all about it, son. And if you can think of one thing you haven't tried so far, I'll present you with a loving cup—entirely empty."

Eddie hesitated for the briefest fraction of a second, and when he did speak it was as though he dared Tiny to raise an objection. He said:

"I'm going to talk to Vernon Gregg about Linda."

Tiny straightened suddenly and sat stiffly on the edge of the bed.

"Vernon Gregg!" he gasped incredulously. "You're kidding!"

"I'm serious."

"But you *can't* be, Eddie. Holy smoke, man! You're the friendliest, easiest-going, sappiest guy in the world. You spend your whole life spreading sweetness and light and saying lovely things about others. And yet—with all them elegant qualities—this is the first time I've ever heard you mention Vernon Gregg without immediately bringing his nearest maternal ancestor into the conversation."

"I still think he's one. But he's the only man I know who can give Linda a break. He's aces at the Casino de Broadway. He's the top m. c. in the night-club field. He's readying their fall show, and what he says goes. If Linda could be spotted in the new revue, she'd be set."

"Sure. But Eddie—look! Can you forget that the one guy in all the world you really hate is Gregg? Can you swallow that?"

"He used me once," said Eddie grimly. "Now I'll use him."

"You've got me looping. Or, maybe I've forgotten. Just what was it he did to you anyway, Eddie? Maybe time has eased the sting, or words to that effect."

EDDIE said, "I don't like to remember it, and I can't forget. From 1930 to 1933 we were vaudeville partners—Lawson & Gregg—"

"Nice of him to bill you first."

"It just happened that way. And it didn't matter much because we mostly played layoffs. And we were doing that once right here in New York—at Mother Hubbard's—when the break came."

"Proceed, Mr. Lawson. I'm panting."

"*You* know what happened. A smart guy got the idea of opening the Casino de Broadway: big spot, fast turnover, fair dinner, lavish gal show . . . no cover and a reasonable minimum. It was a good idea or else. He telephoned here and asked for me. Wanted to offer me the job of m. c."

"And you were out?"

"Hunting a job. For the two of us. Gregg answered the phone. Found out what it was all about, and lied to the man. Said I was playing a single route out of town for fourteen weeks. And copped the job himself! Do you wonder I hate him?"

"I sure don't. If I was you, I'd even feel a violent dislike. So tell me: How can you ask favors of the guy now?"

"Because he's the only person I know who can help."

Tiny lapsed into silence. He lay back on the bed, half closed his eyes, and remained quiet for a long time. Finally Eddie asked, "Sleeping?"

"Nope. Thinking."

"Thinking what?"

"That for a smart guy—you're the stupidest I ever met."

"Meaning what?"

"That you don't even know yourself, Eddie. You don't understand one single, solitary thing about yourself."

(To be continued next week)

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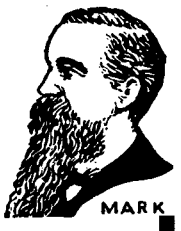

It's crazy not to pay attention to a cough due to a cold. Get relief for just 5¢ with Smith Brothers Cough Drops—(Black or Menthol).

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

Gloria Is Happier Now!

A FEW months ago she was looking out her window and saw her neighbor going out for the afternoon. She looked smart, her suit was trim. She was confident; she was smiling happily. Gloria watched her and then looked into the mirror and received a shock. Her dress was shabby for it was quite old. She hadn't been thinking much about her looks for she was always worrying about some bill that must be paid. When that was settled it was time to start all over again.

The result: Gloria had forgotten how to smile. The children upset her. They always needed new shoes and her husband, she realized, at that very moment looked as run down as she did.

She wished she had a job but her husband always laughed and said, "There isn't anything you can do." Well, she believed that herself until she found her way into our Club. Now she knows there is something she can do. *Just read this first letter from her:*

"Five blessed dollars earned in two afternoons, and you sent me a pair of silk hose. It has been a long time since I could afford sheer silk hose. When I showed my husband the money he was amazed. He said, 'Spend it on yourself. You need a new hat.' I did —but I had enough for a good-looking necktie for him too!"

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Enough to sit down at your desk and send me a letter or a card? When spring comes *are you going to be blue and downcast* because you can't have new clothes? That would be such a pity for here is our friendly money-making club for girls and women holding out the best chance ever for you.

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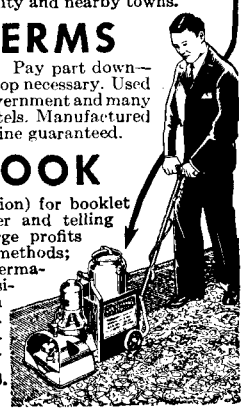

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Lost Girl

Continued from page 12

to," I whispered to O'Malley, "but I don't want to miss anything."

"There ain't nothing going to happen here. You go along. If anything happens later on, I'll call you up."

I went about my business and about ten o'clock that night he called me up.

"Come on," he said, "to headquarters."

I grabbed a cab and went to headquarters but I didn't go in because O'Malley and a couple of plain-clothes cops were just getting into a car.

"Did somebody change his statement?" I inquired.

"You can't be that dumb!"

We drove out on Long Island. Near Hempstead we turned onto a dirt road and came to a deserted house. The yard was filled with cops, and some men were taking debris out of an old dry well. We stood around and waited and pretty soon they found Miss Tuller under the debris.

"Perhaps now," I said to O'Malley, "you'll make that arrest."

"You're a little late. They got the guy pinched before now."

We drove back to headquarters. I thought the man they had arrested would be Surrel but it turned out to be the lawyer. O'Malley went into an inside room where they were questioning Hern and in about half an hour he came out again.

"We got it now," he declared.

"How was it?"

"HERN knocked her off. This Surrel is a good kind of guy with enough money so he don't have to work, and he was interested in theater and picture people. Him and Hern knew each other since they were kids living on Long Island, and Hern had a small job with a law firm and he wasn't making enough money to live very well. So this good-natured Surrel says to him, 'You come and live with me till things get better with you, and you won't have to pay no more than you are paying now.' Surrel was engaged to Miss Tuller when Hern went to live with him, and Hern met her and he got crazy over her. Well, you can't never tell what them girls will do. This Tuller girl had a good guy that wanted to marry her, and she went and fell for Hern, who is excitable and not very much better than a well-dressed bum, and she began to meet him without Surrel knowing, and Miss Purling didn't know it neither, because when Miss Tuller was with Hern, Miss Purling thought she was with Surrel. Miss Tuller broke her engagement to Surrel because of Hern, but she wouldn't tell him why. Hern didn't have no money and didn't want to quit living with Surrel. Then later on Miss Tuller won that picture contract. There couldn't no guy mean as much to Miss Tuller as that contract did and maybe by that time she had begun finding out what kind of guy Hern is. Anyway, she told Hern it had to be over between 'em after she signed. The night Miss Tuller got killed she seen both those men. She went for that ride with Surrel and then met Hern. Hern had rented a 'drive yourself' car and they went out to that empty house on Long Island where Hern's folks lived when he was a kid. They had went there sometimes before. Hern quarreled with her there because she was quitting him and he bumped her off."

"How did you find all this out?"

"We didn't. Hern just now told us. Say, listen: Circumstances was such that it looked certain this Miss Tuller had been knocked off but we couldn't find no body. We had a list made of everybody that she knew well, and we checked up where everybody was the night she was killed, and we crossed off the list all the ones that couldn't have had nothing to do with it. So then we had about a dozen people left."

"Was Hern on the list?"

"Not at first. We put cops tailing them dozen people twenty-four hours a day, but we didn't learn nothing. So I wondered was there some way to make whoever had knocked off the girl tell where he was. I and you had went to Miss Tuller's place and we seen a lot of pictures of the girl and seen her jewelry, and I took some of the pictures of her in different kinds of clothes. Well, I didn't have no particular plan in doing that, but I kept looking at the pictures. So I noticed in one of 'em she had on a brooch that I hadn't seen among her jewelry. I asked Miss Purling was Miss Tuller wearing that brooch when she disappeared and Miss Purling didn't know, but I figured she must have if it wasn't among her jewelry. So then I got that idea."

"What idea?"

"YOU seen what the girl had on when she was took out of the well, so why ask that? She had on that brooch. I figured if somebody had knocked the girl off, he was worrying for fear she would be found; so if we could make him think maybe she had been found, but not be sure of it, there wasn't no guy could be strong enough not to go where he had hid her and take a look. Miss Purling remembered that that guy Shoener had given Miss Tuller the brooch and he told me where he had bought it, and I seen the jewelers and showed 'em the picture and they remembered the brooch. They made me another just like it. Then we give out that we were going to make an arrest and we fixed up a game about them statements to get all them people to the station house. We had that big picture of Miss Tuller made and put it on the desk, and we put the brooch on top of it, because that way we made sure that there wouldn't nobody miss seeing the brooch. I had to tell Miss Purling not to ask nothing at the station house when she seen it. I knew whoever knocked the girl off wouldn't ask nothing. Well, we might have missed out on it. Hern had been with Surrel all the time, and we thought he was just looking after Surrel's interests. It didn't come to us he was keeping track that way of what was done by us cops, and it wasn't till right at the last we put some cops to follow him. Hern was kind of smart about going out there to Long Island. He didn't know he was being followed, but he borrowed Surrel's car and he drove up to Westchester and he crossed to Long Island on the ferry and went and took a look to see if the well had been disturbed, and then he come back again by way of Westchester. The cops that was following him searched his family's old house and found blood on the porch. So then they telephoned us and we arrested him when he got to town. They kept on searching the place and a lot of stuff had been thrown in that old well and they found Miss Tuller's hat in it. So then we knew she was in the well. When we told Hern how he himself had told us where to look for her, he broke down and told us why he killed her."

"Not bad police work, O'Malley."

"Why, it's a satisfaction that we got the guy. Us cops have so much trouble with them lawyers when we're giving evidence in court that it's going to be a pleasure to get one of 'em electrocuted."

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Men Without Medals

Continued from page 10

Madrid. I thought of buying books at the little stalls, near the Park, moving slowly through each booth and looking at the old, finely made books, and the comic copies of fashion magazines, dated 1900, and the fancy books which taught young girls manners and embroidery. I thought of the fine life you can have here, cooking on an electric burner, inventing amazing dishes out of cans; of gambling at dominoes on rainy days; of walking in the Puerto del Sol when it's sunny, looking at the people and getting your shoes shined; of waking early to hurry through the streets, finding the new shell holes; of the flea market, noisy and crowded on Sunday mornings, where you can buy canaries and take them home in a paper bag; and at the next stand are heavy old silver watches, not running; and at the next stand are rusty parts of machinery and old nails; and at the next stand are sunflower seeds. It's a wonderful life, I thought, and then I thought about the hospitals. . . . We were coming into Madrid now, and a sentry stepped out from a street barricade and asked to see our papers.

In time of peace, a hospital is saddening enough. But in time of war, the faces above the sheets are all young faces, and patient, and what hurts them has hurt terribly and it won't be all right tomorrow or in a week, and for some of them it will never be really all right again.

Behind Alcala de Henares, the women were washing their clothes in a stream, and the willows were green above them. Then the dirt road wound through the bare, brown hills. The nearer hills were shaved and golden and there were the fields with the stubby vines growing. Later we swung onto the main road and honked our way past the trucks going down to Valencia, and then we turned off the road in a white village and bumped through a soft country, green with scrub oak, and presently we drove into the sunny courtyard of Villa Paz, the American hospital.

Guest of the Hospital

It is a flat white building, with two long wings shaping the courtyard. The doctor in charge offered us lunch, and we sat in the dining room, with the posters and pictures and flags on the walls, and talked with a girl and a boy who had wandered in and introduced themselves. The girl was a nurse there: she had gotten her training on Welfare Island, which she said was good, tough training, and her husband was fighting with the American Brigade. She was little and jolly with curly dark hair cut in a bang: she wore a flowered cotton dress, and talked breathlessly. She told me she had hitchhiked to the south to see her husband a few weeks ago, but maybe we had seen him since then, we'd know him of course if we saw him, he was tall and good-looking and everybody knew him anyway, and what did we think of the brigade, and the hospital, and the war, and Spain, and, and . . . The boy was shy, with young brown cheeks and brown eyes, and a crew haircut. He said he was the hospital publicity agent, and would be delighted to show me around or tell me anything I wanted to know. He said, on the other hand, it was a new job and he didn't actually know much about it. It came out slowly that he was a graduate student at Harvard and had been in Spain since last spring. He had come in time for Brunete. It seemed he was now the hospital publicity agent because he couldn't walk very fast. He didn't want to go home, and he had been "a guest in this hospital" for a long time (and he said it with such style, such modesty), so they gave him a job.

What happened was that he was on the road to Brunete, with seven men from his company, when a bomber and some pursuit planes flew over, and that was the story. He had thirty-eight stitches across his stomach where a fragment of a bomb had torn it open. He said they just lay there and watched the bombers coming over, and heard the pursuit planes dive on them, and there was nothing much to do except lie there and pray. He told it as plainly as that, when at last he talked.

Did he know Evan Shipman? Sure, he knew Evan. Evan was a great friend of his; Evan had been with him on that road. All the rest of them got it from bombs, but Evan got it when the pursuit plane swooped and machine-gunned them. Evan was a fine boy and he was all right now, the publicity agent said; he was in the south, doing some administrative work because he couldn't walk very fast either.

Evan did it all very handsomely, from the beginning. He started to come to Spain last spring to drive an ambulance, but the French nonintervention authorities arrested him with other volunteers at Perpignan and he spent a month in jail, which he said was a very interesting and instructive experience and he was glad to have had it. Then he was shipped out of France and immediately turned around, came right back to where he had started, got into Spain this time, and signed up with the brigade. Then there was Brunete, and the road leading to it, and the diving pursuit plane. The Harvard student and the New York poet, lying on a dusty Spanish road in the July sun, not knowing what the end of it was going to be. They came a long way, all these men, to do what they believed they should do.

The little nurse led me through the hospital, up the carved stairs, past the heavy painting of a Spanish grandee, to the operating room, the sterilizing room ("It's awfully good; it's one of the best in Spain"), through the two great wards to where Martin Hourihan lay, with his leg tied up on a cord from the ceiling, as if it had nothing to do with him. Hourihan was regimental commander of the Lincoln-Washington Battalion, and he had lasted all through the winter on the Jarama front. At Brunete, a machine-gun bullet splintered his hip, spun him around and threw him face downward on his pistol, knocking out his teeth, and he was wounded again while in the stretcher as they were carrying him to the dressing station: but he would not speak of this. He only said, softly, that he got tired in his head, lying there, and that a month was a long time and three months was longer than you could imagine. He wanted to talk of Madrid, of that famous hotel where he once came on leave, of friends he had there, what was the news, how were the boys in the brigade. Marty was a schoolteacher in Alabama, before war started in Spain. He is a tall boy, very thin, and doesn't mind anything, only lying in bed. Even the pain and the long days and the feeling of being alone and apart, away from everything, have not changed him, or the friendly drawl, or the easy smile.

He said to go and see Raven, in the next ward. Raven is twenty-two, and now he is blind. A hand grenade exploded at his feet, when he was bombing his way down a Fascist trench, and took his eyes. He had never done anything before the war except go to college; he hadn't had time, and he wanted to be a writer. ("Do you think a man can write if he's blind?" "Sure, Raven, of course he can.") And there he was, patient as rock, learning to play a violin and learning how to live in a dark world. He said he was going home soon, but he thinks he'll always come back to Spain. He says he has grown to love it.

There was the biologist, learning Spanish from a trigonometry textbook, and the four Irish boys, playing poker with pieces of cardboard as chips, and the Spaniard with only a piece of leg left, and the warm-faced Belgian, who said, "*Tout va bien.*" The little nurse took me to them all, I ashamed of my health and not finding any words you could say to people like this, because all words are very silly before pain, and what can you say to a man who will never walk again, a man who will not see, a man whose face is stiff with suffering because the bullet wound in his neck will not heal.

They Know Why They Came

In the library downstairs, they told me about the three other American hospitals, the operating room in a truck which covers all fronts, the ambulance units, and the surgical groups who work in Spanish hospitals in the south. It was something to think about: these Americans—doctors, nurses, technicians, hospital orderlies, ambulance drivers—scattered in villages with curious names, or moving from front to front, in a country they had never seen before, scarcely speaking the language, taking care of everyone who was given to them, strangers here and yet at home, doing what they wanted to do, and what they believed right.

As we were driving back, the sunset streaked out over the dark hills, and then the sky turned white along the top of the far black mountains, and then it was night. In a narrow street in a village, you could hear a radio playing jazz.

In this war, there are no rewards you could name. There are no Congressional medals, no Distinguished Service Crosses, no bonuses for soldiers' families, no newspaper glory. And what you get paid, every day, would buy a soft drink and a pack of cigarettes in America, but no more.

Pingarron Hill above the flat brown Jarama River, the plain before Brunete, and that lonely flat-topped ridge showing against the sky: Belchite on the bleak plateau of Aragon: there are many Americans who will never be able to say these names at home, or tell what happened there. For the dead, there are sometimes wooden gravestones with a name, more often a marker with one sentence on it for everyone, and sometimes there are no gravestones at all.

The men who came all this distance, neither for glory nor money and perhaps to die, knew why they came, and what they thought about living and dying, both. But it is nothing you can ask about or talk about. It belongs to them. But you can think of it at night, with the window open, listening to the thud of trench mortars, the echoed hammering of the machine guns, the metal ping of rifles, on the nearest front. You can think of it in a tall American city, hearing the late taxis whirring through the streets, hearing the scattered footsteps cracking on the pavement, or the elevated crashing by. You can think of it in the country, listening to the sharp small noises of the night. You can think of it with respect.

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Preying Guests

By
Victor G.
Heiser, M. D.

The way parasites behave is an open scandal, but nobody can call them dumb. Their private lives, as patiently traced by scientific sleuths, are marvels of ingenuity and resourcefulness. Dr. Heiser describes their adventurous careers and the means at our disposal for stopping them

ILLUSTRATED BY DR. SEUSS

IN FIJI and other South Sea Islands many men suffered from the grotesque swelling known as elephantiasis. It was known this was caused by a worm called the filaria, but no one could find out how this worm got into their bodies. It obviously was not conveyed directly from man to man. One of the first steps in fighting any disease is to determine the mode of transmission and then, once the chain has been established, to seek out some weak link which may be broken. In 1878 Sir Patrick Manson made the startling discovery that if a victim of elephantiasis were bitten by a mosquito and if after a certain period this same mosquito bit a healthy man, that healthy man would get elephantiasis. The proof that an insect could act as an "intermediate host" for diseases opened up a new highroad to the study of parasitology.

One by one other parasites appeared on the scene. One whole group of diseases, among them some of the most terrible that have ever afflicted mankind —plague, typhus, malaria, yellow fever, sleeping sickness, bilharziasis—were proved to be transmitted by intermediate hosts—fleas, lice, mosquitoes, flies, snails, ticks. As study progressed it was found an intermediate host does not always suck the disease organisms from a man's bloodstream. Man may give them off in other ways but always they have to change their form in the body of the intermediate host before they can be conveyed again to man. This makes the time factor important. Furthermore, not only must the length of time taken for development be precisely learned, but also the precise species of host which can transmit the disease must be present. You may, for instance, surround a malaria sufferer with mosquitoes but unless these are anopheles of the right species no more harm will be caused than discomfort. But substitute one female anopheles and a conflagration of malaria may be started.

Another great discovery of science is that many disease germs travel in or on something alive—something that walks, that flies, that hops, that crawls, that swims, or that has some means of locomotion. Without such assistance the germs are helpless. The plague bacillus lives in the flea that lives on the rat that thumbs its way from one likely-looking spot to another. The virus of typhus resides in the louse which lives on man, a peripatetic animal.

One by one the strange life histories of these parasites have been unraveled —tales of adventurous wanderings more incredible than those of Sinbad. Take for example, the filaria. When a female mosquito bites a sufferer from elephantiasis she takes into her stomach infinitesimal worm embryos. These hardy travelers pierce her stomach wall and find their way to the muscles of her thorax, where they grow and change their form. When the embryos have reached the proper stage of development, their mosquito hostess becomes a definite menace.

With voracious appetite, she inserts her proboscis into any human victim she may encounter. She transfers with her bite a swarm of embryos which wriggle into the lymph stream of their new host, man, and continue their growth, getting to be such fine, big upstanding worms that they block his lymph channels and cause the part affected to swell, producing elephantiasis.

In time these filarias raise families there, and the problem becomes one of giving the young an opportunity to continue their development in the right kind of mosquito. The children accordingly venture into the man's bloodstream. In the daytime they apparently return to his lungs, heart muscles, and kidneys. But around five o'clock they set out in search of night life. By twelve o'clock they are frequenting in full force the blood vessels in the skin. The particular variety of mosquito which is to be their hostess also flies abroad only at night, and each one that dines at this particular restaurant receives her full quota of filaria offspring. They can be fooled, however. They are active while their host is sleeping. Their usual custom is to straggle back to the internal organs from midnight on until by dawn only a stray one here and there is left. But if their host sleeps in the daytime and stays awake at night, he will not be a danger to others, and the disease might be stopped, because the wormlets will then take their promenade in the daytime when the mosquitoes, sound asleep under a blade of grass or leaf, do not keep the tryst.

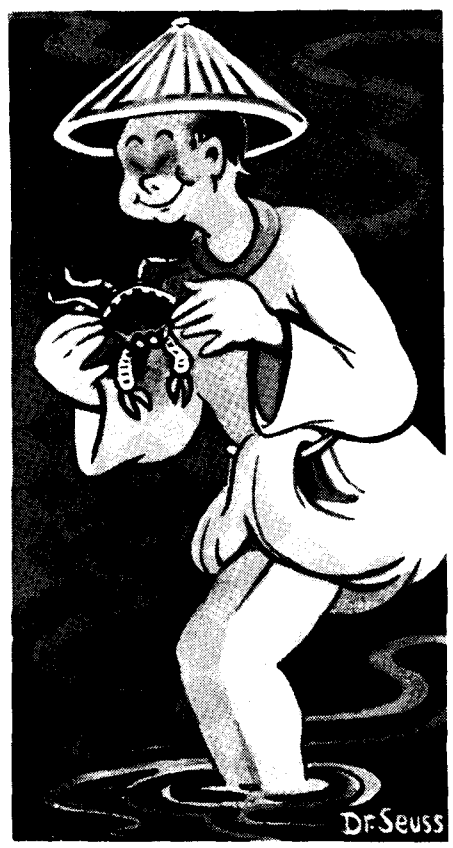
Outwitting the Mosquito

No drug has been found effective against elephantiasis; it can only be relieved by operation. A better method of control is to interfere with the breeding habits of the mosquito carriers. Orthodox mosquito larvae come to the surface of the water to secure air or food. They cannot breathe through an oil film, and therefore spreading oil on the surface will suffocate them, or a dusting of Paris green will poison them.

But special situations are always presenting themselves. In the South Seas, for example, mosquitoes were found breeding in rain water collected in empty coconut shells. Merely turning these upside down did much to reduce the prevalence of elephantiasis. In Travancore, one of the southern states of India, the problem was not so easily solved. Scientists had to spend years trying to discover the breeding habits of the particular mosquito which was largely responsible there. An Indian research worker finally determined that this mosquito, Anopheles Mansoni, would lay her eggs only where a certain aquatic plant known as the pistia was present. She ingeniously deposited them on the underside of the submerged leaves. Her children inherited her cleverness. The pistia plant stems were built up of a multitude of air cells, like a many-storied house. The intelligent wrigglers never came to the surface for oxygen; they merely stuck their tails into the air cells of the pistia stems Elephantiasis in certain areas of Travancore was brought under control by pulling up the plants. The mosquitoes, unable to change their age-long breeding habits, perished.

The lung fluke begins its career by hitchhiking a ride in a snail

And continues its development in the crab who feeds on the snail



And completes its life-cycle in the Japanese who is fond of crabs

Why Malaria Persists

Elephantiasis does not have the widespread significance of malaria, which is one of the greatest disease problems confronting the world today. But the further study of mosquitoes resulting from elephantiasis discoveries had tremendous influence in advancing control over malaria, although the path ahead is yet long and arduous. A million human beings still die of it each year in India. It is a great obstacle to the renascence of Greece, to rubber growing in Malaya, to sugar culture in Puerto Rico. Even in our own South the cotton workers, the railroad laborers, the lumberjacks, and, in certain areas, all persons, live under a constant hazard.

We know the cause of malaria—a tiny organism called a plasmodium; we know how it is transmitted—by the bite of an infected mosquito belonging to the anopheles family; we know a remedy—quinine, alone or in combination with one of the new drugs plasmochin and atebrin; we have studied the habits of the various anophelines, and in most cases we know the measures necessary to take in order to prevent their breeding. However, the expense of the requisite engineering operations is often so staggering that it can be afforded only when the saving of life is commensurate; in poor countries which need it the most the money is not available. Research is going on all over the world and each year new discoveries are being made. But the problem is so complex and so paradoxical that it cannot be treated in an article of this length.

If you go to Florida, watch out for a mosquito with white-striped body and legs and a perfect harp on her head. Time was when this *aedes aegypti* might have infected you with yellow fever, but now she is to be avoided mainly because of dengue, the disease of a hundred synonyms; breakbone, broken-wing, break-heart, or dandy fever being only a few. Should you fail to identify this ominous visitor and fall victim to her bite, your temperature will rise suddenly, and you will have such pains in your neck that you think your vertebrae are about to part company. Every motion you make will be agonizing. After three or four days the fever will subside, only

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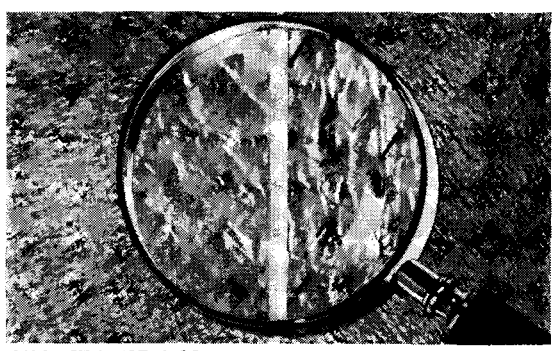
NIGHT SHIFT!

● Anybody can see this misfit. But with razor blades it's different. Your *face feels* what your eyes can't detect when shaving edges protrude too far, or not far enough, from your razor. Gillette Blades fit the Gillette Razor perfectly. And give you shaves that last!



GILLETTE METHOD: The photograph above shows how closely a Gillette Blade removes whiskers at the *skin line*—giving you smooth, comfortable shaves that are *clean.*

OTHER METHOD: Close-up of ragged, half-mown stubble left by another shaving method. These bristles will look full-grown and unsightly in a few short hours.

LESS THAN 1¢ A DAY
buys the world's finest blades

● Gillette Blades are precision-made to fit the Gillette Razor accurately and give you the world's finest shaves for *less than one cent a day.*

Gillette
Blades
MORE SHAVING COMFORT FOR YOUR MONEY

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● An alarm clock may get you up on time—but it takes a clean, close Gillette shave to *wake up your face!* No other method is so stimulating and refreshing. A keen Gillette Blade quickly tones your skin—makes it *feel* fit and *look* fit for hours to come!

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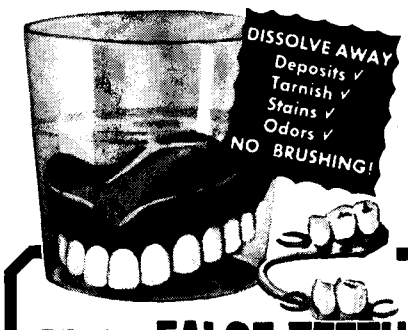

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PISO'S 35¢ 60¢

to be followed by a secondary attack. The disease is painful but rarely mortal, although, unfortunately, having it once conveys no immunity. After one experience I thought I was safe, but right in the middle of a big cholera epidemic in the Philippines I was struck down by a second attack—one of the few times in my life I have been a hospital patient.

Dengue occurs all over the tropical and subtropical zones, but, even in Florida, only at intervals of years. Periodically it sweeps along the Mediterranean. Cairo has had bad outbreaks. I have seen a whole city rendered inoperative by this malady. In Brisbane, Australia, out of its population of sixty thousand, half were attacked at one time. So many streetcar conductors, elevator operators, waiters and taxi drivers were affected that all services were totally disorganized.

The discovery of the relation of *aedes* mosquitoes to yellow fever resulted in the dream of wiping it from the face of the earth. A beginning was made in Cuba after the Spanish-American War, and developed further in the Panama Canal Zone. With later discoveries, which indicate that some other host may be involved, the dream that we thought we had grasped has temporarily eluded us, but science goes on, and laboratory outposts have been set up in the jungles of West Africa and Brazil to continue the fight.

Death on Tiny Wings

Other winged monsters terrorize the modern world as imaginary flying dragons did the ancient. The iridescent wings of the dreaded tsetse fly hover over equatorial Africa, bringing sleeping sickness. A blood-letting silver-footed sand fly causes the coolies of India and China to waste away with kala azar; the coffee fly blinds the Gautemalan descendants of the Mayans.

The sleeping sickness of Africa is totally unrelated to the disease which popularly bears the same name in this country. It was first noted in 1734 by a British navy surgeon on the Guinea coast. But not until 1902 was the life cycle of the causative organism known. Sleeping sickness is conveyed by tsetses, so named from the buzz of their flight, dun-colored, and with staring eyes. Many methods have been tried in the effort to eradicate these flies. Whole villages were moved away from certain regions around Lake Victoria Nyanza. But three years later the local flies were still found infectious—they may have kept the infection going by breeding on wild animals which harbored the disease. Koch has surmised the flies lived on crocodiles; others that their regular meals were obtained from hippopotami. Whether the host is human or animal, the tsetses suck in the organisms which, after undergoing development, appear in their salivary glands, and from these pass again into man or beast, making the cycle complete.

Since the bite of the tsetse causes no great irritation, it is often overlooked, but sooner or later sleeping sickness sets in with an intermittent fever, a mottled appearance of the skin and glandular enlargement. In the slave-trading days all Negroes with lumps on their necks were automatically rejected. As the disease progresses, taking weeks, months, or perhaps years in the process, the patient becomes drowsy, finds difficulty in walking, his feet and hands tremble. Without treatment death ensues.

Much experimentation has gone into finding a cure for sleeping sickness. Shortly after the war the Germans claimed to have discovered a remedy and kept it secret, offering it, so it is said, to the British government in return for lost colonies. The Tropical Institute once believed it had found a remedy, but it had to be abandoned when it resulted in blindness. Better success is attending the use of tryparsamide, developed by the Rockefeller Institute.

Another disease requiring an intermediate host plays an important role in India. Seventy years ago the Indians of the Garo Hills called the disease from which they suffered kala azar, or black fever, an obvious description of the victim's appearance. The disease abounds in oddities of nomenclature. It is also known as dumdum fever, the same word used to describe the barbaric soft-nosed bullet. When it was identified in far-away South America it was called the Delhi Boil, harking back to Mother India.

At the time the British first noted the disease it was confined to a small area in the Indian hill country, but with the opening of roads and trails it began to spread, became epidemic, caused a high death rate. They paid more attention to it, at first assuming it to be a form of malaria. But in 1900 Sir William Leishman found a new and distinct type of parasite in the blood vessels and lymphatics of victims. With malaria thus ruled out the jury turned in a verdict of murder by insect unknown. A masterly job of detection pointed the finger of guilt by circumstantial evidence at the sand fly, the phlebotomus, a name aptly derived from the same source as phlebotomy, the medieval custom of cure by drawing blood from the veins. The disease in scientific circles now goes by the dignified name of leishmaniasis.

Conviction was impossible until the sand fly could be caught in the act of transmitting the disease and for years no animal would accept a martyr's role. The usual laboratory rat, guinea pig, monkey, all declined the honor. So did the native animals of India. With unflagging zeal scientists went farther abroad and imported a hamster, "a rodentlike large rat, with cheek pouches for carrying grain to its winter store." For reasons unknown, he proved to be susceptible, and the trial of the sand fly ended triumphantly in a verdict of guilty in the first degree.

The treatment for kala azar is a drug discovered in the 16th century, which, because it accidentally caused the death of several monks, was named antimoine, or in modern English, antimony.

Man-Made Obstacles

In 1915 a strange disease, onchocerciasis, was found in the coffee-growing zone of the Pacific slope of the Cordilleras in Guatemala. Practically all the Guatemalans attacked were coffee-workers, primitive, uncomplaining, ignorant, superstitious descendants of the Mayans. Their conception of health was so simple that they believed they were well when they could work and sick when they could not. They were used to the tumors on their heads, sometimes as small as a bean, sometimes as large as a pigeon egg. Not until their eyesight failed did they begin to be concerned. The plantation owner, however, was concerned, and loosed on the trail the hounds of science, who discovered that the painless, unconsidered bite of the black gnatlike female coffee fly, so tiny it could pass through the meshes of ordinary mosquito screen, was responsible.

As the Indian went to his work in the morning he had to pass through jungle, where the orchids, begonias, poinsettias, and tangled masses of blue and white morning glories gleamed darkly and where in the lush denseness the myriad flies had their home. Man could no more

"I asked for a low number, all right—but this is an insult!"

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stem the tide of the jungle than Canute could the sea. Consequently, the task of eradicating the fly was hopeless. The only relief for the poor Indian was a simple removal of the worm in the tumor. This he resisted even though it was proved to him over and over that his eyesight would return, sometimes miraculously in twenty-four hours.

Most intermediate-host diseases are commonly associated with the tropics, but one of them, at least, typhus fever, flourishes in northern countries. After years of research, it was strongly suspected that the body louse was the transmitting agent, that the disease was probably a virus, and that this virus underwent some sort of development in the body of the louse, the *pediculus corporis* as it is known in the laboratory, though the doughboys, the tommies, and the poilus had other names for it. The evidence for the louse dossier is not yet complete, but the prophylaxis is known. No louse, no typhus.

Ticks carry within their small bodies some of the worst diseases of animals, one of which at least—perhaps more—can be conveyed to man. Rocky Mountain spotted fever, deadly to those whom it attacks, was first discovered in the Bitter Root Valley of Montana in the 1870's. The peculiar thing was that the disease was acquired by those living on the eastern slopes of the mountains and not on the western, the reason being plain when it was discovered the guilty tick appeared only on the eastern side of the Bitter Root River. The range of the disease has since been alarmingly widened. There are now thirty-four states in the Northwest, the Far West, and the Middle West, where it is apparently endemic.

In spite of prolonged research, no complete solution has yet been reached as to the causal organism, although it is known to multiply in the body of the tick. Meanwhile, scientists do not have to work so frantically because, putting the cart before the horse, a protective vaccine was developed ten years ago, in time to immunize the boys of the CCC camps in the tick country.

Out-of-door vermin such as ticks somehow do not seem so "verminous" as indoor ones, such as fleas. In this particular instance the aversion is justified, though plague is primarily a disease of rats, not of man. A rat may die of it, but his fleas must live. They seek nourishment from man and in so doing infect him with the plague bacillus. He has died by the million through such accidents.

Rat Control Essential

Though much has been learned about the life story of the flea and the bacilli she carries, science is never satisfied. A vaccine may immunize, but those not so protected are beyond human aid. Most of them die. Therefore, rat control is at the moment the angle of approach. In India, in a locality where plague has been endemic since 1902, a laboratory has been set up. Native houses are reproduced exactly, and much of value in combating the disease has been found out, at least for this particular area.

In many places plague has been wiped out, but vigilance can never be relaxed. In Colombo, Ceylon, the authorities considered they had constructed a ratproof port area. All incoming cargo was taken to big warehouses, or godowns, surrounded by a high concrete wall. Before being loaded with grain, the railroad cars used to be run into the godown and the doors carefully closed behind. "No rats can get in here" was the boast.

Nevertheless plague, apparently stemming from Colombo, was appearing all over Ceylon. The building itself was perfect. The interstices between the cemented stone blocks were so thoroughly sealed that no rat could have slipped through. But the canny rodents, smarter than their opponents, had outwitted them. The storm-water drains, which led in as well as out, had not been properly screened. And the telephone company had sunk its poles too near the wall. A rat could skim up one of these and crawl through an open window. Once in the grain bins these stowaways were ready for adventure, ate heartily and cared little about the future.

The Persistent Paragonimus

The story of the fluke, paragonimus, so-called from its fishlike shape, is perhaps the most amazing of all, because this parasite is not content with one intermediate host but demands two. It took years to work out the life cycle, and the Japanese on whom this disease is fastened, taking infinite pains, made the principal contributions. They pegged away and pegged away until finally this is what they found: In fresh water ponds of Nippon briskly swim little objects called miracidia. A snail with the melodious name of melania strolls slowly along. The lonely miracidia, eager for company, attach themselves to this passer-by and before he knows it have bored themselves right into his vital organs. There they change their form and acquire, among other things, tails and poison glands and a new laboratory name of cercariae.

If nothing further should happen, the cercariae would die, but obligingly enough there sidles along a crab which eats the snail. There in the crab the minute animals form cysts, metamorphose into baby paragonimi, and wait expectantly for the next adventure. They could not keep this up indefinitely, but, fortunately for them though not for the Japanese, the local diet includes the eating of crabs raw, not cooked as are our imported tinned ones.

Now the baby paragonimi, projected into a human stomach, continue their explorations. They begin to bore upward, first through the man's stomach and then through the diaphragm, one of the toughest membranes in the whole body, so tough, in fact, that a surgeon can hardly cut it with his knife. Finally they penetrate the four layers of the pleura, the sac enclosing the lungs, and, in spite of being constantly jiggled by the movement of the lungs in breathing, reach the little air cells. There they finish their growth contentedly, and breed.

The poor Japanese does not welcome his guests. Slowly his fever rises and he becomes emaciated. He has a chronic infection of the lungs, accompanied by constant expectoration. This meets exactly the needs of the paragonimi. The eggs are expectorated and inevitably a certain number of them reach their first medium, water, where they can hatch into miracidia and again start the complicated life cycle.

If the cycle should be broken at any stage the paragonimus would die. If man does not spit where the eggs can reach water, if the right variety of snail is not present, if the crab does not chance upon the snail, if man does not seize the crab, or if he cooks it, any one of these eventualities would break the chain.

I have never been able to understand how the paragonimus, without intelligence, can know the actions necessary for its existence. In fact, though these intermediate-host parasites are my natural enemies, I have a great admiration for all of them, as I would have for any other creatures that could continue to live through all the hazards which surround them. Nevertheless, their extermination would greatly advance the health of the human race.

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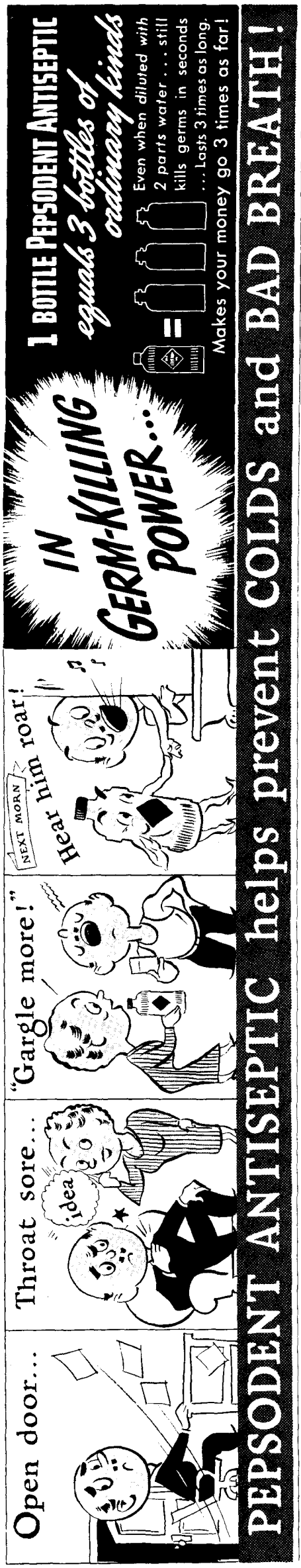

Love, Action, Laughter

Continued from page 17

He looked her over once more. For some crazy reason he hoped Sammy Glick didn't get to first base with her. Then he gave her an informal salute.

"Take it easy, sister," he said, and started out.

Judy watched him walking out of her life. She was frantic for a moment and then was sure.

"Larry, wait," she called.

He whirled around in surprise.

"It isn't too late," she said, "believe me, Larry."

He smiled faintly. "What's it to you?"

"Everything," she said. She knew it sounded too dramatic, but she didn't care. This was no time for caution—you don't think of subject and predicate when you've wanted a man for sixteen years.

"On the level," she said, "I used to watch for you on the old lot; it's been that long."

Larry looked at her. He believed her. "This is one screwy day," he said.

"Larry," she said, "let me see you tonight, let me help you."

"Don't waste your time," Larry said. "I'm old hat. You heard what Sammy said. I can't give you young love, action, music and laughter—that's what you want—that's what we all need."

"I never did like formulas," she retorted, "and anyway, I'll take my chances."

"No," he said, "it's crazy, it's too late."

"Don't be a sap," she insisted. "It's my turn. The old wheel has finally stopped on my number."

Judy knew there must be something about this moment that would burn them both. She knew that this was the last time, that if he walked out into the street now, and she went back to her dictation, that was the end for both of them.

"This will sound nutty," she said. "I've been in love with you for sixteen years. I was in love with you when girls buzzed around you like bees. I was in love with you when you went off on yachting parties and stayed drunk for weeks, when the scandals came and the papers had to be hushed up. I was in love when you put your arm around me on the set and forgot to look at my face. I've been in love with you for a million years, and now there's nobody else—time has given me a break, and I'm moving in."

Larry looked at her hard and wrinkles spread in ripples from his eyes as he smiled.

"You win," he said.

"Call for me at the Villa Carlotta at eight o'clock."

"Okay," he said, "what's your name?"

"Judy," she said. "Judy Castle."

"I'll be there, Judy," he said, "in tails—we're going formal."

LARRY was back at eight. He had downed four highballs. His dress suit was tight around the shoulders and slightly faded. He drove up to the Villa Carlotta in a taxi; the fare was ninety cents. He gave the driver his hundred-dollar bill. The driver laughed and said, "I haven't seen one of them things since the depression."

"Okay," Larry said. "Then wait here—we can use you—we're going places."

Judy came down in a purple evening gown. She must have spent a lot of time on her face—it didn't look so round and white. She took his hand and squeezed it hard twice. She had been very excited all afternoon thinking of this and now she was subdued and slow-moving.

He helped her into the taxi elegantly and said, "To El Patio." He turned on the radio. It played too loud at first, and then too soft, and this was very funny and they laughed at it together.

In the taxi Judy said gaily, "It looks like you've got a head start on me," and Larry said, "I have a feeling this is one race we're going to end up together." The radio hummed a gay tune. Larry looked at her and said, "I wish you had forced this on me fifteen years ago," and Judy answered, "Don't be silly. It couldn't have happened then; you were too busy."

They kissed then, for the first time, and the driver looked around and grinned and said, "Here's El Patio."

"I haven't felt like this since I was a kid," Larry said as they went in. "Young love, Sammy Glick, should see us now."

Nearly everybody who eats in places like El Patio watches the door, lapping up the success with their filets, eager to see the new people who are entering the charmed circle. When Larry came in with Judy on his arm, people put their heads together and wondered who they were, and one lady thought she had seen Judy at some party the week before and then Wally Conors, Judy's boss when he was production manager for Larry on the old lot, looked up and said, "Why, that's Larry Martin—I haven't seen the old boy in years."

CONORS walked over to Larry's table and seemed very glad to see him.

"Hello, Larry," he said, "where've you been keeping yourself?"

"Hello, Wally old kid, I've been traveling," Larry said.

"Abroad?" Conors asked. "Why didn't you look me up when you got back, you dog?"

"I've just been traveling from one hotel to another, jumping the rent," Larry said.

Conors threw his big head back and roared. "Still the same old Larry Martin," he said, "but on the level, you're looking swell. Things must be breaking pretty good for you."

"Can't complain," said Larry. "They want me to make a picture in England, but you know how I feel about this burg."

"Sure," said Conors. He was glancing over toward his table. He couldn't quite make Larry out, and he'd rather let it go at that before he got involved.

"By the way," Larry said, "you know Miss Castle, don't you? Used to be with us on the old lot."

"Oh, yes," said Conors vaguely, "glad to see you."

There was an awkward silence. Conors glanced over at another table and waved. "There's Lolly Parsons," he said, "I gotta see her a minute. Give me a ring, Larry, and we'll have lunch sometime."

"He and I used to be great pals," Larry said.

"I can see that," Judy said.

"See," said Larry, "they still come over to me—we're in, kid."

He picked up the menu and read it from cover to cover. It gave him a kick to see those prices again. Then he beckoned the waiter with an authoritative wave.

"Why isn't the 1921 Liebfraumilch on the wine list?" he demanded.

"I'm sorry, sir," the waiter answered, "we have the 1919."

"But the 1921 is the best year," Larry said triumphantly.

Larry leaned back. He had won his right to belong again. He ordered the 1919 and lobster Thermidor. He squeezed Judy's hand. "Baby," he said, "I haven't felt so good in years."

"You didn't have to order all that," she said, "it's too expensive. We don't

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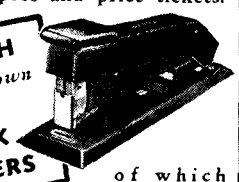

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need all that stuff to have a good time."

She was wondering how he could afford it. He told her not to worry, just leave everything to him.

Larry was getting drunk, and pretty soon Judy had a glow on too, and more people stopped over to say hello, and Larry leaned back very full and comfortable. He was beginning to feel his old warmth.

He asked for a phone extension and called the Glorioso and said, "Reserve a table for two for Mr. Larry Martin," and he hung up and blew Judy a kiss.

Judy was drunk with the ecstasy of all this. She had the exquisite illusion of being out with the Larry Martin they all wanted to know. And I always thought I was a little too heavy to play Cinderella, she reflected.

"Snap out of it, Judy girl," Larry said; "you're a million miles away."

And Judy snapped, giving herself to this moment. She would forget about thinking, she wouldn't look before or after. "I'm right with you, darling," she said. "Have you heard the one about the star and the producer's daughter?"

They both howled then, and started out, Larry yelling back to the headwaiter, "Next time have that 1921." And they roared with laughter, all the way out to the taxi. "Give 'er the gun," Larry shouted, "just for the hell of it."

The taxi started.

"Young love, action, music and laughter, whoopee!" Larry yelled, and then he sang the words in time to the radio, "*Young-love, action-and-music, laughter, do-dee-o-do.* Can you imagine that little shrimp saying I don't know anything about young-love, action-and-music, laugh-ter?

"Wait'll I get one good picture under my belt, I'll show that little worm—I wouldn't have him as my office boy. Judy baby, you brought me luck—I love you, we'll knock this town dead."

"We?" Judy asked.

"Sure," said Larry, "we're a setup for each other; we'll fly down to Tia Juana tonight and get hitched."

"Kiss me," Judy said.

"Are ya glad, honey? Say something."

"Hold me, Larry," she said. "Don't let me go."

The Glorioso was filling up. There was an air to that place with its smart patterns of black and white, the rustle of evening gowns, the seminude cigarette girls, the tailored moguls and their panting stooges, ingratiating agents doing business after dark, beautiful women with wet lips and cool mascara searching for something, and poised ladies who had arrived, leaning back to watch the procession. The music was playing, the room seemed flooded with theatrical passion and tango rhythm.

It was not quite real, this world into which Larry and Judy entered, holding hands and laughing—laughing because life was just too funny for words.

They were led to a table in a corner, ordered more wine and joined the dancers on the floor. As they whirled, they stole a kiss and almost fell. Somebody said, "If you want to do that, why don't you get off the floor?" It was Tony Kreuger, the tough little kid who used to be California lightweight champ until he met Sammy Glick and found out it was a softer racket to be a ten-percenter.

Larry and Judy laughed at Tony. Tony glared over at them; he didn't know who Larry was so he couldn't be too fresh until he found out.

Now Larry was making love out loud to Judy, and the waiters winked, and Judy shook her finger, but Larry only kissed it and put it aside, saying, "We got a right—this is our engagement party! Hey, waiter, another bottle of champagne for me and the bride."

WHEN they got up to dance again, they noticed that Tony Kreuger was sitting right behind them with a blond show girl.

"Those guys give me a pain," Larry said. "A bunch of fakes. I'd like to see him get tough."

The floor show began. Larry turned his back on it and made love to Judy.

"As soon as this is over," he said, "as soon as they hang up the floor show we are heading for the last round-up."

Tony Kreuger looked over and glared. He had found out who Larry was. "Shut up," he growled.

Larry stiffened. "Who do you think you're talking to?" he said.

"Don't give me that act," Tony said. "I heard all about you from Sammy Glick. Just because he's nice enough to give you a handout today you think you can come here and be a big shot."

This was a shock to Judy. She must have loved Larry from way back because she still didn't pity him; she understood—nothing was going to come between them.

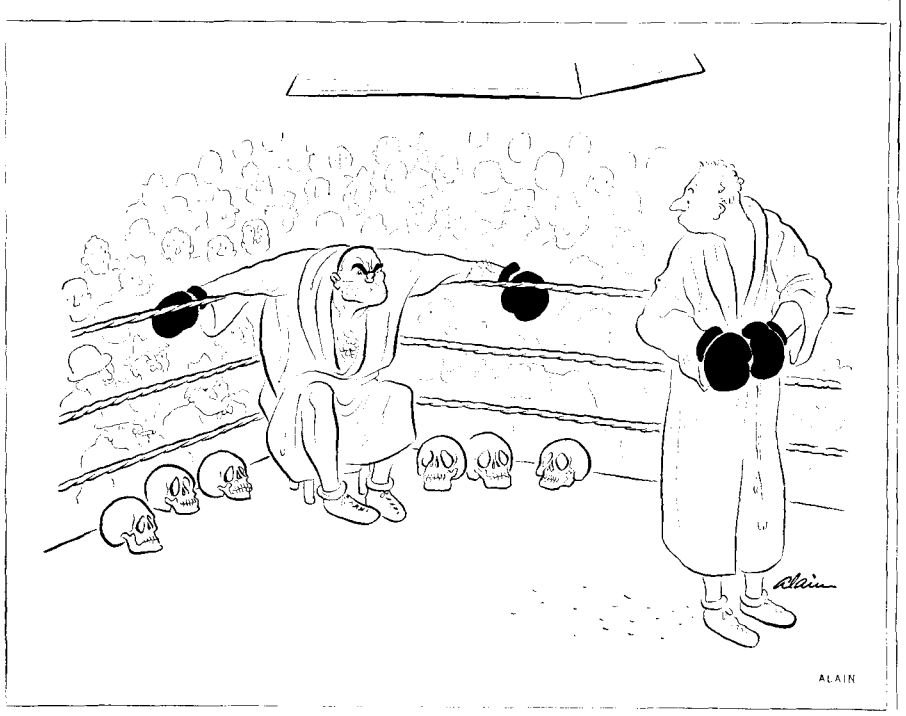
"Darling, sit down," she begged.

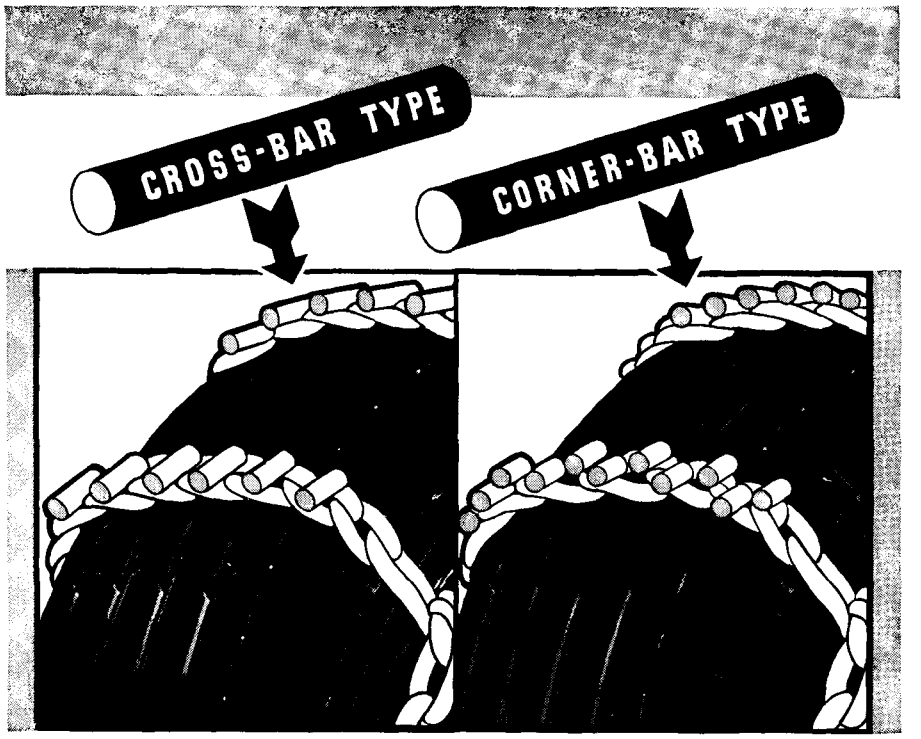
Her voice pierced the fog that was settling around his head.

"Sorry, baby," he said. "Let's blow—let's have some fun."

Tony felt very proud of himself; his eyes shone like a cat's.

Larry staggered out, Judy trying to help him without appearing to. They tumbled into the taxi, and Larry pulled all the bills he had left out of his pocket and told Judy to count them. She did, fearfully. There were fifty dollars left; she would like to tell him to save them,



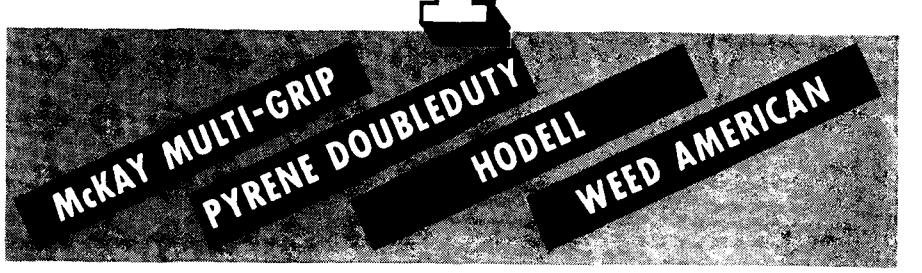


Tire Chains ARE BAR-REINFORCED for Double Mileage • • Greater Safety

Look carefully at the tire chains you buy. Make sure they have case-hardened steel *bar-reinforcements* double-welded to the wearing surface of the chains. The extra thickness of tough, hard-biting bar steel *doubles* the wear, thus making chains last twice as long.

Bar-reinforced tire chains are made in the two types shown above. The steel bars dig into ice, snow or mud, preventing forward skids. They bite and block against side skids. They give your car positive gripping, starting or stopping traction on any surface. They give you greater *safety*—plus double *mileage*—for your accident-prevention money. Make doubly sure the tire chains you buy are BAR-REINFORCED.

MADE ONLY IN THESE 4 FAMOUS BRANDS . . .



ASK YOUR DEALER

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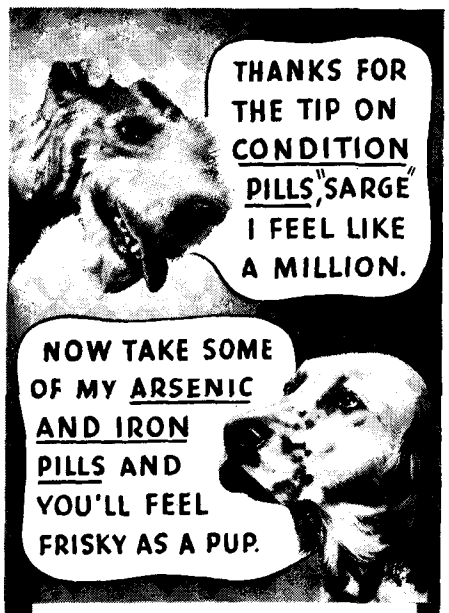

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"SERGEANT"
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··STOPPED IN A HURRY BY D.D.D.···

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See WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITERS

Relieve Baby's Cough

the Moist-Throat Way!

WHEN you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough. Pertussin stimulates these glands to again pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal from your respiratory system. Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal remedy for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

PERTUSSIN
The "Moist-Throat" Method of Cough Relief

to take it easy, but there was no time, no time like the present, no time but this for young love, action, music and laughter; time was ticking, time was chasing itself around the block; this was the zero hour for real joy. So she shut her eyes again, they would loop the last loop together, and she said, "Fifty bucks, honey," and he grinned and yelled two loud words to the driver, "*Clover Club,*" and he grabbed her chin and kissed her possessively and said, "Now we're gonna have some action!"

And Judy said, "I'm right with you." If Larry was going to lose his last fifty bucks, he was going to lose sight of Tony Kreuger too. This night he would lose his shame and his weariness. Judy was with him. She was going to hold onto him; he could lose everything but her.

THE Clover Club is one of those quiet, swanky places where big men throw away big money with such ease you forget it is money at all. It is very exclusive, for they must be careful whom they take their money from. Larry and Judy climbed the steps to the door, and a dark face looked out at them from a peephole.

The face said, "Sorry, boss, don't know you."

Larry said, "That's your fault. I'm Larry Martin."

The face was puzzled. It said, "Wait a minute," and disappeared.

In a moment it bobbed up again with another face. The new face started out more diplomatically. "I'm sorry, sir, I didn't get the name."

"You better get the name," Larry said, "or you'll get a lot more than that."

Larry pranced on the step like a mad bull; he puffed fury into the air; he held his head high in the air and looked down on these guardians of the gate.

He had won. He heard the knob turning. The big door swung open to them.

Inside, Hollywood was having an expensive good time. Larry stormed in like a mad bull. Judy thought he would make everybody look at him. She caught a glimpse of Wally Conors, and there was Sammy Glick, but Hollywood has always suffered from convenient nearsightedness. Nobody turned, nobody seemed to look, the rhythm of the Clover Club flowed on unchanged.

LARRY shouldered his way into the crowd at the roulette wheel, and put five dollars on forty-three.

The wheel spun and the little ball did its dance.

The wheel slowed, the little ball let each number catch it for a moment, then jumped away again, like a flirtatious girl, until it hopped securely into the arms of forty-three.

Green bills were pushed across to Larry. He picked them up and crumpled them up in his hand carelessly.

Judy said, "Try 21, that's the year we first met," and the wheel spun once, and spun again. But 21 didn't seem to show, and Judy was nervous—it had to for her sake; and the third time the ball leaped in, as if it knew it was overdue.

Larry had a couple of hundred dollars in his hand. The man next to him said, "You're getting to them," and Judy noticed that several others looked over. Larry hadn't time to look up.

Then Larry put the two hundred on red, the whole wad, and the weasel looked up in appreciation. And Judy prayed, and red it was, four hundred dollars coming across the table to them; that little ball was human, it understood them, it was coming through.

Larry and Judy and the wheel were going crazy; they were all spinning around together; they were hoping to spin forever. It seemed to Judy that they were out in a wonderful sort of snowstorm; it was snowing dollar bills; they would build a great fortress out of the stuff to wall out the world.

Larry said, "Here, Tootsy, you hold this."

She found a thousand dollars sticking to her hand; she felt as if she were coming out of a faint. There were heads crowding around; she and Larry were in the middle of a circle of amazement and envy. Larry was sprinkling chips across the boards like seeds.

Somebody asked, "Who's that lucky guy?" Everybody was beginning to wonder. Someone thought he was a big banker from the East, and then Sammy Glick came up and stood behind him and said, "Larry?—you mean Larry Martin? —he was in my office just today."

Larry had three thousand dollars and the wheel was still spinning. Wally Conors said, "Larry—he's been making pictures in England," and went through the room proudly proclaiming to everyone that his pal, Larry Martin, was rolling the wheel down Hollywood Boulevard like a hoop.

The name was hoisted above the room like a flag. Larry Martin had ten thousand dollars. Everybody saluted.

"It's time to cash in," Judy said.

It was the touch of her hand on his arm rather than the sound of her words that made him say, "Okay. I'll be back tomorrow night."

"You are back," she said. "Larry, you're back right now."

She was right. The room was buzzing with Larry Martin. With every moment and every dollar he was becoming a better director. "He can still do a better job than half these punks drawing down big dough," one producer said. "He had a great touch," another said; "he's a swell guy."

As Larry was turning in his chips, the old producer came up to him and shook his hand. "Congratulations, Larry," he said, "glad to see you back.

"Listen," the producer said. "I've got a hunch Hollywood needs you more than England does. How would you like to meet me at the Imperial tomorrow at one o'clock?"

"Okay, pal," Larry said. "See you later."

As he walked to the door, a little guy with a quick step caught up with him. "Why, hello, Mr. Glick," Judy said.

It was Sammy. He put his arm around Larry and whispered into his ear.

"Listen," he said. "I happened to hear what that guy said to you. How about dropping into my office first, about ten? I may have something hot for you."

Larry nodded. The wheel was still spinning. He was hot. He would rub one producer against another like flints. He would start a real fire again.

LARRY was his old self, as he and Judy drove back to the Villa Carlotta. He was talking about his comeback, about the triumphs he would have, and Judy was silent, wondering if he would crowd her out of his world, wondering if tomorrow would find them strangers or lovers. The wheel was still rolling; she was keeping her fingers crossed; she would keep them crossed forever, remembering this night when two old-timers made a symphony out of young love, action, music and laughter.

The taxi drew up to the door of the apartment. Judy was ready to step out into the early morning and the old life.

"Pull yourself together, Tootsy," he said. "I'll pick you up at noon."

"Larry," she said, "you don't have to —the night's over—I'll understand."

"I said be ready at twelve," Larry said, "and don't keep me waiting. We've got a lot to do together—we got a one-way ticket to young love, action, music and laughter for the rest of our lives—and it looks as if Sammy Glick is going to pay our way."

Judy hurried inside; she didn't want to cry on the street, just when the sun was ending this long night in which Larry Martin had risen from his grave to come back to Hollywood and Judy Castle.

"It came this morning. They must be over their mad"

ROLAND COE

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PLUMBING IS A PUBLIC TRUST!

More than ever before, people have come to recognize the importance of plumbing to health protection.

Plumbing furnishes the fresh, pure water so essential to comfort and well-being and carries away the wastes so dangerous to health.

The very fact that good plumbing functions so efficiently and so unobtrusively causes some people to accept all plumbing as good plumbing.

Unfortunately, these people are easy prey for the irresponsible, destructive forces that offer the lure of price instead of the assurance of satisfactory service and health.

The public pays the penalty by high repair bills, unsatisfactory service, discomfort and even sickness.

Good plumbing service cannot be sold over the counter, because installation is such an important factor.

It means too much to the welfare of your family, to the uninterrupted enjoyment of your home and to the actual value of your property to entrust plumbing to any but the only men qualified by training and experience to assure satisfactory service and health protection -- the Master Plumbers.

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To our Wholesale Distributors, the Master Plumbers and ourselves, plumbing is a public trust. We believe more than ever before that "The Plumber Protects the Health of the Nation."

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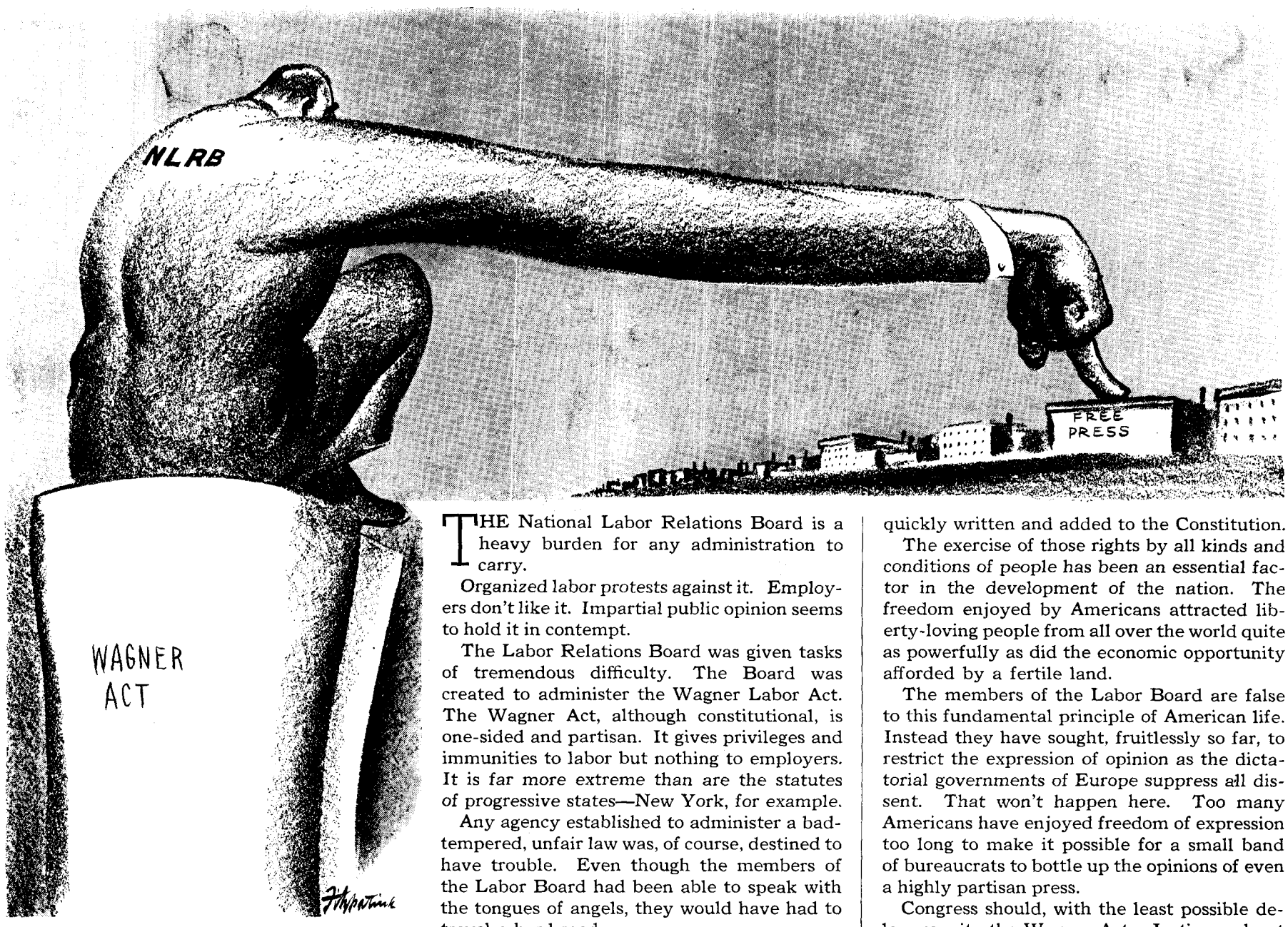

POOR LABOR RELATIONS

THE National Labor Relations Board is a heavy burden for any administration to carry.

Organized labor protests against it. Employers don't like it. Impartial public opinion seems to hold it in contempt.

The Labor Relations Board was given tasks of tremendous difficulty. The Board was created to administer the Wagner Labor Act. The Wagner Act, although constitutional, is one-sided and partisan. It gives privileges and immunities to labor but nothing to employers. It is far more extreme than are the statutes of progressive states—New York, for example.

Any agency established to administer a bad-tempered, unfair law was, of course, destined to have trouble. Even though the members of the Labor Board had been able to speak with the tongues of angels, they would have had to travel a hard road.

Actually the Board has added greatly to the sum of its troubles by its own inexcusable follies and perversities.

Its greatest absurdity is its egregious effort to interfere with the freedom of the press.

The Board sought to compel the editor of an industrial magazine to testify concerning his sources of information.

The Labor Board plainly fell into the common error of thinking that freedom of the press is a privilege only of those who agree with the Board.

There is no greater folly in a land of freedom and democracy. Free speech and a free press belong to the good and the bad, the wise and the foolish, to an administration and to its opposition.

The opinions which the Labor Board disliked might for the sake of the principle be conceded to be foolish, ignorant, insincere and baleful. Still the interference of the Board was an act of impertinence intolerable in a free land.

Other similar attempts have been made by the Board and its agents to ascertain why people who criticized its activities thought as they did. No court which retained the slightest shred of integrity would tolerate such contempt for the fundamental liberties of the American people.

When the Constitution was adopted, Americans feared that their liberties might sometime be restricted and so the Bill of Rights was quickly written and added to the Constitution.

The exercise of those rights by all kinds and conditions of people has been an essential factor in the development of the nation. The freedom enjoyed by Americans attracted liberty-loving people from all over the world quite as powerfully as did the economic opportunity afforded by a fertile land.

The members of the Labor Board are false to this fundamental principle of American life. Instead they have sought, fruitlessly so far, to restrict the expression of opinion as the dictatorial governments of Europe suppress all dissent. That won't happen here. Too many Americans have enjoyed freedom of expression too long to make it possible for a small band of bureaucrats to bottle up the opinions of even a highly partisan press.

Congress should, with the least possible delay, rewrite the Wagner Act. Justice and not partisanship is the proper test of any law. Not even its proponents have dared deny the extreme partisanship of the Act.

The American Federation of Labor has opposed the Labor Relations Board on the ground that it was an ally of the C.I.O. The C.I.O., on the other hand, has also held the Board to be too partisan for its purposes.

The record seems to show that the Labor Relations Board has been, in fact, a very active ally of the C.I.O. The Board has not only been overtly on the side of the unions but it has covertly been a partisan of the C.I.O.

A bad law and a worse board are a poor combination. The law should be revised in the light of experience and with the purpose of doing justice to all. The Board itself should be brought to account or abolished.

The fact is that the Labor Relations Board has promoted strife and engendered bitterness in our national life. When Charles H. Martin, the Democratic governor of Oregon, spoke—in connection with the long-drawn-out lumber strike—of the ineptitude of the National Labor Relations Board, he expressed a sentiment common throughout the country.

Neither the nation nor the Administration can afford the luxury of such incompetence and partisanship in a high office. The economic difficulties inherent in this time are too great to warrant the continued activity of an inept agency which irritates those it might conciliate.

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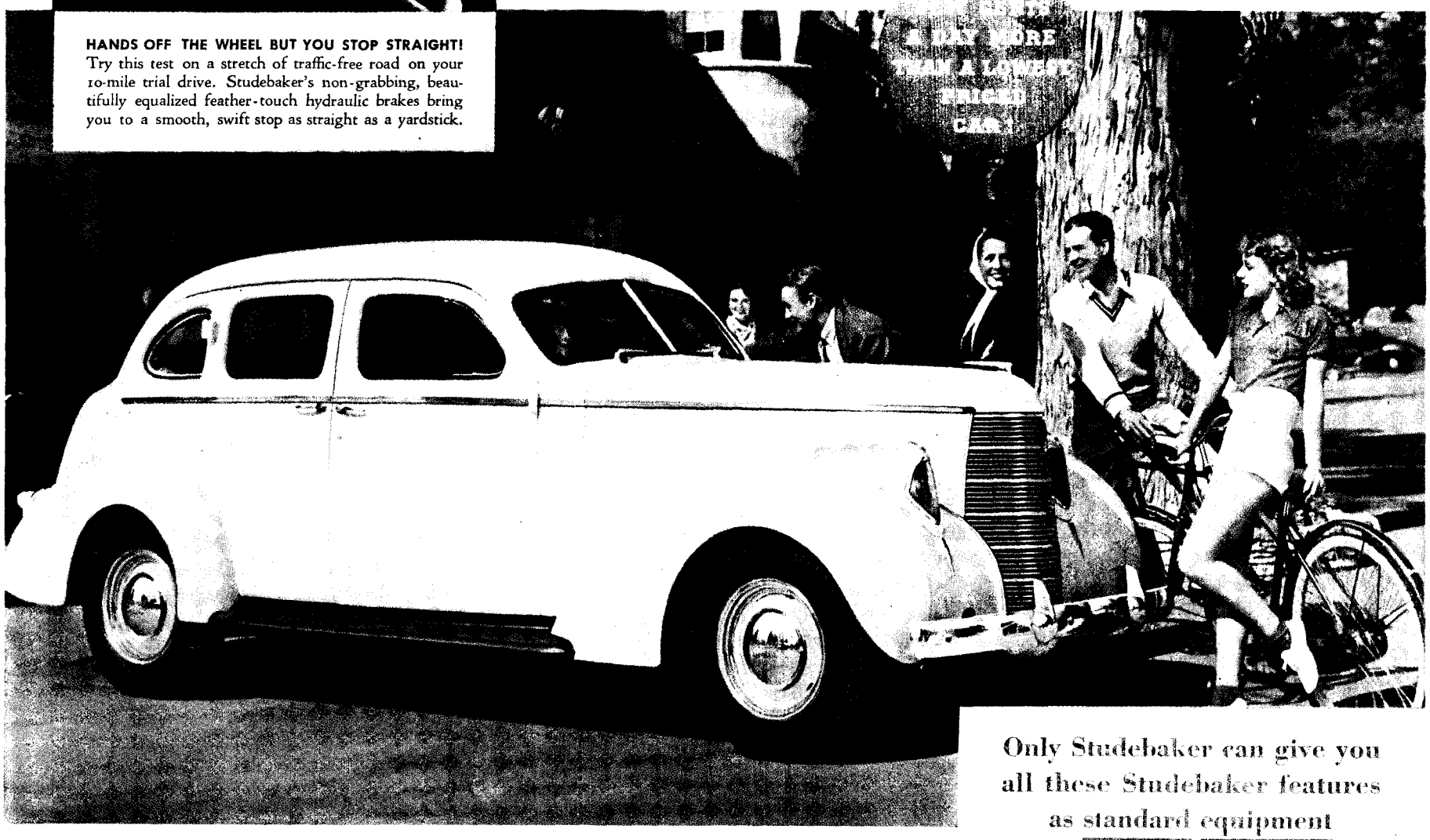
LOW-PRICED NEW 1938 STUDEBAKER

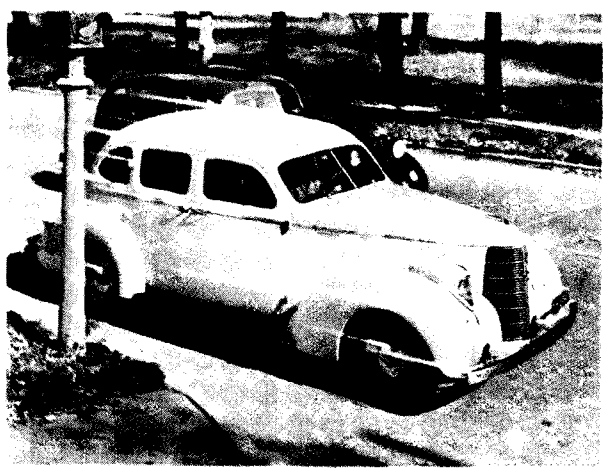
HANDS OFF THE WHEEL BUT YOU STOP STRAIGHT! Try this test on a stretch of traffic-free road on your 10-mile trial drive. Studebaker's non-grabbing, beautifully equalized feather-touch hydraulic brakes bring you to a smooth, swift stop as straight as a yardstick.

DON'T buy a new car this year by habit or hearsay. Sit behind the wheel of this big new 1938 Studebaker for 10 miles . . . put it to every difficult test you can think of. Amazing is the only word that describes how this vigorous, sweet-running 1938 Studebaker handles and performs. And to get the proof, you put up nothing but your time. The convincing 10-mile Studebaker drive is your Studebaker dealer's treat. It has won thousands to Studebaker.

Studebaker's exclusive independent planar wheel suspension, standard on all models, makes this the easiest handling, smoothest riding car you ever drove. Unique rotary latches mean you never have to slam Studebaker doors. You get the safety of the novel automatic hill holder at no extra cost.

See how this great challenger runs rings around the rest . . . and then get a still bigger surprise when you find that this handsome 1938 Studebaker costs just a few cents a day more than a small, light car. Low cost C. I. T. budget plan payment terms. The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend, Ind.





SWOOPS AHEAD LIKE A PHEASANT! You're away without delay and in those emergencies on the road when greyhound-fast acceleration means safety, the powerful Studebaker engines never let you down. They level out hills that worry other cars. Horizontal transmissions and hypoid gear rear axles add to smoothness while assuring flat restful floors.

YOU SAVE EVERY MILE ON GAS AND OIL thanks to the remarkable economy engineering of the 1938 Studebaker. You probably won't use half a gallon of gas on your 10-mile trial trip. And Studebaker's built-in Fram oil cleaner is so remarkably efficient, you scarcely ever need to change oil except for usual seasonal changes.

Only Studebaker can give you all these Studebaker features as standard equipment

Independent planar suspension
Automatic hill holder
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Symmetrical direct-action steering
Safety glass all around
Finest hydraulic shock absorbers
Hypoid gear rear axle
Oversize weather-tight trunk
Horizontal transmission
Built-in Fram oil economizer

• • •

Vacuum-actuated Miracle Shift and Automatic Gas-saving Overdrive are available on all models at slight extra cost

1938 STUDEBAKER

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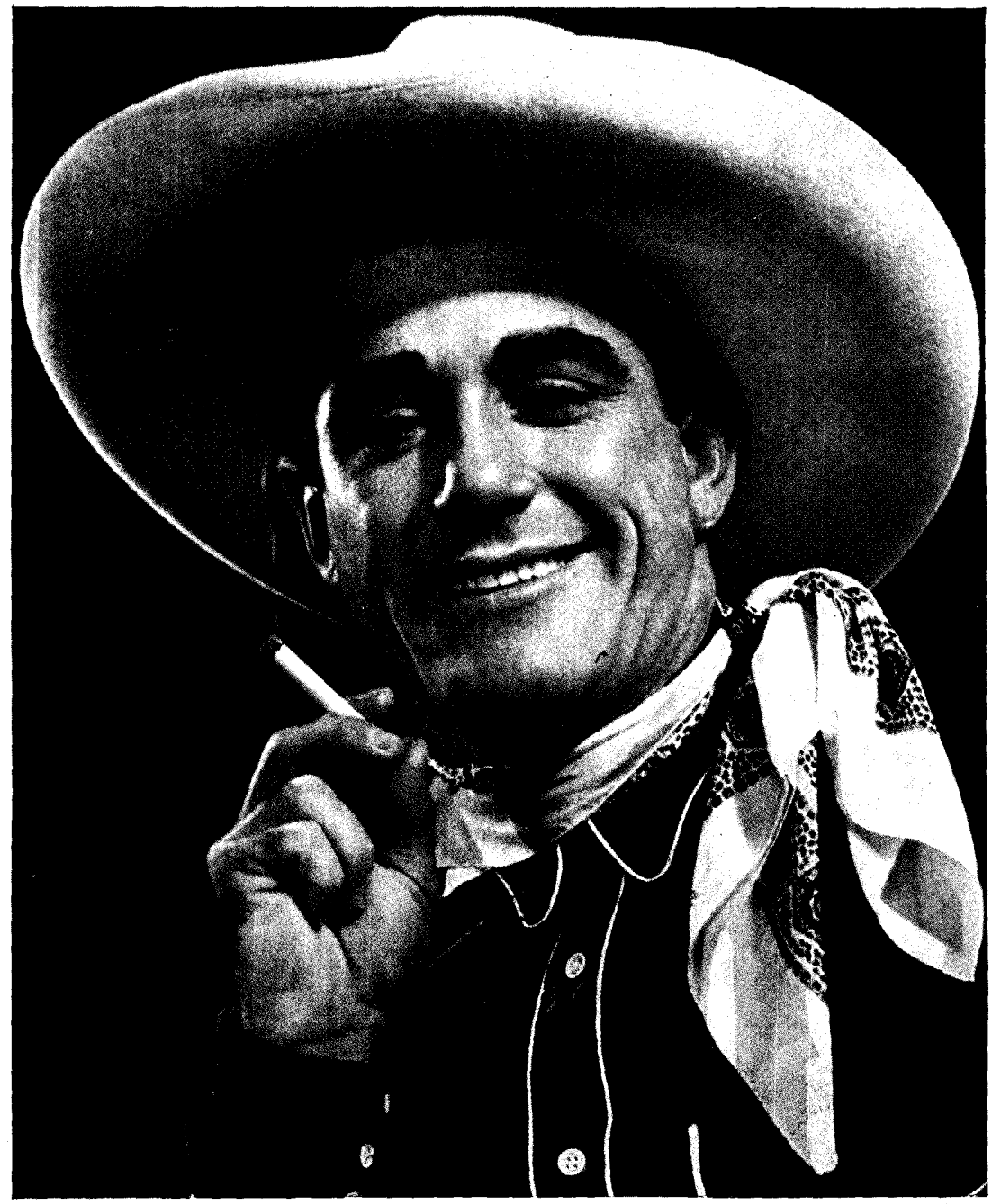
DO COW-PUNCHERS APPRECIATE CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS?

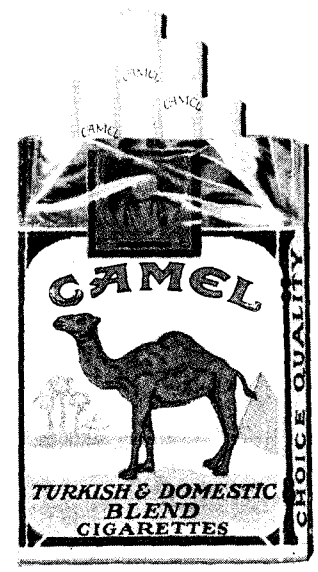


TED YOCHUM was born and raised down in the cattle country. He's a top hand at riding herd. Speaking from personal observation, Ted says: "Cow-punchers are great Camel smokers. Any hombre who's ridin' herd has a natural hankering for the kind of mild, tasty smokin' Camels give him. And seems like if a man smokes Camels once—he sticks to Camels. Me—I've been enjoying Camels for nigh on 8 years. Come round-up time—I'm in the saddle for hours, and not sparin' myself. A Camel sure hits the spot then. I get a mighty pleasant 'lift' with a Camel."

Yes, and to America at large, Camel's costlier tobaccos have such a special appeal that they are America's favorite cigarette—the largest-selling cigarette in this country!

SALESGIRLS! "You ought to see us at lunch. There's plenty of Camels smoked then," Miss Elsie Schumacher (*left*), department store salesgirl, says. "I think it's a swell way to aid digestion."

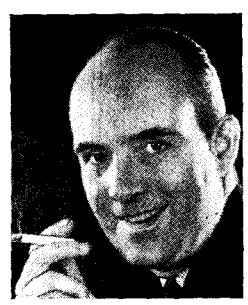
RADIO! Gene English (*left*), radio engineer, says: "Camels are the favorite of men and women who face the 'mike' every day. I've smoked Camels for 10 years. They're so mild, they don't make my throat feel scratchy."



CAMEL PAYS MILLIONS MORE FOR COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic

IN THE NEWSPAPER FIELD! Sports editor StuartCameron(*right*) says: "It's mighty impressive how many champions in sport smoke Camels. I sure go for Camels myself. They have everything I like in a cigarette."



RAILROAD MEN! "'Speed' and 'safety'—our watchwords—call for healthy nerves," says John Geraghty (*right*), chief signalman on the New York Central. "I'm all for Camels! So are most of the other boys."

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